THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

FEBRUARY 12, 1949

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DARKNESS IS DANGER

Sudden Death Lurks on Our Ill-lighted Streets

WHITE WEDDING

BY EILEEN TIGHE

THE WEEK'S STAR STORY

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JOHN LOVES MARY

THAT KISS-TERICAL STAGE SUCCESS IS THE NEW SCREEN SCREAM FROM **WARNER BROS.**

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She's the girl LOOK Magazine chose as "THIS YEAR'S BIG-TIME SCREEN SUCCESS"!

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

CLARK GABLE • WALTER PIDGEON
VAN JOHNSON • BRIAN DONLEVY
CHARLES JOHN EDWARD
BICKFORD • HODIAK • ARNOLD

in **"COMMAND DECISION"**

with **Marshall THOMPSON**
Richard QUINE • Cameron MITCHELL
Clinton SUNDBERG • Ray COLLINS

A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by
William R. Laidlaw and George Froeschel
Based on the Play by William Wister Haines

Directed by.....SAM WOOD
Produced by.....SIDNEY FRANKLIN

In Association with
GOTTFRIED REINHARDT

We were fortunately among those who saw the stage play "Command Decision" in its triumphant Broadway opening and read the novel (which subsequently reached millions in Readers' Digest). So, when we excitedly watched it on the screen the other night, we knew it was the final link in a chain reaction that will explode with dramatic impact throughout America.

It is a mighty tribute to M-G-M that for this great and powerful story it should neither stint nor quibble on its stars. Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, Brian Donlevy, John Hodiak, Charles Bickford, Edward Arnold have joined magnificently to create what will unquestionably be one of the most stirring motion pictures of 1949.

Here's a compelling, deeply moving story of heroes, cowards, braggarts, fighters, liars, lovers . . . and what goes on in their hearts. Men torn between the tender love for their women and the unknown tomorrows. Suspense drawn taut, action that crackles with emotional voltage—this is the stuff of which "Command Decision" is made. With such a galaxy of stars to laud, it is well nigh impossible to pay each the praise he so abundantly deserves. A perfect part for Clark Gable. He gives his virile characterization glamour and action. Walter Pidgeon has a vital decision to make and he makes it superbly. Van Johnson in a hard-boiled and wise cracking role proves again that he is more than equal to a rich assignment.

We want to voice bravos for Sam Wood, for his expert direction, and the brilliant production achievement of Sidney Franklin and Associate Producer Gottfried Reinhardt.

We predict that "Command Decision" will be a command performance to the millions who appreciate exciting entertainment.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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The Week's Mail

A $1,000 WORD!

DEAR EDITOR: Will you kindly do me, and millions of others, a favor by offering a prize of a thousand bucks for the best word, specially coined for inclusion in the dictionary, to use when speaking of someone who isn't *quite* a friend but a little more than an acquaintance?

Maybe the Greeks had a word for it, but we haven't. WILLIAM TECUMSEH BEECHES,
New York City

DESIGNS FOR GIVING

DEAR SIR: Re How To Give Money Away (Dec. 25th), this laboratory is ready to design and build the gadgets and thingummies which research men need to "apply the scientific yardstick" to the problems of behavior.

The real trouble with instruments is that too often they are needed for only a short time. There is a need for a sort of lending library of instruments and equipment for loan to those who cannot finance the cost of an expensive and complicated instrument for a short-term period of study.

THURLOW M. GORDON, JR.,
Brookfield, Conn.

. . . Why not a foundation to eliminate age discrimination against folks over 40? It seems rather odd that while the government is controlled by old boys over 60 we ordinary average folks over 45 are called too old for jobs; too old for love; too old for democracy.

Why drive old men to the Skid-Row joints and Bowery flophouses? Why not organize Old Men's Christian, Hebrew and Intra-Faith Associations, Over 40 Job Clubs, and set up reasonable-rate, clean,

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It's a very important city to many millions of people, but you won't find it on the map. It's the Telephone City that the Bell System has built since the war. Every building shown in the picture is a telephone building.

We've taken 392 major building projects and additions that the Bell System has completed throughout the country and had the artist show them in one picture. And that's only one-seventh of the Bell Telephone buildings erected or enlarged since V-J Day. There wasn't room for 2400 others.

These buildings are more than brick and stone and telephone equipment.

They are jobs for thousands of men and women. They are more business for the towns and cities in which they are located. They are more and better telephone service for millions of telephone users.

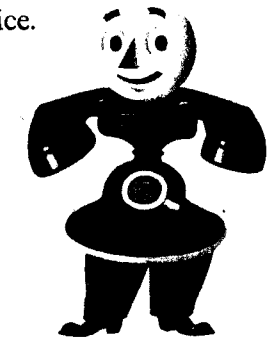
When you look at all these buildings you can see how the Bell System is growing to catch up with the nation's needs. You can also see why it is necessary for the telephone business to have reasonable earnings.

For the money for buildings like these does not come out of the money you pay for telephone service.

It must come from investors — hundreds of thousands of everyday men and women all over America who are willing to invest their savings in the telephone business.

Reasonable earnings are needed to attract additional investors' dollars. You have an interest in this because these dollars are used to provide you with more and better telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



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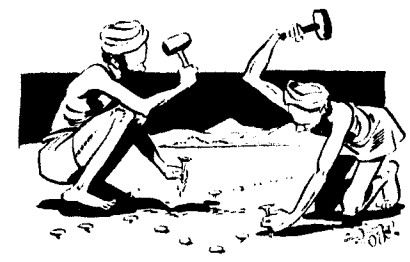
★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

A MINIATURE VILLAGE, made and owned by Franklin Avers of Portage, Wisconsin, automatically enacts various activities which take place in a typical small community from late afternoon to sunrise the next morning. The model, occupying a stage which is 12 by 5 feet and 5 feet high, is operated by pressing one button. As the curtains part, a motorboat whistles at a sailboat as it crosses a lake. An automobile drives up to a house and blows its horn. A plane glides in and lands at the airport. As the sun sinks and night falls, the moon comes out and stars twinkle. Lights appear, the church bell rings and the choir is heard singing. Later, a watchman at a railroad crossing swings his red lantern as a train passes and pulls into the station. After that, all is dark and quiet for a moment to denote the passing of the night. Then a rooster crows, the sun rises, and a plane roars as it takes off from the airport. The background music thereupon increases in volume, the curtains close—and the five-minute performance is over.



AMONG THE BAIGAS, a primitive tribe in India, an old and singular custom is to drive nails into the ground, after an earthquake, to make it firm again.

THE MOST SUDDEN volcanic disaster ever to strike a city occurred at Saint-Pierre on Martinique in the West Indies on May 8, 1902. Although Mount Pelée, five miles from the city, had been smoking and rumbling for days, the cataclysm virtually came without warning. After a terrific explosion immense clouds of poisonous gas engulfed the city and killed all of its 30,000 inhabitants and 10,000 holiday visitors *within three minutes.* After a four-day search for survivors, one man was found alive. He had escaped the deadly fumes because, ironically, he was a criminal and happened to be locked up in a deep underground dungeon of the Saint-Pierre prison.—*By Lucy A. Briggs, San Jose, Calif.*

THE ONLY MEN who ever tried to race each other across the Atlantic Ocean in rowboats were two New Englanders, W. A. Andrews and Josiah Lawlor. They started from Boston in 1890. Andrews landed in Cornwall, England, but Lawlor overturned in mid-ocean and was rescued by a westbound ship. In 1911, Lawlor made another attempt, this time by himself, and arrived safely at a small port in Spain.

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

IN AN ENGLISH TOWN in 1792, an illiterate domestic servant named Joanna Southcott became mentally unbalanced and announced that she had become the bride of Christ and was to be the mother of the second Messiah. Shortly, Joanna was established in London where she became very popular and cultivated 100,000 ignorant and credulous followers called Southcottians, a small sect of which is still in existence. The woman made a fortune from the sale of her prophecies—incoherent and written in rhyme—and from the sale of certificates guaranteeing salvation to the purchasers. After long evading of the question when she would give birth to the Holy Babe, Joanna finally prophesied the date—October 19, 1814. But nothing happened and she died of a brain disease ten weeks later. She left behind her a mysterious box with the request that it not be opened until its contents were needed to solve a great world crisis. When opened in 1928, it was found to contain a dicebox, novel, puzzle, lottery ticket, a lady's nightcap and a horse pistol.

FOLLOWING THE FIRST burial of Abraham Lincoln in 1865, his casket was moved 17 times, chiefly to prevent its being stolen and held for ransom. Six men nearly succeeded once, on a night in 1876, but they were surprised and frightened away by the custodian just as they were leaving the tomb with the body. Consequently, it was hidden under a pile of scrap lumber in the cellar of the tomb during the next two years. Since 1901 the casket has been locked in a steel cage and buried in solid cement ten feet below the floor of the mausoleum in Oak Ridge Cemetery in Springfield, Illinois.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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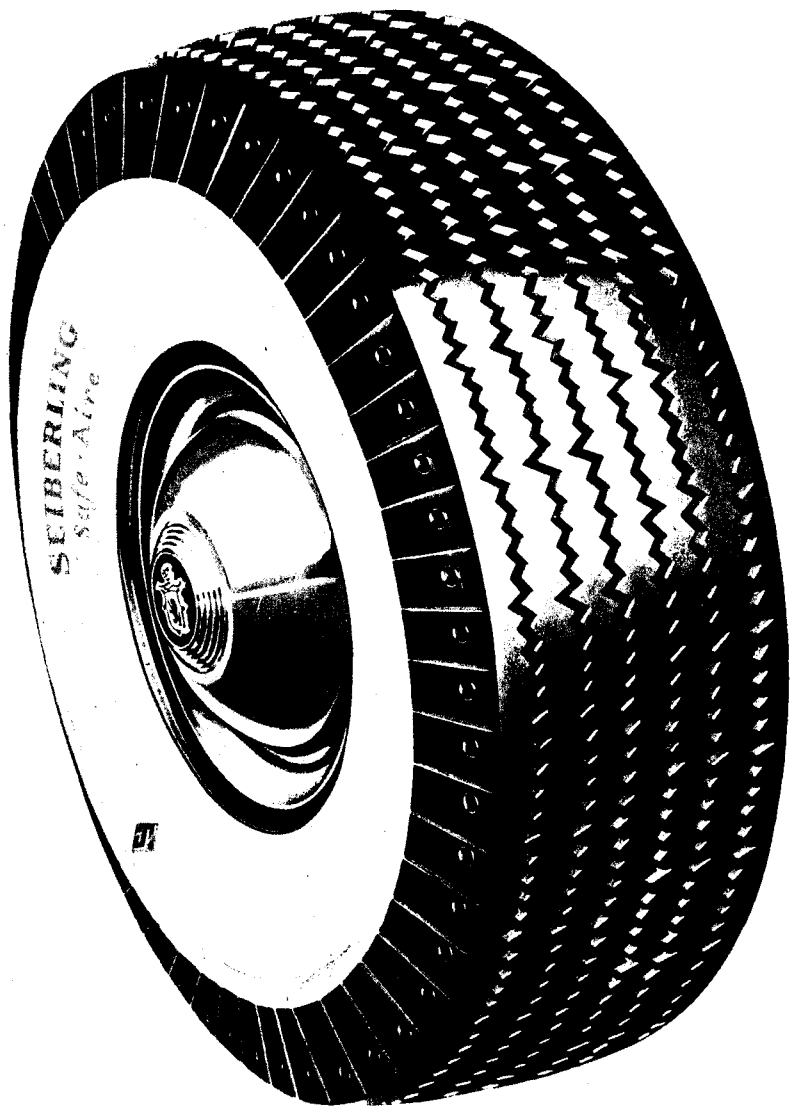
Slippery streets and careless kids . . .

WATCH OUT!

Crossing in the middle of a block is tempting fate.
Traffic accidents are the chief cause of accidental death among children, according to the National Safety Council.
Teach children to cross only at corners,
and set them a good example: wait for signals; look before crossing.
And when you're driving, watch out for thoughtless pedestrians.

REMEMBER: *Safety is your best investment.*

Safest Thing between You and the Road!



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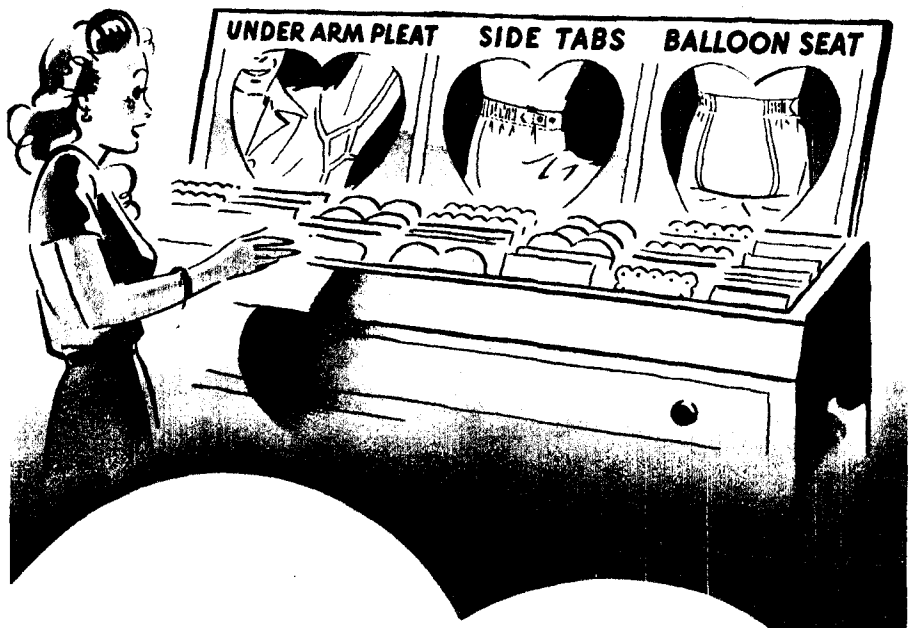

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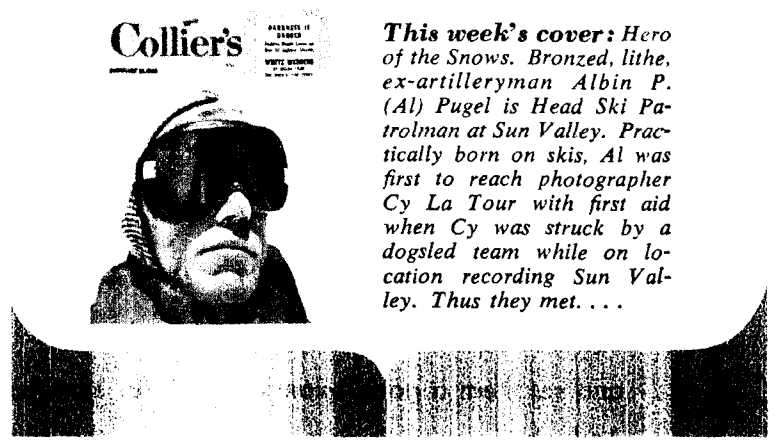
The Week's Work



This week's cover: *Hero of the Snows. Bronzed, lithe, ex-artilleryman Albin P. (Al) Pugel is Head Ski Patrolman at Sun Valley. Practically born on skis, Al was first to reach photographer Cy La Tour with first aid when Cy was struck by a dogsled team while on location recording Sun Valley. Thus they met. . . .*

EVER since he wrote ". . . And Sudden Death," that melancholy report on auto smashups, in 1935, J. C. Furnas has been knocking wood. What would happen if he got into a motor accident would, he suspects, be something special. As it happens—with luck, knock, knock, knock—he hasn't so much as scratched another's fender, or vice versa. It's the omnipresent thought of the awful headlines he'd make if he barged into someone, that may well have made him one of the safer drivers. "Insurance companies, please note!" he adds.

While developing Darkness Is Danger (p. 11), a potent reminder that gasoline and black night don't mix, Mr. Furnas spent a while watching autopsies on pedestrian accident victims, and came out with the firm resolve to keep driving with his usual care.

When not delving into poorly lit streets and too well lit drivers, Furnas either lolls in his house in farthest Jersey, or free-lances. Anatomy of Paradise, a far roundup of the results of years of wandering in the trafficless streets of the South Seas, was published last fall. He is about to go to Europe to work on a centenary biography of R.L.S.

IT WAS none other than Judge Henry Bundschu, Missouri Republican National Committeeman, boyhood friend of President Truman, who invited Edith Asbury to dinner in Independence while she was scouting Mrs. Truman (Meet Harry's Boss, Bess, p. 14).

After dinner who should barge in but Mrs. Truman's bridge club, some of the husbands, two cousins of the President and Mrs. Truman's brother and his wife.

Somewhat stunned by this Ft. Knox of golden material, Mrs. Asbury found herself tongue-tied. "After a decent wait for me to begin acting like a reporter they took pity on my obvious ineptitude and began reminiscing about Mrs. Truman," says Edith. "I didn't want to inhibit them by flashing pencil and pad. If only I can remember, I thought—if only I can remember. Suddenly the most dignified elderly lady present seized a notebook lying on the judge's desk, thrust it at me reprovingly and said: 'Here—you're not taking notes!' I could have kissed her."

EILEEN TIGHE, who cops our $1,000-Oscar-of-the-Week award (White Wedding, p. 12), truly confesses she's single, over 21, an ex-magazine editor, a Connecticutter by birth, and glad she's an American of today. She lives in Tarrytown with her ma and a wirehair terrier named Mister Smith, votes a straight ticket, reads the Times every morning and is not the hay-hay type as pictured here. She's serious, sentimental and somewhat introverted.

Recently she scripted the Bette Davis-Bob Montgomery highish comedy: June Bride; and her new play, titled at present Congressional Baby, may by now be an Eddie Dowling Broadway production.

White Wedding came to Miss Tighe at a wake. While there, she overheard a woman present say: "Did your daughter ever get married, Mr. Jones?"

"I'm happy to say she didn't," replied Mr. Jones with equanimity.

Miss Tighe listened shamelessly and found out that the Great Blizzard of '47 had saved the girl. "God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform, as you can see," observes Miss Tighe.

THE author of Freezing for Freedom, John Kord Lagemann (p. 28), offers the following Frosty Facts From the Frosty North:

Item: Canadian phone operators say, "Are you through?"—meaning "Are you connected?" The American G.I. operators also ask, "Are you through?"—meaning just that. It gets confusing, especially when a Canadian is talking. He's cut off.

Eileen Tighe in her hay-hay day

Item: The only upright in the arctic being the North Pole itself, the Eskimo builds a little pillar of snow near his baited trap. This attracts the fox for the same reason a fire hydrant does his barking relative from farther south.

Item: At first it's surprising to see a two-year-old Eskimo child fall back satisfied from a meal and light a cigarette. Eskimos, like progressive educators, spoil their kids; and their kids grow up world's most obedient children. . . .

TED SHANE

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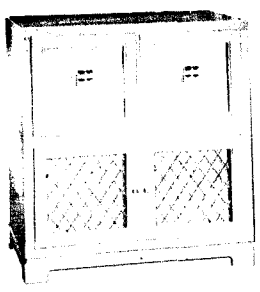

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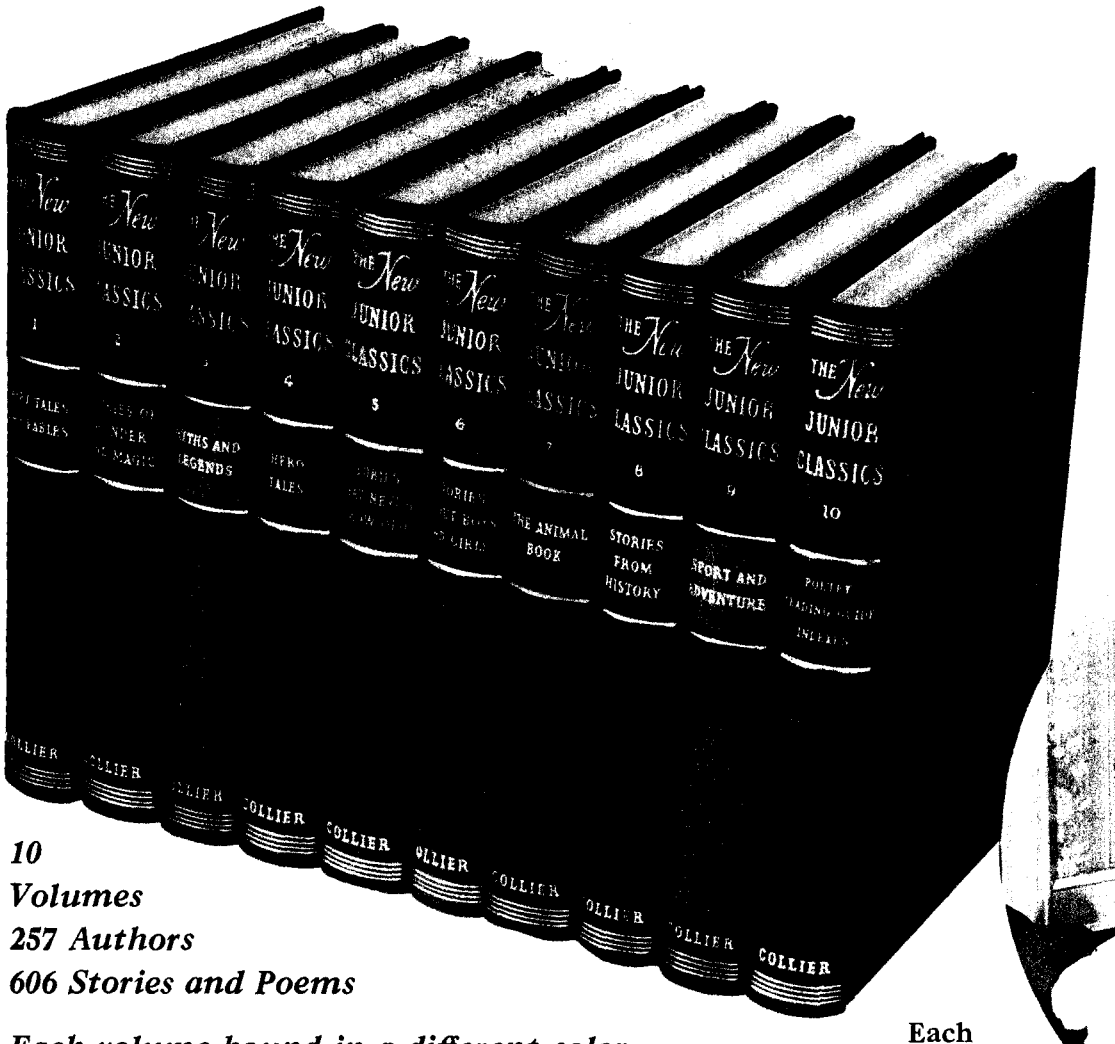

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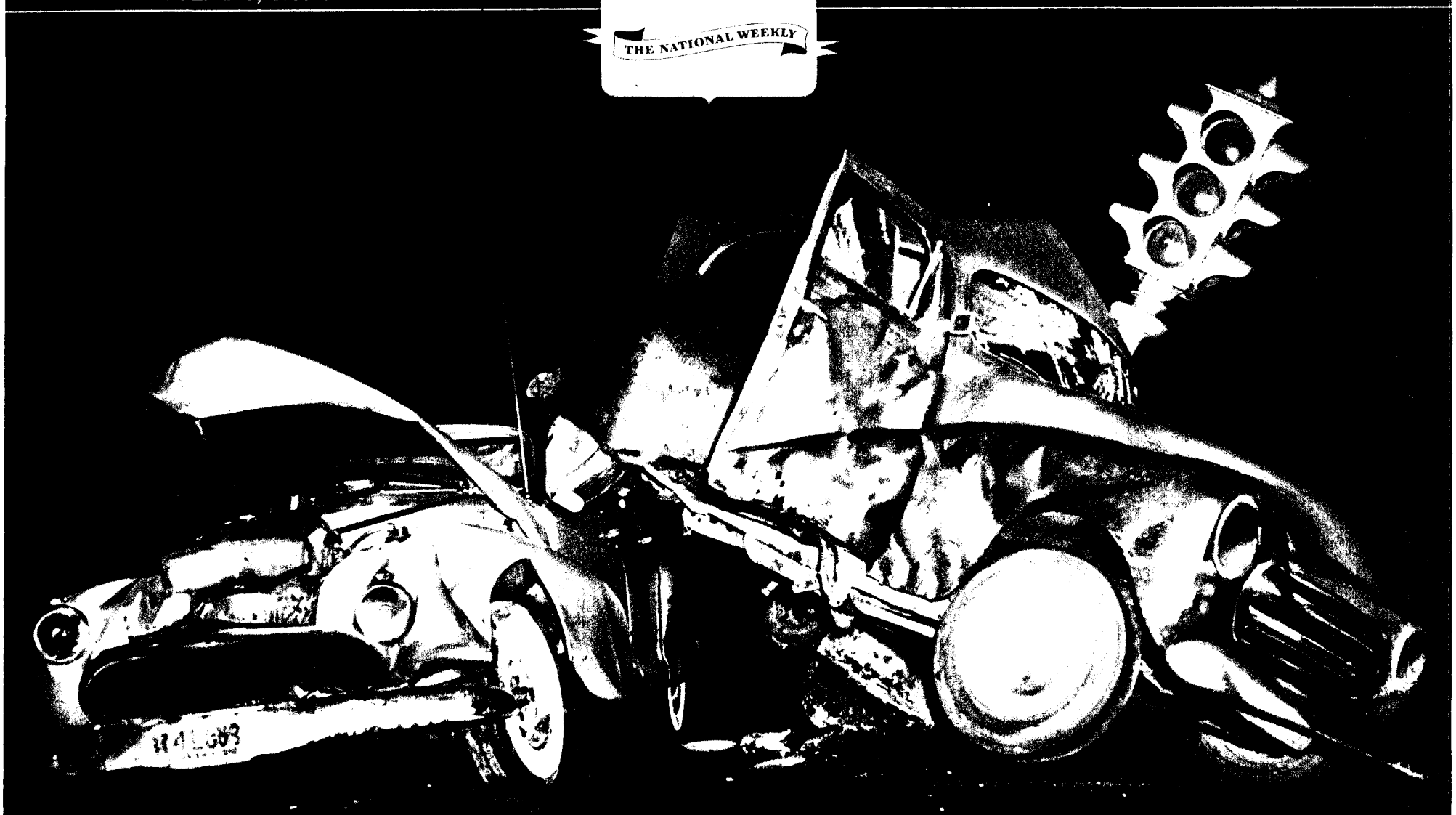

Darkness is Danger

By J. C. FURNAS

The pedestrian, crossing the street, and the driver of the approaching car, are both sober. But the street lighting is poor and darkness does not mix well with gasoline. There's a sickening bump. Death, cloaked in blackness, has struck again. Ten thousand Americans will die this way on poorly lighted streets in 1949

AFTER serving in an armored division without getting a scratch, Joe Statistic, ex-G.I., had come home, married a nice girl and settled down. After dark one night he ran out of gas on a main traffic artery near the edge of his home town and started walking to a filling station.

The city fathers had never bothered to modernize the street lighting on that stretch. So the fellow driving a car past the spot at that moment didn't see Joe in time. The impact knocked him 40 feet, headfirst into a curbstone.

The medical report said fractured left ankle, multiple bruises and abrasions, and fractured skull.

The phony name used here doesn't mean that Joe wasn't a very real individual in a very real town. Joe didn't die right away. There was time for his wife to get to the hospital. When he did die, they had to hospitalize her because she was in complete collapse. She was due to have a baby pretty soon.

Both police sergeants who handled the case said that if the street had been decently lighted Joe would still be alive. So would a lot of other people, if only the streets they got killed on hadn't been dark.

Darkness is danger. Three times as many people are killed in traffic accidents after dark as in daylight. Inadequate lighting is the crucial factor. It sends great numbers of the heedless or unlucky crashing into underpass abutments or the sides of railroad trains, or brings them in lethal contact with other cars at shadowy intersections. Darkness is a strong contributing factor in many tragedies on the road.

But pedestrians, not drivers or passengers, are the most numerous after-dark victims. The vast majority are killed in cities, not on rural highways. Better and more overhead lighting, says the National Safety Council, is calculated especially to save city pedestrians' lives.

That scream of brakes you just heard, without a following crash, may well mean that the thing has happened again in your neighborhood. The impact of a fender on human flesh and bone is often powerful enough to dent the metal. But it is a quiet affair—just a thump with maybe a little crunch in it that carries no farther than the horrified driver's ears.

Your newspaper will print the dead man's name and address and mention internal injuries or concussion. Statisticians say that the typical pedestrian victim is in his late fifties, has a good steady job, and doesn't know how to drive a car; a solid useful citizen who, contrary to popular belief, hasn't been drinking before he is hit.

A traffic engineer would report such a pedestrian's death as another "unnecessary fatality due to inadequate illumination." But you can grasp the problem far better—and feel much more like doing something about it—after you see just what happens when darkness conspires with gasoline to strike down a pedestrian. Come over here to the long metal table where they check the consequences and have a look at the victim.

Both of his legs are broken below the knee,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

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White Wedding

By EILEEN TIGHE

THE Stevenson-Jones wedding was scheduled to take place in the village of Little Falls on the day after Christmas at four o'clock in the afternoon. It was to be an old-fashioned country wedding in the century-old white church on the green and the entire population of Little Falls had been invited to attend the service.

For the first time since the war, the summer people had opened their homes out of season, and everyone in town had a warm greeting for Mary Stevenson, who had chosen to be married in the sleepy little village where she had spent every one of her nineteen summers.

Only one of the big houses had not been opened for the wedding. The old Tuthill homestead, facing the green, was like a great dark shadow in the midst of all the prenuptial gaiety. The talk along Main Street was that the Tuthills had not been invited to attend the wedding because of the scandal that had rocked the town summer before last when Mary Stevenson ran away from home to be near the camp where George Tuthill was stationed. Nobody in Little Falls ever knew what had happened to two of their favorite young people, but everyone in town wished the bride was not marrying a man named Jones. . . .

On the morning of the wedding, Julie Stevenson awoke before dawn. She had slept poorly. There had been a most disturbing dream in which her pretty blond daughter, arrayed in all of her bridal finery, was standing alone at the chancel of old St. Mark's Church.

Julie woke up feeling so cold and shaken that she got out of bed, pulled on a long woolly robe and ran across the room to close the window. The sight that greeted her was stark white tragedy. The snow lay so deep and was falling so steadily that she could see the reason for her dream. The bridegroom was ninety-five miles away, spending part of the Christmas holiday with his mother and, at the rate the snow was falling, the bride would be marooned in the hills of Little Falls for at least a week.

"Bill!" she said. "It's snowing!"

Bill said, "H'mmmm?" and buried himself in the bedclothes.

"Bill," she said, "there's a blizzard and your daughter is being married today."

"What do you want me to do about it?" he asked.

"You'll have to clear a path," Julie said. "Now."

Bill sat up in bed. "Darling," he said, "nobody ever shovels snow until it stops snowing."

"I can't help it," said Julie. "I want you to clear a path so Duncan will be able to get here for the wedding."

"Nobody cleared a path for me when I came to marry you."

"You were young," said Julie, "and an engineer. After all, Duncan's a Doctor of Philosophy."

"I may not be an intellectual but you'll have to admit I warned you against a country wedding. It's all right for your daughter to be sentimental about the old family homestead in the hills but you're old enough to have some sense." Bill got

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

The big blizzard played an important part in the struggle between Duncan's mother and the girl he wanted to marry

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The doorbell rang. They all waited, wondering who would be calling in the midst of such a bad storm

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
$1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's
☆
STAR
STORY

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Naturally unaware of the political and romantic potentiality of three of its members, the Independence High School class posed for this graduation picture in 1901. Harry Truman is fourth from left, back row; Bess Wallace, first on right, second row; and Charles Ross, the President's Press Secretary, first on left, first row

Meet Harry's Boss, Bess

By EDITH ASBURY

When Harry Truman got to be President people in his home town were not so surprised as they had been the time he won the hand of his Bess. Here is the homely, behind-the-scenes story of our very retiring First Lady of the Land

A WASHINGTON, D. C., society writer began her column, one Saturday afternoon, with an astonishing little story about Mrs. Harry S. Truman, wife of the President of the United States. The columnist's story was that Mrs. Truman, bearing a tray of food, had called at the apartment house of one of her secretaries who was ill with flu, and had been turned away, unrecognized, by the janitor. He, poor fellow, had insisted on enforcing the secretary's orders that no visitors be admitted.

Mrs. Truman, the column related, finally said, "Well, you eat it," handed the janitor the tray and a ten dollar bill, and departed. Anybody who was anybody in Washington knew, of course, that a President's wife didn't wander around the capital toting a tray, incognito. Nobody in Washington believed the tale.

Back in Independence, Missouri, where Bess Wallace Truman was born and grew up—and still lived whenever she could get away from Washington—no one doubted the story. Bess Wallace had always done thoughtful things like that, as had her mother and grandmother before her. And, as everyone in Independence knew, blue-eyed, serene Bess Wallace Truman had remained her old self, unchanged by her husband's sudden elevation to the White House on April 12, 1945.

It was just such a neighborly deed, older friends and relatives recalled, that had sparked the courtship of Bess Wallace and Harry Truman. They had been schoolmates, graduated from high school together, and he had never had eyes for anyone else. But Bess was sought by many beaux, and she lived a busy social life as a young girl, that left small room or encouragement for bookish Harry, tied to his mother's farm.

One day while he was visiting his aunt, who lived across the street from the Wallaces, the aunt spied a strange cake plate in her cupboard and exclaimed, "Oh, my goodness, Harry, I wish you'd return this for me! Mrs. Wallace sent it over days ago, with some cake, when I had a cold. I'm so ashamed of not having returned it sooner."

Harry crossed the street with alacrity, cake plate under his arm, and knocked at the door of the large white Victorian mansion built by Bess' grandfather Gates. Bess answered the door. What followed is history, but considered, in Independence, very remarkable history.

"Harry was about the most unpromising prospect for a husband we had around here then," his friends recall. "He looked high when he aspired to the girl who lived in one of the biggest houses in town, had one of the richest grandfathers, and was the *crème de la crème* of aristocracy."

Independence was surprised, like the rest of the country, by Harry's election to the Presidency. But it considers that the *most* impossible feat he ever achieved was the winning of Bess Wallace for his wife. She was 34 and he was 35 by the time he married her.

In addition to her social elevation, gay, hearty Bess Wallace had other formidable qualifications to dismay a young man of Harry Truman's habits and situation. She was a superb athlete. He was barred from athletics by his weak eyes—he has worn glasses since childhood. Besides, he didn't have time for sports. He worked after school and Saturdays in a local drugstore when he was 11 years old, dusting bottles and washing windows.

After high school he worked in the mailing room of the Kansas City Star. Summers he had to help out on the farm. The only recreation he had time for was reading—he loved to read history—and piano playing.

"If it had been anyone else but Harry we'd have thought him a sissy," a high-school classmate says. "But Harry was a tough fighter if he had to be—in spite of those glasses."

Growing up with three younger brothers, Bess had learned to play baseball, skate, swim, hunt and

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fish She still fishes; baits her own hook and takes her own fish off the hook. She could outplay anyone in Independence, male or female, at tennis.

One of her more ardent suitors tried valiantly for a time to carry his campaign to the tennis court. She wore him out in no time. Resting while she played on with another partner, he tried to curry her favor by diving after her tennis balls. "I'll get it for you, Miss Bessie, I'll get it for you," he would cry, scurrying after the tennis balls.

"I'll get my own," she snapped finally.

Harry never played tennis.

As a child Bess was the only girl in Independence who could whistle through her teeth. As a young girl she was an expert horsewoman, riding her own black horse. Harry rode horseback, too, but as a mode of transportation from farm to town. He got his exercise at plowing, chopping wood, and other chores. Bess Wallace drove her own spanking horse and buggy.

Young Lady with Two Greyhounds

Later her grandfather had the first Studebaker in town, and she drove it. She had a pair of greyhounds, the only ones in Independence, and her friends still remember what a distinguished figure she was, out walking with the two tall, slim dogs. She wore the best-looking tweeds in town. She spent a year at Barstow, an exclusive finishing school for girls in Kansas City—starred on its basketball team and won its annual shot-put championship.

Harry and Bess graduated from the Independence High School in 1901, in a class whose literary light was Charles Ross, now the President's Press Secretary. Harry returned the cake plate eight or nine years later, and managed to squeeze himself into Bess' coterie of friends, relatives and suitors.

In 1912 he bought a Stafford car, and Bess sort of began sitting in the front seat with him when the gang rode off to picnics and outings. Sometimes Harry had to make two or three trips in order to transport them all. Bess' brothers, their wives and fiancées, were often in the group, and Harry gradually came to be accepted as a member of the family circle. But it was not until 1917, when he left to fight in World War I, that they became officially engaged.

All during the war Bess got a daily letter from Harry, a fact vouched for by Harry's former haberdashery partner, Eddie Jacobson, who was a sergeant under Harry, and mailed the letters. Immediately after the release of Major Truman (he had entered as a first lieutenant) he and Bess were married, in the little Trinity Episcopal Church in Independence where Bess had sung a not too strong alto in the choir.

Her bridge club decorated the church with pink hollyhocks for the wedding. The hollyhocks began to wilt. The resourceful bridge players scattered, procured buckets of wet sand into which they stuck

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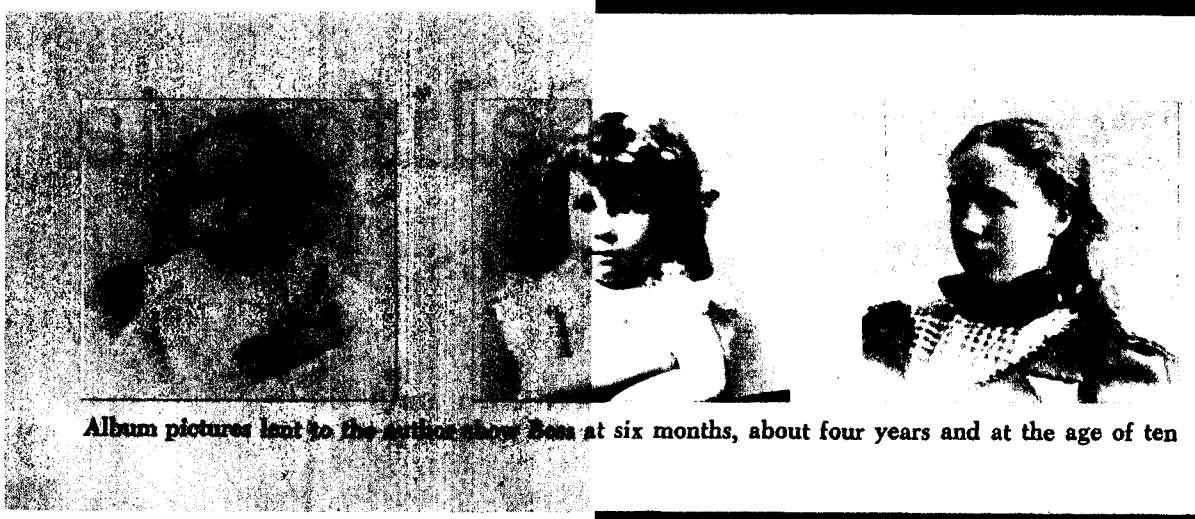

Album pictures lent to the author show Bess at six months, about four years and at the age of ten

Inherent neighborliness and a stubborn refusal to be molded by the press as a "typical first lady" is the secret of Bess Truman's warm appeal

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ED BURKS

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I didn't really believe it was a good book. She would read it and give it back to me with that cold smile and it would be all over

Creative in California

By RUSSELL BEGGS

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHANIE

The publisher's daughter ignored Lem until she heard about the book he was afraid to have printed

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I SAID to the blonde with the incredibly blue eyes, "I've just had a great idea. Why don't we get married?" We were sharing a sofa at one of those Hollywood parties that producers give to keep their income taxes low and their spirits high. I had arrived at the party some fifteen minutes earlier and I knew immediately that there was something about this girl I liked, in fact there were several things about her I liked. It wasn't so much her individual charms, as it was the way they added up. Put them all together and they spelled "Brother!"

"I don't believe we've met," she replied in a voice cold enough to belong to a hostess in a frozen-food locker.

"You're so formal."

"Who knows," she said, still not even looking at me, "maybe I wouldn't like your last name."

"It's Harrington, Lemuel Harrington."

"Sorry. I never marry men named Harrington."

"Well, let's use your name. After all, women have the vote now." No answer. "You do have a name, don't you?"

"Never mind," she said.

"What a lovely name. Do you mind if I just call you 'Never'?"

"That's a great idea," she replied. "Just don't ever call me."

Well, you have to waste a little time each day in some foolish way.

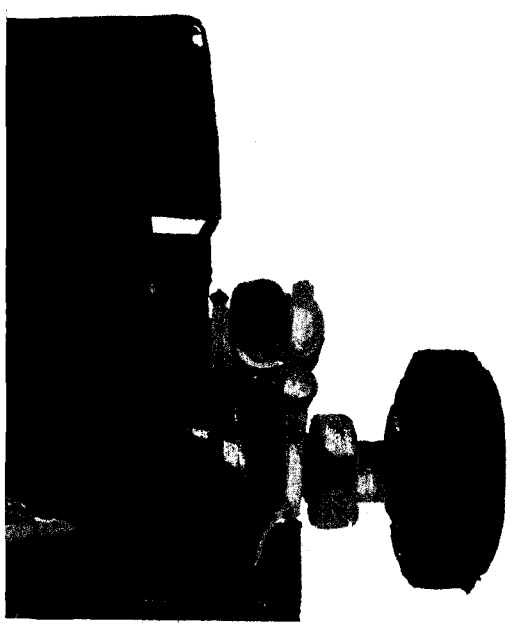
My name really is Lemuel Harrington, and the Department of Internal Revenue thinks of me as being a screen writer, which is more than I can say for my boss, J. K. L. McFadden, head of the McFadden Studios. He is inclined to think of me as a man who should be doing some other kind of work, any other kind of work. He has often said that his laundryman could write better than I can, which is why, for ten weeks one time, I collaborated on a movie with his laundryman. It wasn't a very good picture, but I certainly got good service on my laundry.

This party was given by my boss, thus my attendance. I was sitting beside the girl on the sofa for reasons that had nothing to do with Mr. McFadden. I happened to find her outstandingly attractive in a room filled with girls whose faces were household words, as my boss would say. Of course, I was getting nowhere in record time, but I have a way of following my instincts, and after one more look at this girl they said, "Don't give up the ship." (They have a way of talking like historical figures.) I was about to speak to her once more when something hit me.

"Lem, darling!" It was Faye Kortis, a redheaded starlet, who walloped me on the back. This was her particular sign of affection, and it sent the Martini in my hand cascading down my pant leg. I couldn't have been more wet if I'd gone over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

"Hello, Faye," I said wearily.

"I've been looking for you, baby!" She was under the impression that I had influence and could write her into a picture. What she didn't know was that I couldn't write my mother into the poorhouse, that's the kind of influence I had. So she bored me a while. I had been intrigued by her one time for about twelve minutes, which was the length of time it took me to discover that she was as factory-made as a bar stool. The studio had dyed her hair, cropped her ears, moved her nose up, given her a new voice, realigned her legs, and had in fact altered everything but her brain. That they never could find.



She left soon and I felt the way you do after a malaria attack, better but a little shaky. I turned to look at the blonde beside me, felt again that desire to talk to her. Then I noticed the way her eyes avoided the room and a happy thought came to me.

I turned and looked at her helplessly and said, "Don't you hate Hollywood?"

She turned to look at me and there was such warmth in those eyes I knew I had struck home.

"Have you a car?" she asked.

"Of course."

"Let's get out of here, shall we?"

"You mean you *will* marry me?"

"We can discuss that later," she laughed. "But first let's get out of here."

We drove along the beach with the top down. The night air was cool and pleasant, so for a long time we said nothing. Then I asked her what her name was.

"Eunice," she said. "Eunice Sibley."

"Been here long?"

"Two weeks."

"Hate Hollywood?"

"Loathe it."

This seemed hardly the time to bring up the fact that I was a screen writer, so I began to discuss New Hampshire. I had gone to school there and I was able to discuss skiing and how nice it was to be where the seasons changed and there was snow.

It was a conversational line you always took with people from the East because they always at first hated Hollywood.

"I'll bet you can't wait to get back to New Hampshire," she said.

"No hurry," I replied, thinking that perhaps I had better explain that I hated New Hampshire and had never really been warm before coming to California. But there was plenty of time.

"You're nice to be with," she said. "I don't feel as though we have to talk all the time."

"I like you too," I replied. "That makes us practically engaged." She laughed and I felt fine.

"Hungry?" I asked.

"A little."

"We'll stop here," I said, pulling into a little restaurant. "Hardly any Hollywood people come here."

WE WENT inside, sat in a corner booth and ordered. Eunice began telling me her first impressions of Hollywood. She was here on vacation and it really amazed her. "I hate to see so many people burning up their creative talent just making movies," she said.

She was talking as if I were on a vacation from New Hampshire, so I decided I'd better explain that I was a screen writer but I never got to. Somebody shouted my name:

"Lem! Lemuel Harrington!"

It was my collaborator. Not the laundryman, but Harrison Fosworth, one of those people known as an "Eastern Writer."

Fosworth and I were currently making a screen play out of his historical novel. For ten years he had written criticism about Restoration Drama for no money and had then discovered there were other diversions than drama in that period. A novel about this discovery had become a best seller. It was a horrible book. Restoration Drama's loss was hardly the Novel's gain.

Fosworth was handsome in a way. Now his smile flew over to our table, pulling him after it. He wore the regulation Eastern Writers' California uniform, a dark blue suit with no shoulders, so that his head looked like it was sitting on an anthill, and an old school tie (any old school) with a knot in it the size of an aspirin. The only time I had ever seen him without that suit was in the shower.

When he had reported to the studio, I was assigned to help him make a screen play out of his book, because it was suddenly discovered that Fosworth hadn't seen a picture since The Great Train Robbery, and thought a lap dissolve was something you did with your secretary.

"Lem, how nice!" he said, looking at Eunice.

"Yes, wasn't it."

"I don't believe I know this young lady."

"Miss Sibley, Mr. Fosworth."

"How do you do, Mr. Fosworth," Eunice said.

"That voice—it's Eastern!" he cried. "Don't tell me."

But she told him.

THEY went into a conversation that sounded like two book-review sections talking to each other. Eunice was very impressed with Fosworth and the fact that he had written several books. She hadn't looked like the literary type, but she evidently was.

"But what are you doing in this awful place?" she asked.

"Well," Fosworth grinned, "one does have to make money." You can always spot an Eastern Writer in Hollywood. They've got one hand holding their nose and the other reaching for the pay check. After they've been around a while they reach for the pay check with both hands or go back to New York, holding their nose with both hands, which takes a lot of courage and even more nose.

"You mean you're working here?"

"Dashing off a movie," Fosworth replied.

"I suppose you've got one of those Hollywood hack writers to collaborate with?" she continued.

"One of the best," Fosworth grinned, "him." He pointed at me.

"You?" she said looking at me with amazement.

"One has to make money," I said lamely.

"But you said you were from New Hampshire!"

"I was once."

"And now you're a screen writer."

"Yes."

"Oh." She turned and began talking to Fosworth again. I felt like I had just been caught trying to give away the atomic bomb. Suddenly I wanted to throw Fosworth in the ocean and hold his head under. Everything had been fine till he came along. Now she obviously felt toward me as she might toward an ax murderer.

Fosworth told her several old stories about how ignorant Hollywood producers were, and she laughed uproariously. He even told her the one about somebody trying to hire Shakespeare, which is so old that D. W. Griffith must have told it to Lincoln when they were on location with the Civil War.

Then Eunice turned to me and said, "I hope you don't mind our talking this way. We have mutual friends in the Village."

"That's all right," I said. "What village?"

They both looked at me like I couldn't tell what time it was with the Naval Observatory strapped around my wrist. I tried to explain quickly that it was a joke and I knew all along she meant Greenwich Village. But it was obviously a losing battle.

"Don't give up the ship," my instincts had said earlier. Now they said, "Man the lifeboats!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

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Faith and that day in 950 A.D. was a great one for the Irish Navy when 120 of its galleys routed a Norseman in Dublin Bay

Erin Goes Briny

By BURKE WILKINSON

It may be hard to see such small things as leprechauns and the new Irish Navy. But sure and the sons of Erin believe in them all. And the glorious seagoing past of the Emerald Isle is a brilliant tale on tongues that speak with a lilting brogue

EVERYBODY laughs about the Swiss Navy, and the gunboat that once defended the principality of Monaco rates a smile or two. And now Ireland, land of the harp, the horse and the hayrick has a navy, too. *Don't laugh.* The brand-new Irish Navy, for all its swaddling state, means business.

You can't pick up a Dublin newspaper without reading about some exploit of Eire's darlin' fleet. Didn't one of the corvettes sail all the way to southern France to bring home the body of Yeats, him that was the grandest poet of them all? And did ye read how the lads are after rescuing a merchant sea captain in the teeth of a gale just Friday last?

Happening to be in Dublin, I decided to investigate. I called the U.S. Ministry and asked for the Naval Attaché. But Ireland is not yet considered salty enough to rate one so they gave me

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ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

the Military Attaché instead.

"Colonel," I said, "I'm looking for this Irish Navy I've been reading so much about."

"You'll have to go through the army," he told me briskly. "The new navy is, of course, fully merged. I'll put you in contact with Colonel Dan Bryan—Chief of Intelligence Branch."

I drove out along the River Liffey, past the great Guinness Brewery. A dozen or so barges were tied up before the brewery. I wonder, says I to myself, if those beer barges are part of the fleet—Inshore Patrol perhaps. If they are, morale must be booming.

Near the entrance to Phoenix Park, I found Army Headquarters and Colonel Dan. He greeted me warmly.

"All there is to say about the Irish Navy sure ye could put on the back of a postage stamp and have room left to sign your name." He beamed at me.

"How many ships are there?" I countered, not discouraged.

"Three corvettes and some motor torpedo boats, and we bought the corvettes from the British two years ago. Sure they're the grand craft." I noticed he wore the symbolic Black-and-Tan ribbon for the bitter fighting against the British in '22.

"Who commands the Irish fleet?"

"Captain H. J. Jerome. He's a Royal Navy commander—made available to us by the Admiralty. Ye'll want a word with him."

My head began to reel. *British ships, British captain.* I knew that Ireland was busy severing the final ties with England. It seemed a funny way to go about it. *We want to be free of you for good and all, dear England. Could you find us a few ships so we can have our own fleet, and maybe the loan of an officer or two?*

"During the war," Colonel Bryan went on smoothly, not noticing anything unusual, "we found, as a neutral country, that we needed rigid control of all shipping entering and leaving our ports. Passive forms of defense like controlled mine fields and submarine nets were also on the program—and of course patrol work and protection of fishing rights. So the Marine Service came into being. In 1946, with the purchase of the corvettes and the arrival of Captain Jerome, the Naval Service had its real start.

"As a matter of fact," said Colonel Dan, after a pause, "the Irish have a glorious seafaring tradition, only it isn't too widely known." He touched a button by his desk, and a commandant (Irish for major) and a captain joined us. The discussion of the Irish naval inheritance became general.

"There was a grand sea fight right here in Dublin Bay in the year 950 A.D.," said the commandant, a thickset man who also wore the 1922 ribbon. "The Irish galleys—120 of them no less—routed a Norseman. Lad by the name of Sitric." He made the battle sound like last week's soccer game.

"Sure, didn't Owen Roe O'Neill turn up at Tirconaill in 1642 with two captured British galleons in tow?" the colonel asked me, speaking as if the event had been in the morning headlines.

"And wasn't John Barry a County Wexford man and the father of your American Navy to boot?" the captain, a broth of a lad too young to have been in the Black-and-Tan excitement, put in with spirit.

Britain's Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty, it developed, was also a Wexford man. And the Earl of Cork and Orrery, Royal Navy leader in Norway back in '40—could anyone deny that he was a County Cork man? Wasn't Bernardo O'Higgins rightly called the founder of the Chilean Navy?

Colonel Bryan himself presented me with the wildest of the wild geese.

"I wonder did ye know that your John Holland was originally a County Clare Fenian and that he designed the first submarine entirely for the purpose of destroying the British fleet?"

Impressed now, my salt blood boiling, I asked if it would be possible for me to meet Captain Jerome, Commanding Officer of the Irish Naval Service.

Commander H. J. A. S. Jerome, D.S.O., R.N. (Ret.), proved every burly inch the British naval officer—keen-eyed, ruddy-faced, with well-caked pipe clenched in strong jaws.

"I suppose you could call me a sort of Navy doctor," he rumbled at me genially. "For four years—'36 to '40—I was on loan to the South African Navy on a similar-training job."

In order to accept his present four-year, four-stripe appointment he had to retire from the Royal Navy—after a mere 33 years of service.

"How's the Irish Navy doing, Captain?"

Too Few Technicians a Handicap

"They're a grand lot. But we need trained technicians badly. We're short on radar and sound men, ship fitters, gunnery experts. We've no backlog of C.P.O.'s the way you have in your American Navy—the old-time chiefs who made your '90-day wonders' wonderful. But they're fine, eager lads, these Irish. They're at sea a great deal—as much, I venture, as any other navy in the world today, and they're learning. The will is there, the know-how will come."

The main base of the Irish ships is at Haulbowline (wonderful nautical name), which is an island in Cork Harbor and had formerly served as a Royal Navy depot. But it so happened one of the corvettes, the Macha, was docked in Dublin. She was the ship, Captain Jerome explained, which brought the body of William Butler Yeats home from France.

At a private ceremony to take place that afternoon, the Yeats family was presenting a portrait of the poet to the wardroom of the ship. Would I care to go aboard and see the ship and maybe the portrait, too? I would indeed.

During the ride to the docks our young driver hummed a tune which was faintly familiar. I asked what it was.

" 'Oh, the French are on the sea, says the Shan Van Vocht,' " he quoted softly. "That was the song they were all singing back in 1798, the year the French fleet sailed into Bantry Bay."

"Of course," I said. "I remember now."

"Now wasn't it a strange thing," the driver went on, "that the Macha arrived in France exactly a hundred and fifty years after the French paid us a visit?"

"What's the Shan Van Vocht?" I asked after a bit.

"Just another name for old Ireland, like Dark Rosaleen and Cathleen Ni Houlahan."

A Visit Aboard the Macha

We came to the Macha, a tidy-looking one-stacker tied up by a stone dock near where the Liffey runs into Dublin Bay. She reminded me of our destroyer escorts, only smaller.

The boatswain's whistle twittered as we came up the gangway, and the officer of the deck saluted smartly. The crew was busy polishing the brightwork for the afternoon's ceremonies. A young lieutenant commander with a weatherbeaten face appeared on deck, and Captain Jerome introduced him as the skipper of the Macha, Mr. Thompson. A County Wicklow man and a veteran of the Merchant Marine, he showed us his ship with pride.

I admired the gleaming four-inch main battery, the 40-millimeter Vickers gun aft, the six well-greased Oerlikons, and the businesslike double row of ash cans around the stern. The Macha is no toy, but a taut ship, well-officered and manned.

In the wardroom, after the inevitable coffee, Thompson pulled aside a curtain on the bulkhead, revealing a superb head of the young Yeats with beribboned glasses and shock of dark hair. Under the portrait, which is the work of John Butler Yeats, artist-father of the poet, a metal plaque records the mission of the Macha in bringing the poet home to rest.

"Traditions are all very well," Captain Jerome said, "but what I really need is a few good electricians. For a while every time we blew a fuse, so to speak, we had to send a signal to the Admiralty for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53)

Ah, it's terrible that the Irish Navy's got such a dreadful need for electricians

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We Took Our Chil To A Psyc tri

Danny was a perfect baby, loving and happy, but by the time he was old enough to go to school he was a timid, sullen and petulant little boy. This is the personal, moving story of a child's restoration to his rightful place in the family circle as told by his mother

By MARY BIRD PIEL

DANIEL had a single red curl, a disarming smile, and he never cried. He was a beguiling baby. He was very happy, loving, affectionate to friends, strangers and seldom-seen grandparents. He gave and basked in radiant love. And my husband and I loved him without understanding, or even thinking there was anything special to understand in his single, individual life.

When Dan was five we put him into one of the oldest experimental progressive schools in New York City. He was totally unable to get on with his fellows or his teacher, was too insecure to come out of a corner. His paintings were angry blotches, he worked in clay only for the eventual joy of destroying it, he never went near the workbench and he never took his thumb out of his mouth.

There was more than shyness, more than natural timidity, more than normal withdrawal. He had become a suspicious, hostile, sullen child. Somewhere and somehow he had learned to hate. All the light and magic that had been in him as a baby had almost entirely disappeared.

In that year of school Dan had two double pneumonias, endless consecutive colds and odd virus infections. His insecurity and fear had become rooted so deeply that they gave him constant illness. It was better to be still and effortlessly ill than well and forced to meet circumstances with which he could not cope. To be hostile to life at five and a half was dangerous enough. To be inert was catastrophic.

Once, after an especially long bout of high fever which kept him on the border of delirium, he wakened after an uneasy sleep and said lucidly and clearly, "Mother, do you send me to school to have your time alone in peace?"

Shocked, I began to ask myself searching questions. What made Dan feel so lonely and insecure? What had I done or said, day by day, which could have built up in a small heart a feeling of nonlove? At last I realized I needed expert professional help, someone who could show me the way to unravel what I had so poorly done, someone wiser and more skilled than I to help me rework the beautiful material I had mangled.

To go to a psychiatrist seemed to me tantamount to a confession of weakness. Some of my friends had undergone analysis, presumably emerging as successfully adjusted persons. But for my money, they had lost their spice, color and taste. I knew enough of psychiatry to know that if I were to ask psychiatric help for my son, it would have to be given to me as well. I would have to admit I too was mixed up, confused and disturbed.

It was with fear and reluctance, but with a strong awareness of what real need my son required from me that I finally called on a recommended psychiatrist. I had never seen her before, and I was honestly frightened as I waited in her large, sunny office. I was surprised when, after a few preliminary stumblings, I lost all my dread and talked easily and honestly to her. She warmed me with her quick understanding and in an uncanny way made me more perceptive and relaxed even as I spoke.

She said that before she could undertake to help either my son or myself she would like us both to have a Rorschach test from an expert trainer in the technique. This test, the scoring and interpretation of which is based on thousands of reactions, consists of a series of ten cards on which are printed seemingly symmetrical ink blots. Drop ink on fresh white paper, fold it in half and press it down. When the paper is opened, you have a rough approximation of a Rorschach card. The subject describes what he sees upon these cards—two poodles dancing, a staircase, or a lizard in a springtime wood.

The scoring is done in terms of *where* the subject sees what he sees, *how* he sees it, and least important of all, *what* he sees. The test discloses the patient's thinking processes, his degree of emotional stability and how responsive he is to the world about him. The presence of emotional conflicts is shown, the intellectual capacity of the individual demonstrated and the total personality structure disclosed. The test is essentially diagnostic, revealing to the therapist, quickly and

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GILES

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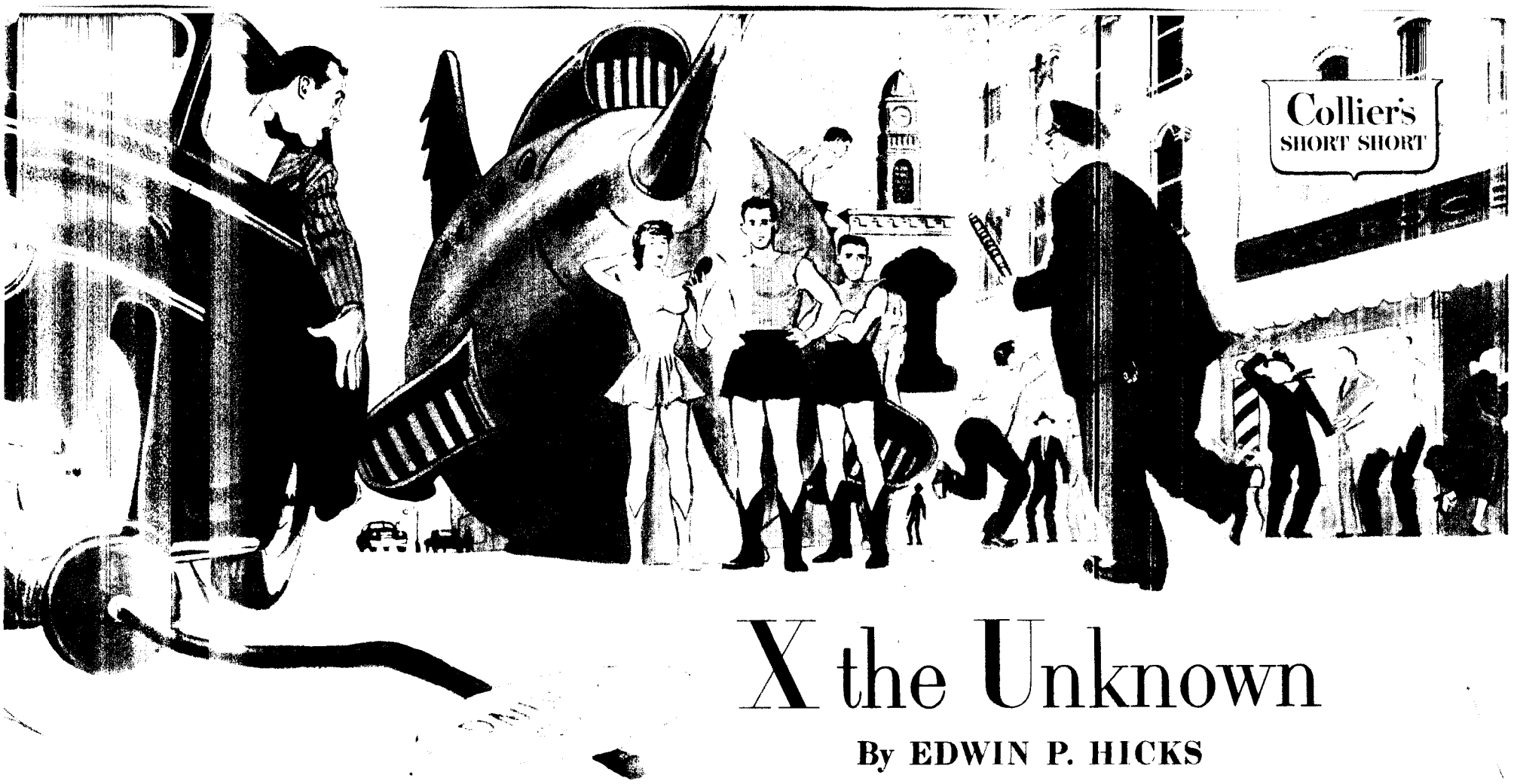

X the Unknown

By EDWIN P. HICKS

THE evening of September 5th, in the year 3051, was a glorious one with an afterglow which gave a Rembrandt effect to the sky and the huge interplanetary station and created an atmosphere of unreality about the arrival and departure of the space ships. There was nothing, of course, unusual in watching the huge Mars-Venus-Mercury craft suddenly appear overhead and feather gently down to perpendicular landings at the dock. But somehow I had the thought, not unmixed with uneasiness, "What is beyond this universe?"

I had gone to the station to meet my friend Dr. Henry Jones, who was on the third section of the Mars Limited. It was good to see him, of course, but his physical appearance was a little disappointing. His month's vacation on Mars had not helped him any. He still had that washed-out look.

"And how was the nonassociative algebra situation on Mars?" I asked, to cover up any anxiety which I might show.

"Capital," said Henry, whose hobby for the last seven hundred years had been taking algebraic situations with seemingly duplicate formulas and proving all kinds of astounding things with them. "Dr. Munn and I spent many interesting hours together. You feeling well, Jack?"

"Tops," I said, as we got into my Earthcoupé. "I'm taking you home with me, Henry. The wife insisted that you spend a week with us."

"Oh, no, Jack. That would be an imposition."

I pushed the button which shut down the top, sealing us inside, and tuned in on my home beam, getting a clear channel without having to wait. I touched the sail switch and two seconds later pressed the button again, which rolled back the top.

"Imposition, the devil! You darned old bachelor you. How in the name of Neptune have you managed to evade females for a thousand years?"

Henry chuckled as we stepped out on my landing-beam platform back of the house. He started to pick up his bags, but I waved him on.

Henry was tall with black hair and the carriage of a college athlete. He was wearing a blue silk toga, and his bare right shoulder and right arm showed the muscles of a Roman gladiator. But the health-glow of his skin was lacking.

Rita, of course, was overjoyed. Mother of 150 babies, all that the government would permit for her centuries of life, she was still a vivacious young woman, her face glowing with health.

"Dinner will be on the table in exactly six minutes," Rita warned, as we went to discard our street sandals for more comfortable house shoes.

Rita selected a melon apiece from the window garden, pulled up the vines, took one or two seeds from each melon and planted them in the box of earth where the vines had been growing. She iced the melons and placed them on the table.

By the time we had eaten the melons, I could see that tiny green shoots already had thrust up through the atomic fertilized earth of the window box. By this time tomorrow, fresh, new melons would be there ready to be pulled.

Rita left us alone after dinner, while she took our six children who still lived with us, to a show. It was just a little jaunt over to Moscow. By leaving immediately after dinner she could be back by eleven.

AS RITA'S Earthcoupé took off, Henry became a bit philosophical. "How great is man!" said he. "Time and space no longer exist. Jack, do you realize we've been in the atomic age over a thousand years?"

"I shudder," I said, "when I look back at the trials of our pioneer days. Take Rita and the kids, for instance. I can remember the time, say back in 1950, when I wouldn't have let her go downtown alone. And by this time she's in Moscow."

Henry nodded but did not answer. We sat in silence for a moment.

"Remember how jittery we were back then, Henry?" I went on. "The Russians were the bad boys who were going to blow us off the earth with atomic bombs. The poor devils had the same kind of nightmares about what we were going to do to them. The world might have been blown up, too, but for the arrival of that first space ship from Mercury."

Henry chuckled. "It still refreshes me to think about it. We thought they were Russians at first, and then when it was announced over the radio that citizens from the planet Mercury had landed, no one would believe it for days."

"And that," I continued, "saved the world. Undoubtedly! We Earthians started thinking constructively then instead of destructively."

"I remember the first time that I read anything about the atomic age other than the bomb possibilities was an early article by a college president. He said that through atomic developments in medicine we might live to be as old as Methuselah. I was a youngster just a year or two out of service in World War II then, and I thought here was just another crack-pot professor."

"And here we are now," I put in, "older than Methuselah, and yet still young men and women —with no work to do other than our hobbies, our research, our self-improvement programs. No money problems, no economic difficulties, nothing on earth—I should say in the planetary universe—to do but enjoy ourselves and search the unknown for what it may reveal."

"X the unknown quantity," said Henry. "X to the nth degree is still the unknown quantity." He spoke more to himself, it seemed to me, than for my ears. "Back of our great interplanetary discoveries, beyond our nuclear physics, our analysis of space, our discoveries in matter, so far we find one little letter—X the unknown quantity."

"By the way, Henry, how long has it been since you've had a physical checkup?"

Henry grinned frankly at me. "I was just about to ask you that question."

"Five years ago I took my last treatment."

"I was afraid of that," said Henry. The tone of his voice was exactly the same. "I had noticed that the glow of youth was missing from your skin. Let's see, how old were you, Jack, when you took your first atomic treatment?"

"Forty-five."

"Then by the old three-score-and-ten expectancy-of-life rule, you can look forward to twenty years."

"Exactly," I said. "I haven't told Rita yet and don't intend to tell her until she begins to suspect."

"That is wise. The girl is still in bloom."

"I'm glad this came up. I wish you'd look after her, Henry—when I go on."

Henry smiled. "I have only ten years yet to live. I too have received my last treatment. I've already started breaking. Soon I will be an old man."

"But isn't there a chance, Henry, that medical research will develop still further methods of prolonging life—before our time comes?"

"Perhaps so," said Henry, still in that quiet tone. "But what difference does it make whether we live ten or twenty years more or seventy—or another thousand? Still we must go on. Still X lies ahead."

"X the unknown," I said.

"Sometimes X doesn't stand for the unknown," Henry mused quietly. "Sometimes X stands for faith."

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED IRVIN

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Toughest Job in Sports

By STANLEY FRANK

The goalie is on the ice every minute of every game, blocking and stopping a firing squad serving up hot pucks

THIS unique action picture shows the most important individual in any team-game performing the most difficult trick in sport. Chuck Rayner, goalie for the New York Rangers, is seen blocking a shot fired at point-blank range by Pete Horeck of the high-scoring Detroit Red Wings.

Because it happens on the average of 30 times a game—or once every two minutes—hockey fans take a goalie's gymnastics for granted. Actually, he has highly specialized skills demanded of no other athlete.

The baseball pitcher, supposed to represent 80 per cent of a team's effectiveness, works only once every four days, but a goalie is expected to be on the ice every minute of every game regardless of the blood he may be leaking copiously all over the place.

A basketball player is a star if he clicks on one third of his shots; a goalie will swell the ranks of the unemployed unless he stops 90 per cent of the hot pucks poured at him. A triple-threat back in football is helpless without a strong supporting cast, but in hockey—

"The goalie is 70 per cent of a team's strength," Lester Patrick, the game's elder statesman, says. "A good one can make a weak team awfully tough to beat. A mediocre man will ruin his team because any mistake that he makes is disastrous immediately."

Trip-hammer reflexes are the trade-marks of all goalies. They must react with incredible speed to protect the net (6 feet wide, 4 feet high) against a thin rubber disk three inches in diameter. The disk travels at an estimated 90 miles an hour. Most shots are unloaded less than 20 feet away, but it is the goalie's job to catch the puck in his glove, block it with his stick, or smother it with his body during wild melees in front of the net by diving headlong into a turmoil of razor-sharp skates.

Milling players obscure his vision, darting sticks and skates deflect the puck unpredictably and the rubber skids crazily on the ice, but the major-league goalie is caught off guard only three times a game, on the average, over the course of a season.

Five years ago the hockey rules were changed to increase scoring, in keeping with the trend in other sports. Nothing much came of it; the goalies held the anticipated heavy increase in goal attempts, to a measly 20 per cent. Hockey players morosely suspect the only antidote to the poison dished out by the icebound Gibraltars is a wider net or, better yet, a gun.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

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The Man Behind the Gable Fable

Here is the latest report on the most glamorous motion-picture star in the world. It goes a long way toward explaining why Hollywood calls Clark Gable a "right guy." And it answers many questions you may have asked about the starriest of stars

ONE evening almost 17 years ago, William Clark Gable, a man with the muscular build and the contentious air of a truck driver, weaved into a Hollywood party, plumped himself truculently into a cream-colored leather chair, and launched into a tirade against certain executives at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"They've ruined me!" he snarled. "They've loaned me out to Columbia."

Robert Montgomery, a co-worker who had been having his own troubles with the studio, nodded sympathetically. "What's the picture you're supposed to make at Columbia?" he asked.

Those who were present that evening like to recall the angry despair in Gable's voice as he said, "It's a stinker called It Happened One Night."

As things turned out, Gable's performance in It Happened One Night not only brought him an Academy Award, but also established him as the most popular movie actor in the world, a position which he has held almost without interruption ever since.

Gable himself, however, does not regard this eminence very seriously. Several years ago, for example, he casually presented his Oscar to a youngster who had expressed admiration for its looks. He is equally indifferent to his status as the foremost male film personality of the past 15 years.

"What of it!" he says, shrugging his massive shoulders. "I've been lucky. I didn't want to make It Happened One Night, did I? But I was forced into it and look how it turned out. Let's face it, I've been lucky."

Such self-depreciation is rare enough anywhere, but in Hollywood it is almost unique.

At 48 and full of fame and riches, Clark Gable is not very different from the 21-year-old Billy Gable who used to consider himself fortunate when he made $10.00 a week playing the part of a Negro mammy or a mewling infant. For although he has acquired the assurance that comes with maturity, the polish that blossoms under the exclusive Palm Beach sun, and the compassion that is born of a stabbing personal bereavement, he has not permitted success to influence his fundamental sense of values.

Indeed, the vast contrast between his public renown and his private modesty is a rare and lovely thing. It becomes even more impressive when one realizes that he is probably the most magnetic movie actor since Valentino.

Even among the famous, Gable is viewed with something close to awe. He is, for example, the only man whose presence causes the ordinarily aloof patrons of the celebrity-packed Cub Room in New York's Stork Club to gape in unabashed admiration.

One night last fall, for instance, this long, narrow chamber included at least 42 individuals of such importance that the death of any one of them would be front-page news. It wasn't until Gable walked in, however, that anyone bothered to turn his head.

Skeptics might insist that this was occasioned chiefly by the infrequency of Gable's visits to New York and there would, in fact, be a certain merit to their argument were it not that he arouses a similarly worshipful reaction on his home grounds.

On the day that Command Decision, his latest picture, went into production, for example, his appearance on the set provoked unprecedented commotion. Even Van Johnson, an actor who enjoys a certain amount of adulation himself, was so excited that he dashed from one person to another whispering, "Hey, here's Gable!"

Far from being exclusive to New York and Hollywood, this reaction has frequently assumed international proportions. General Ira Eaker is the authority for the fact that during the war two captured German fliers informed him that Goering had personally promised a promotion and a month's furlough to anyone who brought Gable back alive.

The most conclusive testimony to Gable's fame, however, is to be found in the little town of Cadiz, Ohio, where he was born on February 1, 1901. There, post cards showing his modest white frame birthplace sell twice as well as those displaying a likeness of General George A. Custer, another Ohio boy who made good.

The attitude of Cadiz's 3,000-or-so residents toward Gable is worth examining. Last year an enterprising United Press correspondent named Henry Gris visited the town to find out just what this attitude is. What he discovered can be interpreted as striking proof of Gable's lack of affectation.

A Home-Town Ugly Duckling

In Cadiz, Gable is regarded not as a great lover or an international celebrity, but merely as a local boy who is doing well for himself in the outside world. Some of the older residents, in fact, can't quite picture him as a lover at all because they remember that he was a very ugly baby.

Leaving Cadiz, the U.P. correspondent drove the ten miles to Hopedale, where Gable had gone to live at the age of four. There the people spoke of his childhood sweetheart—round-faced Marjorie Miller, who later married a dentist and now lies buried in the peaceful cemetery on the edge of town.

But as to Gable himself, the real authority is the bedridden old lady who was his schoolteacher some 40 years ago. When she became gravely ill, recently, a messenger appeared at her door with flowers. They had been sent to her by Gable.

"He is a good boy," she informed Henry Gris. "I wish you would tell him to stop by here the next time he goes to New York. After all, it is on his way and I would like to see him again before—" Then she stopped, knowing that in the case of a bedridden old lady there could be but one ending to the sentence. Presently, however, she regained her composure and went on. "To me," she said, "he will always be the little chubby boy with the red cap on his hair."

Gable has come a long way since he was a schoolboy in Hopedale. He has come from the oil fields of Oklahoma and the rubber plants of Akron; from the lumber camps of Oregon and the one-night stands along the Columbia River which a determined little theatrical troupe used to get to by milk boat.

Now that he is affluent and adored and known, even among his unimpressionable colleagues, as "The King," he is mindful of the fact that he has not always been a movie star. He is, indeed, still a little incredulous that Billy Gable, who used to play the slide trombone back in Hopedale, could have grown up to be Clark Gable, a 20th-century phenomenon.

Magic Power of a Famous Name

For Clark Gable, in all of his ramifications, is more than a mere man. He is many things and the sum of them is an institution. He is a name—ten meaningful letters—glowing in the dusk on theater marquees in every part of the civilized world. He is high finance too—box-office; money in the bank for people whom he has never even heard of.

He is also an item in the columns, an item in Lyons or Sobol or Hopper; an item linking him in trysts with girls named Iris Bynum or Anita Colby or Dolly O'Brien.

He is masculinity too—and all men respect him, because he looks as if he can take care of himself. And finally he is, if one observes the rapt expressions on the faces of his female following, a suppressed desire—a quickening of the heartbeats of womankind.

Gable is all these things—and yet he is none of them, really. It is significant that the only complaint voiced against him in Hollywood is that he sometimes neglects to send flowers to his hostesses. But it is probably even more significant that no hostess has ever allowed such an oversight to deter her from asking him to drop around again.

Gable, however, is an exception among top movie stars in more respects than this. He himself expressed his unorthodoxy rather succinctly during an interview a few weeks ago.

"Look," he said to the interviewer. "I have news for you. I'm unique in this town . . . I don't paint . . . Do you realize what that means? It means that I'm the only actor in this whole town who isn't trying to become an artist."

Such departure from Hollywood conventions is not deliberate, but simply a logical result of his steadfast determination to be himself. Consequently, he is a good deal more than natural, if somewhat less spectacular, than most of his colleagues in the picture business.

He has neither a ready wit nor a talent for telling uproarious stories. His dress is not especially imaginative either, and although he now wears a black tie more frequently than he did a few years ago, he still does not appear entirely at ease when doing so.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH

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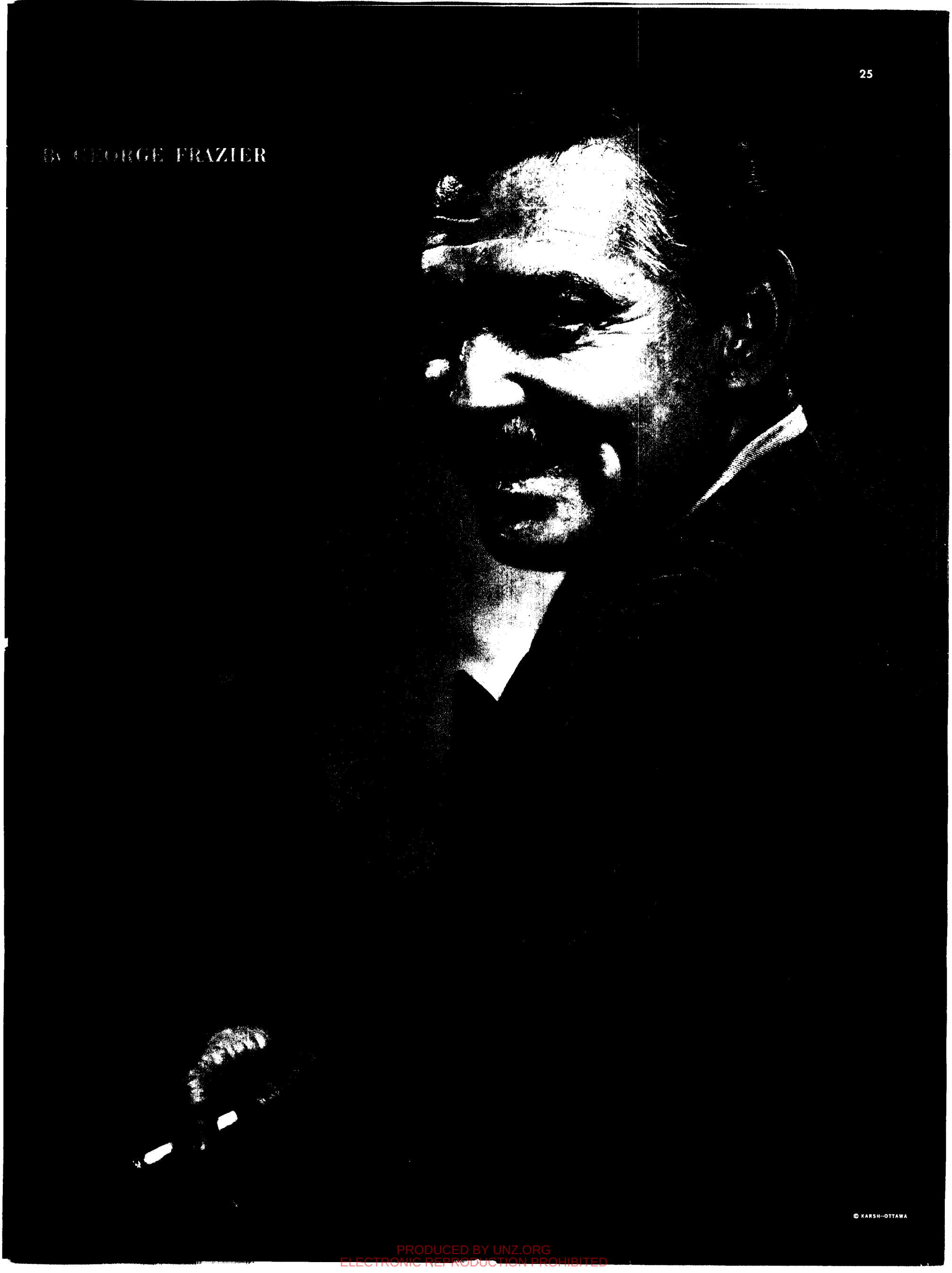
By GEORGE FRAZIER



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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

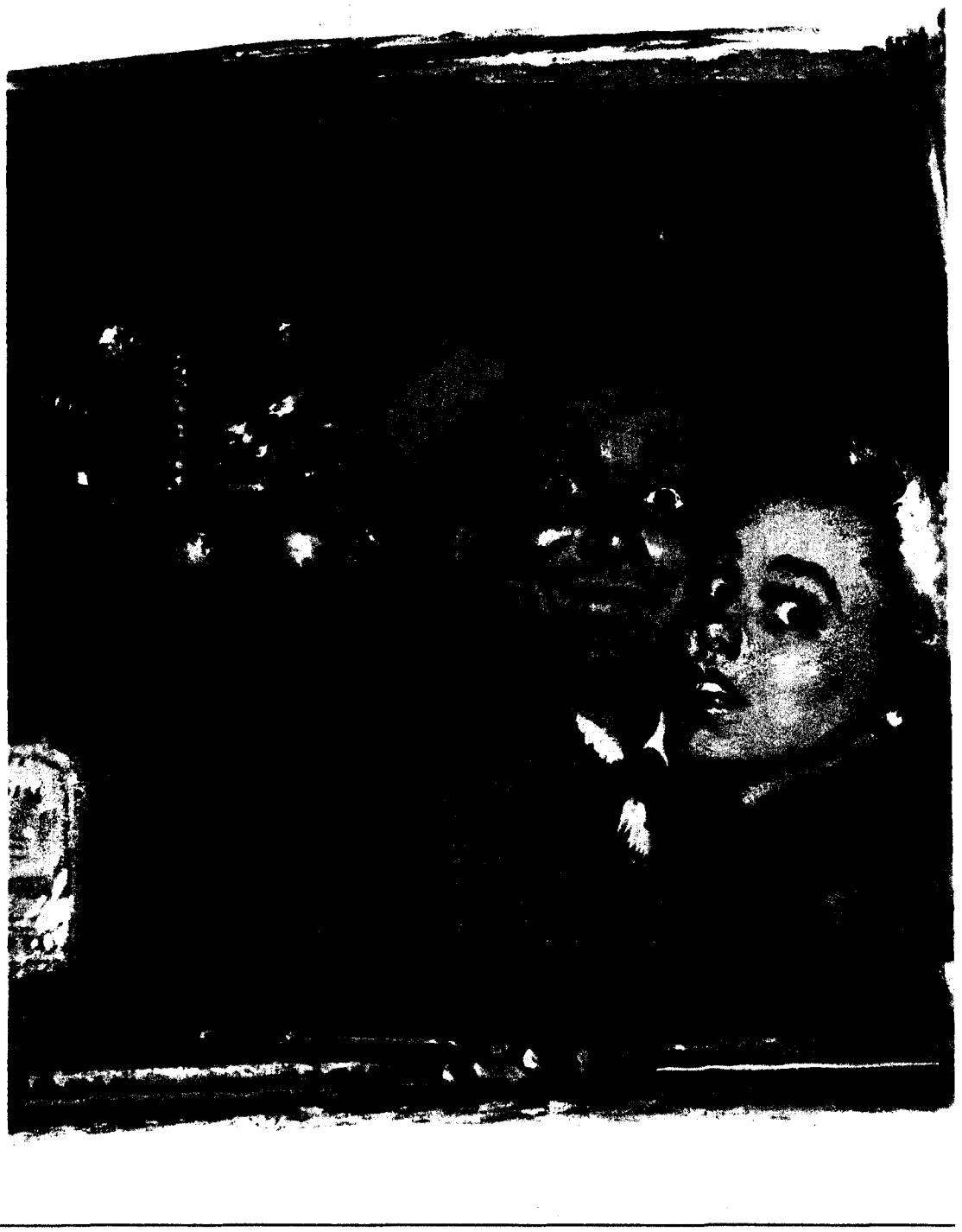
By EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WHO KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED—AND GOT IT

The Story: When AGATHA CHRISTOPHER unexpectedly inherits a restaurant in New York City from an uncle, she decides to leave the small Connecticut town in which she lives and go to New York and manage the restaurant. She is tired of small-town life and has dreams of the restaurant being a very swank place. However, when she gets to New York she finds that it is only a West Side bar and grill. She is terribly disappointed, but JACK BARLOW, her late uncle's handsome young lawyer, encourages her to stay and manage the bar and grill. After Agatha decides to do this she learns that she has also inherited ten per cent of a prize fighter, LEFTY LANGAN. When Lefty is defeated in a fight by a knockout, Agatha takes him to her mother's home in Connecticut to recuperate. Determined to help the boy regain his self-confidence, Agatha persuades OSCAR GUMPER, barman at the bar and grill, to go in with her on buying Lefty's contract from his old manager, BENNY SMALL. But Small insists on retaining ten per cent of Lefty. Oscar goes to Connecticut and begins to train Lefty. Lefty's girl LUCILLE does not want him to fight. After an argument with her, Lefty promises that he will leave the ring if he is ever knocked out again. Instead of being knocked out, however, Lefty, improved by Oscar's training, wins his first two fights. During all this, Jack Barlow has been falling in love with Agatha, and one night coming home in a taxi he makes love to her. Later that night Benny Small calls Agatha to tell her that he has sold his ten per cent of Lefty to a gambler named MONTE WHARTON. Agatha calls Monte Wharton and tries to get him to sell. He flatly refuses, and Agatha can't talk him into it.

PART 7 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL



SHE turned, and went quickly down the dingy stairs. She felt nervous and exhausted, and she was glad now that she was going to Menasset. When she met Gwen at the station she said lightly, "Well, it's good to get away from the gym."

"Did you see Lefty?"

"Yes, Mother; he's going to fight in Madison Square Garden. It's his big chance."

"Was that all you talked about, Agatha?"

"Everything is straightened out, Mother."

She hoped it was true, and in the days at Menasset she tried to achieve a sense of peace and relaxation. She sought to convince herself that the incident was closed but an uneasy prickling remained in her breast whenever she thought of Lefty Langan. One day, meeting Charlie Harper on the golf course, she met his tentative gesture of amends halfway and agreed to go out to dinner with him.

They did not mention the New Haven fight, and it was only toward the end of dinner that he spoke of Lefty Langan.

"You know I showed your guy a property, Agatha?" he said. "Your fighter. He looked at a property. He stopped in my office one day with that redhead. What's her name again?"

"Lucille Long," Agatha said. "What sort of property?"

"She was interested in one of those roadside places on the shore, a dairy bar down toward New Haven."

"I remember Lefty mentioned they were looking over restaurants," Agatha said. "But I don't think you'll make a sale there. It was just curiosity."

"Oh, I didn't think it would come to anything," he said.

After that night she did not make another date with Charlie. The days passed listlessly. She looked through the sports pages each day for items about the Brennan-Langan fight, and saw that the odds were two to one on Brennan.

Not having heard from Oscar Gumper, Agatha telephoned Leo's Place one night and found him there. He said at once, "Aggie, I been meaning to call you, but we've been working like dogs for this Brennan fight."

"But, Oscar, isn't there anything I can do to help?" Agatha said. "I feel like a shirker, just rusticating out here."

"Just rusticate some more," Oscar said.

"Tell me, have you heard anything from Monte Wharton?"

"Not a thing, Aggie."

"That sounds good," Agatha said. "Then I'll see you soon, Oscar. The night of the fight." . . .

Jack Barlow telephoned twice from New York, and they had rather meaningless talks that ran up overtime. The only mention of Lefty Langan was as a fighter, as the boy who was meeting Sailor Brennan in the Garden, and Jack's second call was to ask whether Gwen was also going to the fight. Gwen said, "Oh, you two don't want me."

So on the day of the fight Agatha went alone to

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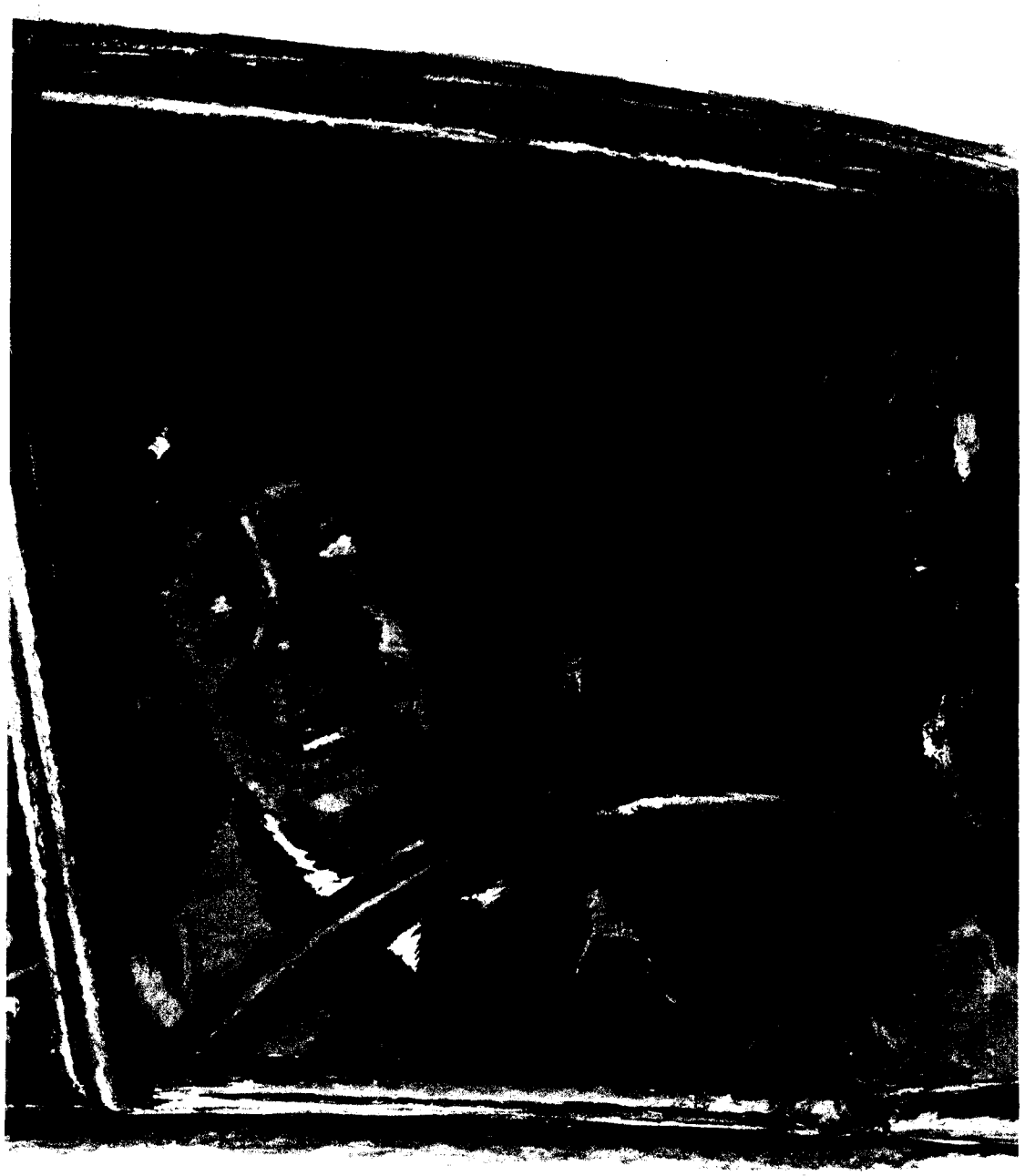

The driver's voice broke in at last. "East River just ahead, Mister. And I ain't got no propeller"

New York, and checked in as usual at the Westbrook. Jack called for her there at seven, and Agatha experienced a calm, relaxed pleasure in seeing him again. As they were having dinner he said, "You know, Agatha, you've changed. You've quieted down."

"Maybe you're right, Jack," she said. "I'm a girl who's had her fling. The excitement isn't there any more. I don't mean I'm not excited about tonight's fight. I just mean I'm not on the edge of my chair any more."

"The calm before the storm, maybe, Agatha," Jack suggested.

"The calm *after* the storm," Agatha said confidently. "I've had my storm, Jack. And by the way, Monte Wharton wants to buy my share of Lefty."

He put down his knife and fork. "Sell it," he said, with unexpected harshness. "Sell it, and get out of this thing."

Agatha smiled faintly. "Oscar and I had an agreement that neither of us would sell without consulting the other. We're not going to abandon Lefty, whatever he thinks about it."

"What does he think?"

Agatha shrugged. "We'll see him tonight at Leo's Place." . . .

It was Agatha's first fight in Madison Square Garden, and as the cab approached she saw Lefty's name in lights on the marquee.

"I suppose you know the Garden is pretty near sold out," Jack said. "You'll make some money tonight."

Agatha nodded. "Of course we don't get a share of the gate. We signed for a flat sum. But still, it's in four figures."

They went down through the humming aisles to their ringside seats, and there were surely a few club fight regulars in the Garden, because Agatha was recognized and the whistles came down from the gallery. Looking up, she saw that the television camera was following her, all the way down the aisle to their seats.

Ringside, across the way, a man raised his hand in a discreet salute, and Agatha saw Monte Wharton's thin smile. She nodded to him, and sat down.

The pattern of a fight was familiar now to Agatha. The end of the semifinal bout, the delay to put the main event on at radio and television time, the arrival of the boxers in the ring, the lowering of the microphone and the introduction: "In this corner, wearing black trunks, weighing one hundred fifty-eight and one-quarter pounds, Lefty Langan—"

Lefty raised his hand, and the pale blue bathrobe swung loosely from his shoulders. His tan had faded and his face looked white under the lights, his hair very black. He had not glanced toward Agatha from the moment he came down the aisle and climbed through the ropes.

Sailor Brennan was a burly man, with tremendous shoulders, but Agatha thought he looked soft around the middle. She wondered if Oscar had instructed Lefty to go for the body.

WHEN the bell rang, Lefty did not come out with a rush. He moved slowly to meet the Sailor, and the first blow struck was a light left jab. All through the first round the boxers feinted and sparred, and when Brennan tried to get in close Lefty circled and jabbed with his left to hold him off. In the second round the pace quickened. Brennan had a bobbing style; his strategy was to get inside and maul Lefty in the infighting, wearing Lefty down with the weight of his huge shoulders.

At the end of the round Agatha saw patches of red skin on Lefty's ribs. "Your boy is going to take some punishment this fight, Agatha," Jack said.

The third round was another three minutes of almost constant mauling. Lefty tried to break, time and time again, but Brennan moved in, forcing the fighting until Lefty tied him up and the referee broke the clinch. There was blood on Lefty's face at the end of the round.

Jack offered Agatha a cigarette, and she realized that already she had created a litter of half-smoked cigarettes at her feet. She had been smoking constantly without even being aware of it. She took the cigarette.

The Sailor came out for the fourth with confidence, and almost immediately was in close in the middle of the ring, forcing Lefty toward the ropes. This time Lefty managed to break and as he moved back he brought up a whistling uppercut that missed by inches.

"That's the idea," Jack said. "He wants to straighten him up with an uppercut. If he can do that, he might have a chance."

"A chance?" Agatha said. "What do you mean?"

"I mean he's losing the fight."

Agatha had not seen it that way, but watching closely, she saw that Lefty was landing few blows, and his powerful left hook was impotent. Brennan was blocking beautifully, and driving rights to Lefty's body. At the end of the fourth, Oscar was at work in Lefty's corner with sponge and swabs.

The fifth round was like the fourth, with Lefty maneuvering to escape the ropes and the Sailor pressing in. Once Lefty landed a left hook and there was a shout from the crowd. But he was backing away and the blow did not slow Brennan in the least. Lefty's face was pink from his bleeding nose, and there were red marks on his body where bloody gloves had struck. Toward the end of the round Lefty loosed another uppercut that did not miss. It caught the Sailor high on the chest, and Agatha heard his grunt, but he kept moving in, forcing the fighting.

The bell rang for the sixth round, and Oscar lifted Lefty by the armpits and shoved him forward. As soon as a blow was struck his nose was bleeding again.

Brennan, boring in, had Lefty against the ropes

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)

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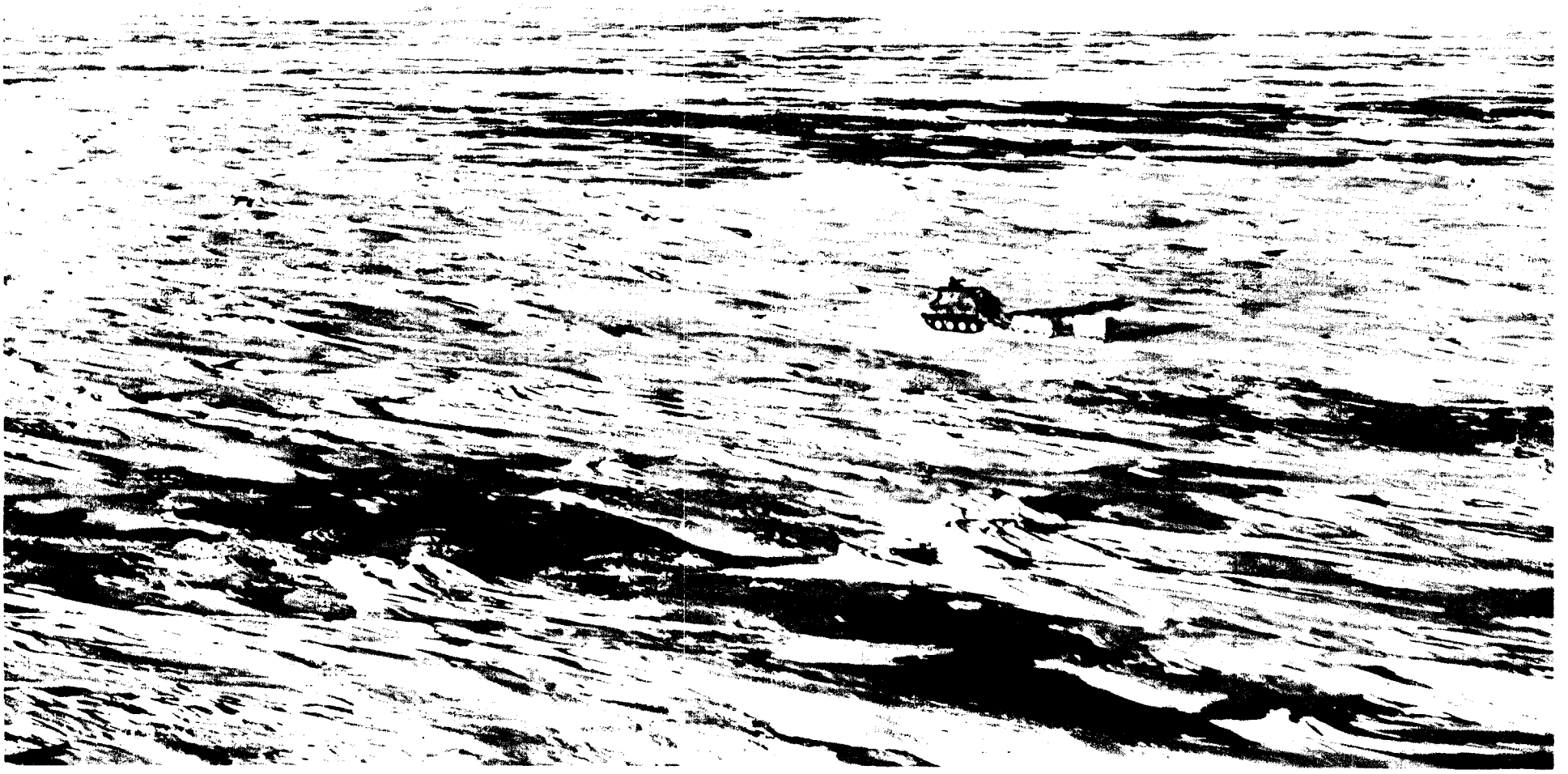

NATIONAL FILM BOARD PHOTO

An Army snowmobile with Operation Musk Ox creeps across the frozen wastes of northern Canada in a test of both its performance and fuel in subzero weather

Freezing for Freedom

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Up at Churchill in the arctic, where a false move will instantly freeze a lung or crack the toughest steel, members of the Canadian and U.S. armed forces are gauging the power of the elements. It's colder than the coldest war

UP IN the North Country, people still help one another out as a matter of course. When some Eskimo trappers up at Baker Lake caught a polar bear for a zoo in the States, Major Frank Riddel of the Royal Canadian Signal Corps said why, sure, he'd be glad to fly it down to the railroad at Churchill in his single-engine Norseman.

The bear, put to sleep with some ether and a couple of morphine styrettes, was laid gently on the floor just behind the pilot's seat. Since the bear weighed somewhat under a ton, there was still room for a seal in a cage.

Halfway down to Churchill, Riddel simultaneously lost radio contact with the R.C.A.F. there, ran into a blizzard, and watched a sheet of ice thickening over the wings. The bear took this moment to announce, with a heavy paw on Riddel's shoulder and a hot fishy breath on his neck, that he was wide awake, and hungry.

"You might say my fate was sealed," reminisces the pun-loving major. He solved the riddle by reaching back to the cage, unfastening the door and letting the seal preoccupy—and finally occupy—the bear, while he cleared the storm and guided the plane to a safe landing at home base.

The arctic is something like Major Riddel's polar bear. What with the untold oil and mineral treas-

CANADIAN ARMY PHOTO

U. S. and Canadian armies could not use the Eskimos' solution to the clothing problem. The Eskimos' untanned hides require a periodic chewing to keep them pliable

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ures that lie beneath its snows, and a winter-wise Russia just across the pole, it suddenly began to attract new interest right after World War II. But nobody, including the military establishments of Canada or the United States, seemed to know what to do about it.

At Fort Churchill's Joint Cold Weather Experimental Station, established two years ago just outside the little frontier settlement of Churchill on Hudson Bay, a number of Americans of the U.S. Army's First Arctic Test Detachment are working hand in mitten with the Canadians to pull a seal out of a cage.

That doesn't mean flying all the way over the arctic in long-range aircraft. For quite a while we've been all too aware that besides short cuts between various parts of the world the arctic offers high-altitude flying weather that is as good if not better than any other place on the globe.

For actual flight control of this air space, however, advance bases are needed and a string of radar and loran stations clear across the northland. And for development of its resources, men and machines are needed that can buck the continent's roughest combination of climate and terrain. Fort Churchill has brought the arctic problem down to earth in terms of living, working, moving, and, if necessary, fighting on the ground.

The little town of Churchill, once a Hudson's Bay Company fur outpost, was chosen for its important role for a number of reasons. It is Canada's most northerly point having year-round rail transportation. For the eight or nine summer weeks when the bay is ice-free, it's a salt-water port competing with Montreal in shipping wheat to Europe.

A Useful War Base in the Arctic

Back in 1943, during the Battle of the Atlantic when German U-boats threatened our air bases in Newfoundland and Labrador, the U.S. built an alternate airfield and an emergency hospital at Churchill for the evacuation of wounded from Europe. This project, never used and soon abandoned, provides ready shelter and excellent landing facilities. Located just above the arctic tree line, the site gives equal access to bush country and barren lands.

But mainly Churchill was selected as a test base because it enjoys some of the foulest winter weather to be found anywhere on the globe.

The snow at Churchill isn't the kind you find on Christmas cards. Winds that sweep down from the pole unobstructed over the barrens blow the snow in horizontally, at speeds up to 70 miles an hour.

Under a microscope, the tiny pellets look like porcupines with sharp, crystalline quills. Through an opening no bigger than a nail hole, they can fill a tent or a closed vehicle overnight. Because of the quills, the snow pellets cohere like so many cockleburs. Just by standing still for a few minutes you can start a drift that will block a road in a matter of hours.

From an airplane, circling in a cloudless sky above an invisible landing field, the blowing snow looks like newsprint rushing through a roller press. Often it's only a few feet high. On the ground you often walk in a blizzard up to your neck, half blinded by the sun and still unable to see below your waist.

In the village, a scattering of 50 or so houses, stores and tar-paper huts, the townsfolk take the very cold weather in their stride and wonder why the military make such a fuss about it.

A couple of winters ago an old trapper known only as "Pop" was found dead in his tar-paper shack, his right hand frozen around the neck of a bottle. Difficult any time of year because of the permafrost, burial is almost impossible in winter. Since Windy Smith, the Pennsylvania-born lumber dealer, was fresh out of pine boards for a coffin, Pop's remains had to wait in the lumber shed till a shipment arrived.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)

RCAF PHOTO

Because the morale of the isolated expedition was greatly improved by the presence of four nurses, men like these Canadian fliers were given permission to bring their wives to the operation's northern base

NATIONAL FILM BOARD PHOTO

How can an army be maintained in temperatures of more than 30 degrees below zero? Members of the Canadian army (above) prepare to leave on Operation Musk Ox in search of answers to this question. At Fort Churchill's school, the kids (below) have fun taking belly-floppers at recess. There's a shortage of sleds

CHESTER KISSIG

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The Best Boy with a Horse

By JACK WEEKS

I raised Troubadour from a foal, and I loved him. But that jockey Winthrop didn't. I told him when he rode Troubadour in the Belmont to lay off his whip, or I'd beat his head off. He wouldn't listen to me

MR. HALE says to just tell you everything, Mr. Abrams, and maybe you can figure out something so I won't get five years, anyway. He says to try and think of everything, just how it happened and maybe you would see how it was and could keep me out of prison.

I guess there's two main points. One is I grew up to be five foot seven and built to match and the other is the way I like horses. Do you like them, Mr. Abrams? I don't mean to bet on them but do you really like them? The way they feel and talk to you and all. I even love the way they smell. That may sound funny to you, but I do.

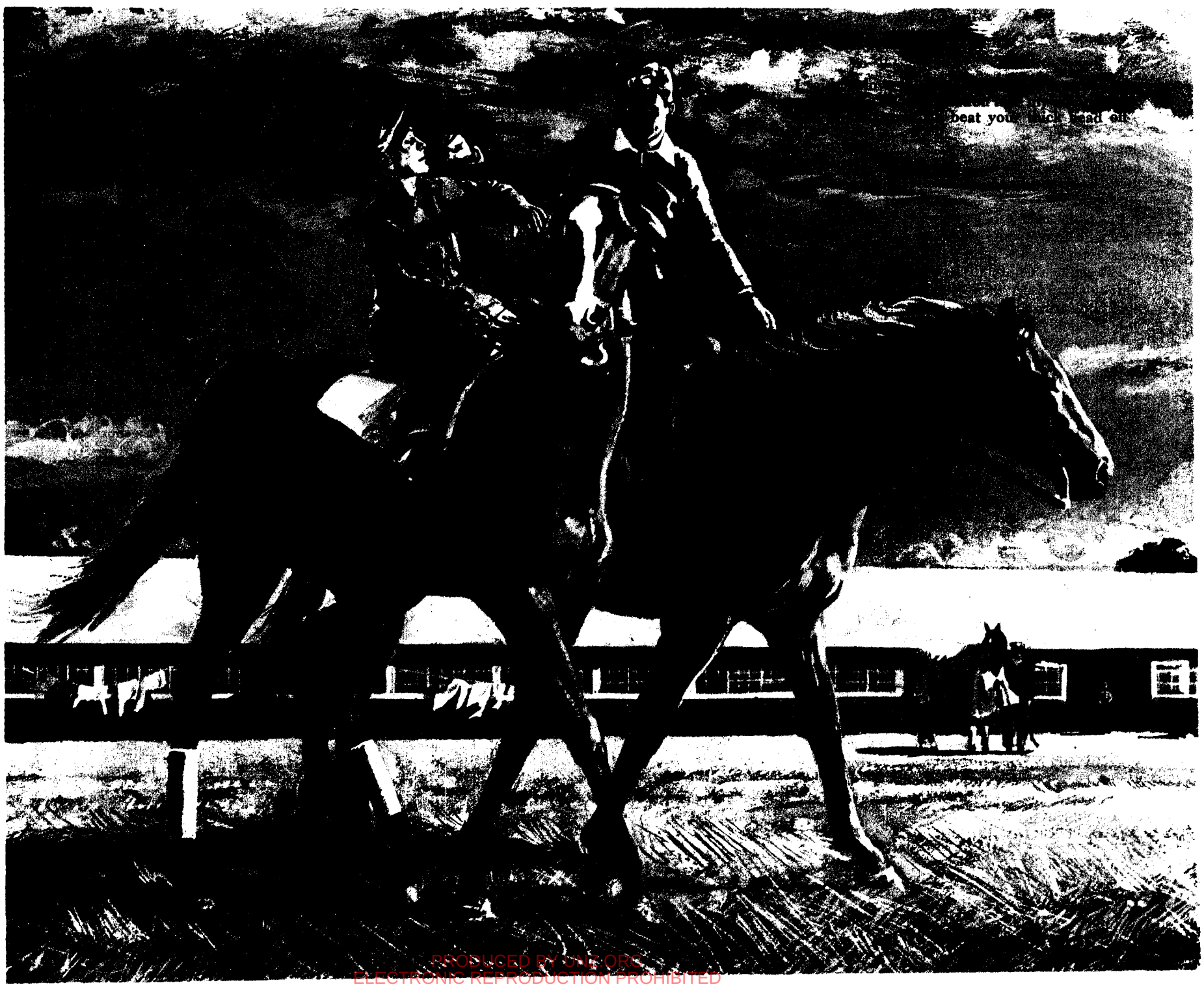
I was raised around them. Down home my daddy run three or four little old quarter horses and I handled them early. When I was just a little kid I used to ride into Cherokee behind my daddy. He'd settle down in the store and I'd sit outside on the hitching rail, talking to the ponies. Just sitting there quiet and watching them I got to know an awful lot about horses. I used to say to myself: I bet if I walked down the street now and said, "Come on, horses," every one of these ponies would follow me right out of Oklahoma.

When I was about fourteen I left home. We had a little mare called Chickie and my daddy run her with a bad foot just to get drinking money and it like to broke my heart. Some fellow had told me about the Bluegrass and I come up to Kentucky and got a job with Shawnee stables.

They started me off just working around the barn and they didn't ask no questions about how old I was and where was my folks and things like that. Old Wilcey—he's the foreman—seen I knew horses and liked them and he just pointed out the pails and the pitchforks and showed me where to sleep. I worked around the place like that for a little while and then Wilcey give me a horse one day, just to try me, and that's how I got started riding horses for Shawnee.

I exercised Shawnee horses the rest of that winter and when spring come they took me along to Maryland. That was when I saw my first big racing and got a chance to see how them great fellows like Arcaro and Atkinson handle themselves. It was a real treat for me, Mr. Abrams. I'd never seen nothing like it down home and it did something to me. It made me ambitious.

Before that I'd never wanted anything except just to handle horses but now I wanted to ride them



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in the big stakes and go after the big prizes. I knew that when it come to just riding I was as good as any man alive. All I needed was a little experience in a racing way. I knew when I was out there in the morning working horses for Mr. Hale that I sat a horse just as good as Arcaro or anybody and I rated him just as good. Mr. Hale said so himself.

We went up to Belmont after the Preakness and I saw all the best horses and the best riders then. It made me wilder than ever to be a jockey. I watched them in the races and listened to them talk and it seemed to me like they didn't know no more about it than I did. Sometimes the way they handled a horse and the way they talked it seemed to me that some of them didn't have nothing to recommend them for the work of a jockey except their size. It seemed like they didn't really feel the horse—not all of them anyway—and it seemed like some of them actually hated the horses.

I watched them for a while and listened to them bragging and wrangling and then I made up my mind it was time to speak my piece. So I went to Mr. Hale and I told him: "Mr. Hale, I'd like to ride for you one of these days, in the races I mean. You reckon you could use me that way?"

Mr. Hale looked me in the eye kind of funny and then he looked me over, down to my feet, the way he looks at a horse after a race. Then he looked away. After a bit he said: "Well, I don't know, Sheldon. Maybe. But don't set your heart on it. You look kind of rangy to me. Chances are you'll grow some yet. Maybe grow a little too big."

I said: "Well, if I don't grow, Mr. Hale, what then?"

He made me a right nice answer, Mr. Abrams. He said: "If you don't grow, Sheldon, you can ride my horse in the Derby."

I STARTED out right then to be a jockey. I begun training the next morning. I didn't eat nothing but a cup of coffee before working the horses; after that a couple of slices of dry toast and one glass of water. I tried a baked apple and some more coffee for lunch and by evening I like to died from hunger but by golly, Mr. Abrams, I stuck to it. I made myself stop after two boiled eggs and some more dry toast. I didn't have no milk nor no pie and I love both better than old Wilcey loves whisky.

I kept that up for an everlasting month. When I begun I weighed 110 pounds and at the end of the month I weighed 113.

I thought: Well, I ain't getting enough exercise, that's all. I was riding and walking horses mornings and working around the barn days and up with the horses at night sometimes, but I was such a kid in those days I figured that didn't really count as exercise.

So I started getting up earlier and running around the track in a sweater and sometimes in the heat of the day, before the first race was off, I'd run around the center field.

I kept running and working and starving for another month before I weighed myself again and this time I weighed 115. That pretty near busted me, Mr. Abrams. I went out behind the barns where nobody could see me and laid down in the grass and I just give in. After a while I felt better and I said to myself, I'll try her once more. So I run a little further every day and I ate a little less but I didn't seem to be doing no good.

It almost seemed like I was sick or something, part of the time anyway, and one morning I done a funny thing. I let a horse get away from me, Mr. Abrams. I just couldn't seem to hold him somehow. He plumb got away from me and be damned if he didn't throw me when I thought I finally had him steadied. I couldn't hardly believe it. I hadn't been throwed ever before by a Shawnee horse. I hadn't been throwed since I was down home helping my daddy break range stock.

Mr. Hale looked to see that the other boys caught this horse all right before he run himself through a fence, and then he rode over to where I was sitting in the dirt. He looked down at me and said: "What's the matter with you, Sheldon? That ain't like you."

I said: "I don't know, Mr. Hale. I don't feel just right."

He said: "Maybe you ain't eating enough."

"I'm eating enough for a jockey, Mr. Hale."

"Maybe you ain't eating enough for a fifteen-year-old boy," he said. "You go back and wash up and then wait for me in my car. I want to have a talk with you."

I done like he said and he took me over to Arthur O'Keefe's on Little Neck Parkway, where some of the racing people liked to eat, and he sat me down to a steak, well done, and fried onions and mashed potatoes and a couple of glasses of milk. He didn't say nothing while I ate and I didn't either. When I finally got full, he started in. It was hard to know I wasn't going to be a jockey after all, but coming from him I didn't mind it so much. If it had been my daddy or anybody else I would have hit him with the damn ketchup bottle or something but with Mr. Hale I just took it.

"Troubadour ain't just a mount," I said. Winthrop laughed. "Well," he said, "we'll see about that"

The next morning, Mr. Hale give me a long talk. He said it looked like I was going to grow too big for a jockey but that didn't mean I couldn't work with horses. He said I was the best boy with a horse he'd ever seen and he thought if I forgot this business of riding in the races I'd be a real asset to Shawnee. Maybe if I behaved myself, he said, I could get to be a trainer, finally, like him, maybe even run a big farm like Shawnee.

"There ain't many people can do it, Sheldon," he said, "and it's a real satisfactory living. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to send you back to Kentucky and let you work with the young stock and bring some horses along for me. I got an idea you'll bring a good horse to the races for us, one of these days. Of course it won't say on the program that you done it and you won't get no pictures in the papers because you're just a kid yet, after all, but you'll know who done it and I'll know. One of these days you'll be a leading trainer. You could even be head trainer at Shawnee because I ain't going to live forever, you know."

That's the kind of a fellow Mr. Hale is, Mr. Abrams. I don't know how good you know him, maybe better than me, but I'm telling you just the same.

Anyway, that's what happened. I went back to the main farm in Kentucky and put the races out of my head. I just settled down to the breeding and raising. I carried a lot of water and shoveled out a lot of stalls and looked after the brood mares and the stallions. And I liked it, Mr. Abrams. It's really what I'm cut out for.

I hadn't been back there more than a day when I run across something that made me forget everything else in the world. We had a new French mare on the place called Chanteuse and she had foaled a colt by The Minstrel. This little devil was about three months old when I first come across him and damn if he wasn't the cutest thing that ever ate oats. I like to died when I first saw him walking in from the pasture with his mama, kind of biting at her shoulder the way a lively horse nips at the lead pony when he's going to the post.

HE DIDN'T have much color then but you could see he was going to be one of them golden chestnuts that make all other horses look sorry. He had the bone and the style that promised something. I said to myself, there's a by God horse and if he don't take it all before he gets through I'm quitting this business and going to work in a garage.

I asked about them when they come in and the barn foreman said, "You can have them and welcome. That damned mare thinks she's give birth to the next President. You can't get near her."

I didn't say nothing but I thought I'd like to see the horse I can't get near and I started making up to them. She was nervous all right, but it didn't take me no time to make her understand that everything that walked two-legged wasn't going to hurt her baby and after that we got along real good. It was funny the way everybody around the place just kind of turned the problem over to me. From then on I spent a big part of my time with that pair and it went along like that all the way through the breaking of the colt.

He grew up beautiful but it seemed like nobody but me could see him at first. They was all watching a black filly in that crop that eventually done real good as a two-year-old but she didn't belong in the barn with this little chestnut devil.

The only one that saw him in those days was Mr. Hale. He come back from Saratoga and looked the foals over one Sunday and he seen me fooling with the little Frenchie, like I called him. Mr. Hale sort of grinned and then he said: "I see you got your eye on something. Well, you ain't made no mistake. Just take good care of him and we'll have some fun in two, three years."

So I did. I lived with that colt daytime and night, Mr. Abrams, and I saw to it that he never had a bad minute. He grew up good. Big strong, lively, mischievous but not mean, really, and he learned his lessons. He got his name—Troubadour—and he come out for the first time in April at Havre de Grace. I was there, Mr. Abrams. Mr. Hale fixed things for me to leave the farm and kind of follow along with this horse and he let me work him mornings. He figured I'd got over the jockey idea and it wouldn't harm me to ride a little. So he let me ride Troubadour but not no other horses.

The first race was just one of those little old four-and-a-half furlong things but it looked like the Derby to me and the way he acted, Troubadour felt the same. He just about jumped out of his shoes in the parade and when the gate opened he was purely gone from there. He win from here to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GOLDEN

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Boue Soeurs' black sheer organdy blouse is lined with blue, frosted with white embroidery, has silk net push-up sleeves and will cost a stylish $95

Stand-by for Spring

By TOBÉ

GRANDMA called them peek-a-boo. In the spring of 1949 they're known as Venus-look. But call them what you will, delicate, transparent lingerie blouses are still as flattering as they were fifty years ago—and still as practical for wear with suits and skirts. They're always in fashion when clothes are gay, pretty, feminine. So of course they're in fashion now.

With them you'll see a revival of their inevitable companion piece, the fragile, beribboned camisole. For, obviously, there's got to be something to peek at.

The skirt-and-blouse combination was popular all through the late 90s and reached a peak around 1915. Then the low waistlines of the 20s forced blouses into a temporary although not total, retirement.

But they've been staging a big comeback lately, and it looks as if this spring might be the biggest lingerie blouse season ever. The stores are full of an endless variety of frilly, frothy blouse fashions.

There are plenty of high, demure necklines, but the essence of the Venus-look is low and alluring, an effect achieved by either the deep, plunging V or the low, wide U. And today's Miss won't fill these in with guimpes or vestees, as Grandma used to do.

The most prevalent and popular materials are organdy, batiste and eyelet. Interest and femininity are added by tucks, ruffles, lace, embroidery—all the old familiar devices. Minute collars, designed to be worn with necklaces, strike a new note. Sleeves are puffed or plain, short, long or middling. Any and all kinds of lovely lingerie blouses are to be found in this spring of 1949. You'll pay your money (anything from less than $5 to more than $100) and you'll take your choice.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

Neck ruffle and frilly panel make allover embroidered Swiss eyelet demure. About $25. (Sampson Katzenberg)

Plunging neckline organdy blouse has ruffled eyelet revers and front. About $11. (Sampson Katzenberg)

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Ruffles edge deep U neckline in a combination of organdy and eyelet. About $18. (Gregory & Goldberg)

Tailored blouse of allover embroidered organdy has Peter Pan collar and peplum of crisp piqué. About $15. (Helitzer)

Wide, lacy, scalloped yoke has Val lace ruffle, batiste petal collar with a net insert. About $6. (Milady)

Eyelet Johnny collar and bosom outlined with Val lace adorn a sheer, imported batiste blouse. About $5. (Judy Bond)

Send your questions on blouses with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Women's Fashion Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York

PEARL JEWELRY—LA TAUSCA
CAMISOLES—CHEVETTE
TOP LEFT: LOOP EARRINGS—JACQUES FATH

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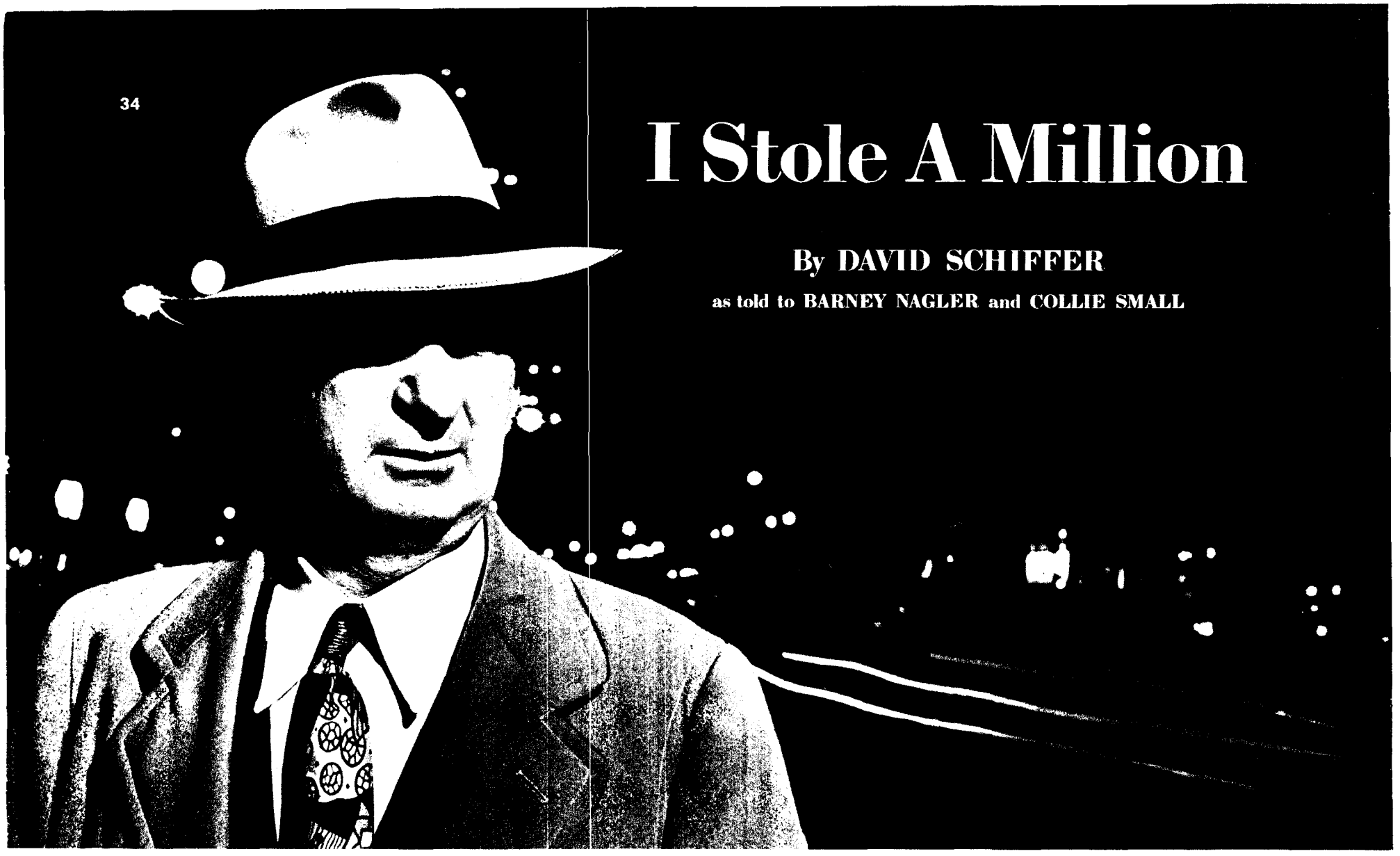
I Stole A Million

By DAVID SCHIFFER

as told to BARNEY NAGLER and COLLIE SMALL



David Schiffer waits on a street corner as he did when he was staging fake accidents. He never interfered unless a "flopper" erred or someone was getting wise

CONCLUSION OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

In the first installment of this two-part article, David Schiffer, who has pleaded guilty to swindling operations that cost insurance companies more than a million dollars, and who is now in Sing Sing Prison, described the manner in which he staged fake accidents. In this concluding installment he tells, in his underworld jargon, the story of his amazingly successful fifteen years of cheating and double-crossing, and the touch-and-go chase in which he outwitted the police for three years—a chase which ended when he made the mistake he had always feared he would make.

FOR a long time I was just a punk, but I never stopped thinking. I learned a lot of angles hanging around smart guys, and finally I got pretty big myself. It did not take me long to figure out a system for gypping insurance companies by staging fake accidents, and this pattern was good for over a million dollars in the 15 years I worked it.

I think I was the biggest operator in this line in the country. There are guys working this racket in every big city, but as far as I know there is no special tie-up. I worked New York, but early in the war I had a feeling that maybe insurance companies there were getting case-wise and I went to Chicago to see if I could work with the racket there.

In Chicago I met two lawyers and asked them how things were. They introduced me to an Italian who was taking the Chicago companies for plenty. He said, "No go," as he had the Chicago territory sewed up but he said he thought the St. Paul territory was open. I did not take this proposition as I needed to work in a more congested city where real accidents happen all the time. I did not wish my fake accidents to stick out, so I came back to New York.

Not long afterward the Chicago mob sent me a flopper with a big reputation. I wanted to see for myself so I gave him an audition. I took him out and had him run at my car as I turned a corner and then fall in the street while making out that he had broken his shoulder.

This flopper was the best actor I ever met. I used him quite often but later I learned his technique and I didn't need him any more. He used to lay in the street and scream and make faces to indicate pain and suffering. He was so good I had to pay him $75 a flop, which was top money as I was paying my other floppers $25.

I never let my floppers see my settlement checks from the insurance companies as this would have made them very angry. They thought I was getting around two or three hundred dollars per accident, which I told them I had to split with doctors, lawyers, insurance adjusters and so forth. I was really getting up to five or six thousand. I had to pay off a few lawyers and what not, but I could chisel them, too.

I kept a stable of six or eight floppers and divers all the time. I would pick them up on corners where I knew guys hung out looking to pick up some change. The floppers could only pretend to get hit by cars that were going slow around corners. They could not take dives by falling into the side of cars going straight up the street. Divers did not make good floppers, either.

I dressed the floppers and divers to look like people from the neighborhood the accident was in. In 15 years I never saw a flopper or diver even get bruised. While they were laying in the street putting on the act, it was funny that nobody ever tumbled to the fraud. Even though they were supposed to be hit by a car, their clothes never got torn and their faces were not even dusty.

I usually had at least one woman flopper in my stable. One of the best was Miss X, who I found by chance when I staged a flop at Fifty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue. She was not in the picture at this time as she was a pickpocket who specialized in clipping "binger" bags, which are women's purses with easy clasps to open.

At this particular accident on Fifty-seventh Street a big crowd had gathered around the flopper when a woman yelled out that her purse had been clipped. This seemed to be a common occurrence to me as pickpockets often got in my crowds to do their work and it became very annoying as it took the play away from my livelihood.

One of my henchmen was informed by me to break this play up as a crowd was gathering around the woman, who had grabbed hold of Miss X, practically with her hand in this woman's bag.

As quick as a flash my henchman removed a hub cap from my car, which was parked near by, and took out a phony police badge which I had hidden there. My henchman immediately walked into the crowd and flashed the badge at a young rookie cop who was trying to take over, and said to this cop, "I am from headquarters. I have been watching this young lady. I will take over."

My henchman then walked away with Miss X in tow and two blocks away I picked them up in my car. I then told her we were not coppers and she

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GILES

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thanked us very much and we went to dinner. From that time on we became very friendly. I could see that we would be a great team so I gave her the proposition and she liked it very much.

Now my problem was to get rid of the lady flopper I already had working for me as she was indulging in drink for quite some time. The mode of operation here was for her to stage an accident in front of the Roxy Theater. When this accident was over I had two men who looked like police officers pick her up and scare the daylights out of her. They let her go and she called me that afternoon and told me she had to quit and gave me the reason and I agreed with her.

Miss X, who I now had a great interest in, took her place. She had a hair-trigger mind and soon became an expert in this field.

The Easiest Fractures to Fake

I specialized in having my floppers fake shoulder and elbow fractures, as these were the type of X rays that were easiest to fake. Once I experimented with a phony basal skull fracture, but it was necessary to keep this type of patient in a private hospital and pay a doctor to say he was treating the patient, and this proved too expensive.

In this basal I got an accomplice at Bellevue Hospital to make a spinal tap on a stiff in the morgue there. I then pricked my own finger to get some blood which I put in the test tube of fluid to indicate a basal skull fracture.

This was a little too complicated for me, and the guy I had posing in the hospital as the injured party kept raising the ante on me. I did not make too much on this case although I collected $5,500 on the settlement with the insurance company.

In all these fake accident cases the insurance companies were pretty easy to fool. I beat them all. They were easy because they were not thorough and they did not know how to put two and two together.

Most of the doctors I worked with were innocent and I feel sorry for them now, especially if the D.A. catches up with them. About 75 per cent of the lawyers in with me knew what was going on. However, I always felt safest with adjusters as I knew the value of injuries, could argue liability and discuss loss of earnings and pain and suffering. I always took this particular job on my hands as this was a most important task.

In one instance I made out that I was a lawyer and took a case to an adjuster for settlement. I brought up the subject of women to see where this adjuster's weakness would be, and he was not very enthused. I then switched to horse racing and told him I was the attorney for a feed-and-grain house whose main source of revenue came from horse owners. I noticed that his eyes sparkled when I said that I often got good tips, so I arranged for lunch the next day and left without making any settlement.

The next day I met this adjuster in a restaurant. I was timing my watch as I had a woman outside in an auto listening to the first race at some out-of-town track and during this meal she came into the restaurant and hung her coat on the third hook on the wall and sat down at a near-by table.

The third hook meant post position number three had won the race. I then told this adjuster that I had bet $100 on this particular horse and told him that he looks to be a nice fellow so I will cut him in for a $10 wager out of the goodness of my heart. He told me he could not afford to pay if he lost and I told him, "Let me worry about that."

In order to outwit the insurance companies, Schiffer had to become an expert at reading X rays. During his fifteen-year, million-dollar swindle he built up an amazing library of misappropriated negatives

After we left the restaurant I sent him to a bookmaker at a newsstand across the street to find out who won the race and sure enough the bookmaker gave him the name of this horse. This horse paid $12 even and I gave the adjuster $50 whereas he should have gotten $60, but I deducted the $10 that I had up.

I met this adjuster a few days later and invited him in for $20 as a gift on another horse. This horse only paid $4 for $2, which meant that he only earned $20 for his profit as I had to deduct the $20 I pretended to bet for him. He then felt that he owed me a favor and he soon settled the case for me for $2,500.

I called him from time to time and gave him tips out of thin air and he became a loser. Pretty soon he was stuck at the bookmaker's for $300 and came to me to borrow it. I told him I would let him have it provided he signed a check for said amount. I told him as soon as he returned the money to me I would give back his check for him to destroy. From that time on I made him one of my henchmen.

I did not fool around with life insurance cases, as murder was not my profession. The only time I got mixed up in life insurance was on a legitimate case and I only did it to help out a widow with a couple of kids.

This woman's husband committed suicide by jumping in front of a subway train and when I ran into her she was on her way down to the life insurance company to collect his insurance, which amounted to $25,000. I obliged her by driving down to the company with her and going up to the main office.

She was informed by some man up there that due to the fact that this was a suicide they would only give her the amount of the premiums her husband paid. I then spoke to this man and he acted sort of cold.

That night I went to sleep thinking about her case and I was in deep thought of some angle whereby she could be compensated in full, as there was a double-indemnity clause in her policy. About 2:30 A.M., I woke up and made a notation on a pad that I have always kept alongside my bed and went back to sleep.

Claim Rejected as a Suicide Case

The next day I drove down to the subway company and spoke to the man in charge of the claims division. He told me there was no payment in this particular case as it was a case of suicide. To convince me he showed me a notarized statement from a witness. Now I went into action on this particular pattern by going to see the witness.

The witness to the accident was an Italian shoemaker who was very annoyed with me as he had an upset stomach due to what he saw. I said I did not blame him. I then calmed him down and finally he told me it appeared that the man slipped and fell in front of a northbound train. I had him sign a notarized statement to this effect and I thanked him and went back to the subway company.

I went up to see the man in charge again and showed him the witness' statement. He immediately saw that there were two different stories and that neither one of us could use this witness in court, so he agreed to settle for a nuisance value of $2,000, and a check was drawn in this amount.

I then went back to the insurance company where I spoke to the same man I had seen before. He was still very cocky until I showed him the $2,000 check, which was proof that the subway people admitted liability. He asked me to wait and took the check to his boss.

He returned in 15 minutes and made me an offer of $9,000, which I refused. I told him that I would battle this thing and would win out very easily and that he would be setting a bad example to the stockholders and assureds and it would prove very embarrassing all around. He then offered me $12,500.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

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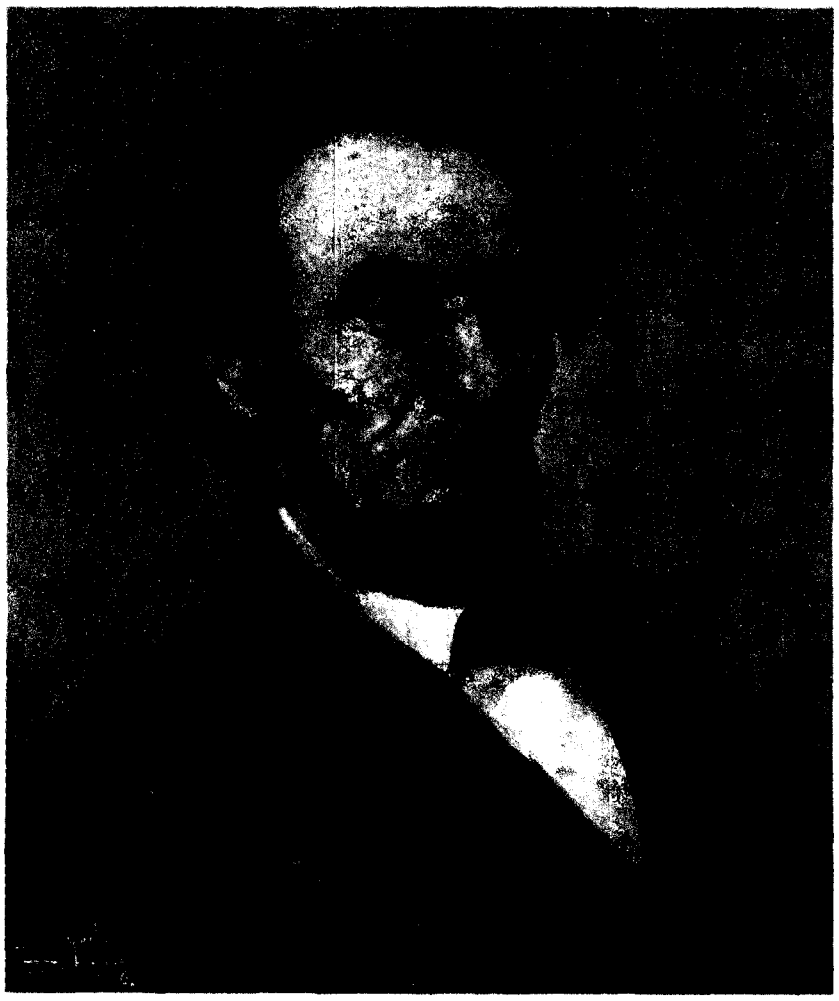

PAINTING PHOTOGRAPH BY GUILLERMO GONZALEZ

The Face Everyone Knows

By W. B. COURTNEY

This is the Cuban artist, Pastor Argudin, who painted the grave portrait of the Great Emancipator to the left. Although it was hung in the Club Atenas, in Havana, in 1926, less than half a dozen Americans have seen it. While in Havana, Mr. Courtney searched for it six days before he finally found it. It made a tremendous impression on him, and he says that of all the Lincolns he has seen in his wanderings all over the world, none warmed his heart so poignantly as Pastor Argudin's.

All the world loves Lincoln, and even the Russians have—or had—a superb portrait of him hanging in one of their great art galleries

OUTSIDE, in the narrow streets of old Havana, there was the pitiless glare and heat of the subtropic midday, the ceaseless bedlam of Latin crowds and traffic, the odors of sweat and littered gutters and the humid food stalls of the poor.

Inside, behind the closed front doors—for this club of working people does not open until evening—it was cool and dim and quiet in the high-ceilinged lobby. The porter, who had let me in by way of a rear alley, switched on a light that was less radiant than his ivory-filled smile as he waited proudly while I scanned the walls in the alcove of honor.

There were portraits of Toussaint L'Ouverture and Martin Morua del Gardo, of Padre Varela and other forever enshrined friends of the oppressed of the Carib Islands. And in their hallowed midst was a portrait of the universal friend of the meek and humble of all lands.

It was the "Lincoln" of Pastor Argudin; a work undiscovered by fame, but wrought with the artistry of a gentle hand and a grateful heart.

Here were the familiar, care-grooved features that I had seen on many of the world's bypaths. Here were the latent humor, the reposeful friendliness, the inner illumination of compassion and tolerance. But here, also, was something elusively different. Was it that the sublimer virtues had been caught with a simpler, yet more sure, instinct?

Havana's Club Atenas is a cultural, political and civic organization of 1,150 members. Its unpretentiousness, its location in a modest quarter, its sincere and open spirit, befit its prized Argudin "Lincoln." In me, somehow, it stirred memories of other Lincolns, and of other places and peoples who love him—this man who never meant food or loans to foreign countries or races, nor aid in war, nor anything more tangible than faith and hope.

I remembered, now, the superb Lincoln portrait in the Hermitage Gallery in Leningrad in 1932, and wondered if it is still there; or whether there is a *Lincolnstrasse* in Leipzig any more. One of the first acts of the Red Army when it occupied that German city in 1945 was to so name a principal street.

Other recollections crowded:

A rainy Lincoln's birthday night, and a *flic*—or French cop—on the Rue Lincoln in Paris; a little street of faded gentility, but one block long, from the Champs Élysées to Rue François the First. Thinking to be smart, I asked him the origin of its name. *"Par bleu!"* he scolded. "You—an American. Tell me then, is there another Lincoln to name things for, except your Abraham?"

The compound of a Swedish missionary in Kalgan, Inner Mongolia, beyond the Great Wall of China, where I had gone with Jap soldiers—and tacked up over a table jumbled with religious tracts and medicines, was a print of Lincoln yellowed with age.

A night spent with Panzer troops on the floor of a schoolhouse in Jagodina, a mountain village of Yugoslavia; and the clutter of pictures of Yugoslav national heroes that we inspected when morning came. One German, grinning at his own smartness, called to me: "Look here! One of your Lincoln, among all these bandits!"

Another Lincoln's Birthday; with a London bobby driving a tattered old beggar woman from the base of the Saint-Gaudens Lincoln outside Westminster Abbey, so that a delegation of proper and well-fed Anglo-Americans could lay a wreath.

But the well-trod avenues and more usual surroundings of life are not wanting, either, in mementoes of Lincoln. Hong Kong, Glasgow, Prague, Manchester, Oslo, Florence, Switzerland, Argentina, Sweden—it is hard to recall a place where you have *not* seen him.

Lincoln, living, was unhonored by governments abroad in his era of monarchs by divine right, of vested interests by heritage. For our sixteenth President, was, essentially, the voice of conscience of the mid-nineteenth century against the racket the privileged had enjoyed since feudal times—the exploitation of the masses. So it was in the soil of common men's souls that his memory first took imperishable root.

And Lincoln, dead, is perhaps more widely perpetuated in appearance by statues, paintings and memorials, and in name by streets, parks, villages and cities, than any other notable American.

Yet of all the "Lincolns" that I have seen none warmed my heart so poignantly as this unsung portrait in Havana. Not even the massive, brooding figure in the Memorial at Washington. The beauty and genius of that is enhanced by its magnificent setting. Argudin's Lincoln has only a share of an ill-lighted wall.

Pastor Argudin was born in Cuba. He studied there and in Europe; won gold medals in Madrid; exhibited in Paris and New York. But riches and success never marked him for their own. There is scant money to be made in Cuba, in portraiture or in the painting of murals for the parish churches of the poor. He is past 60 now—an old man by the standards of the tropics.

Club Atenas officials told me that less than half a dozen Americans have seen his Lincoln since it was hung in 1926; only two went deliberately to view it. "Tell your countrymen, of whom so many visit Havana's gay resorts, they would be welcome here," they said. "Our Lincoln is worth half an hour's pilgrimage, don't you think?"

Worth all of that, I thought, walking away in the hot and busy street, and knowing at last what is hauntingly different about this portrait by Argudin. It is that his simple and loving brush has given the answer to why Lincoln's memory strides farther across all the nations with the troubled passing of each decade, and deeper into the hearts and homes of all men. For it has captured the likeness of the world's good neighbor; the comforting face of the man from everybody's home town.

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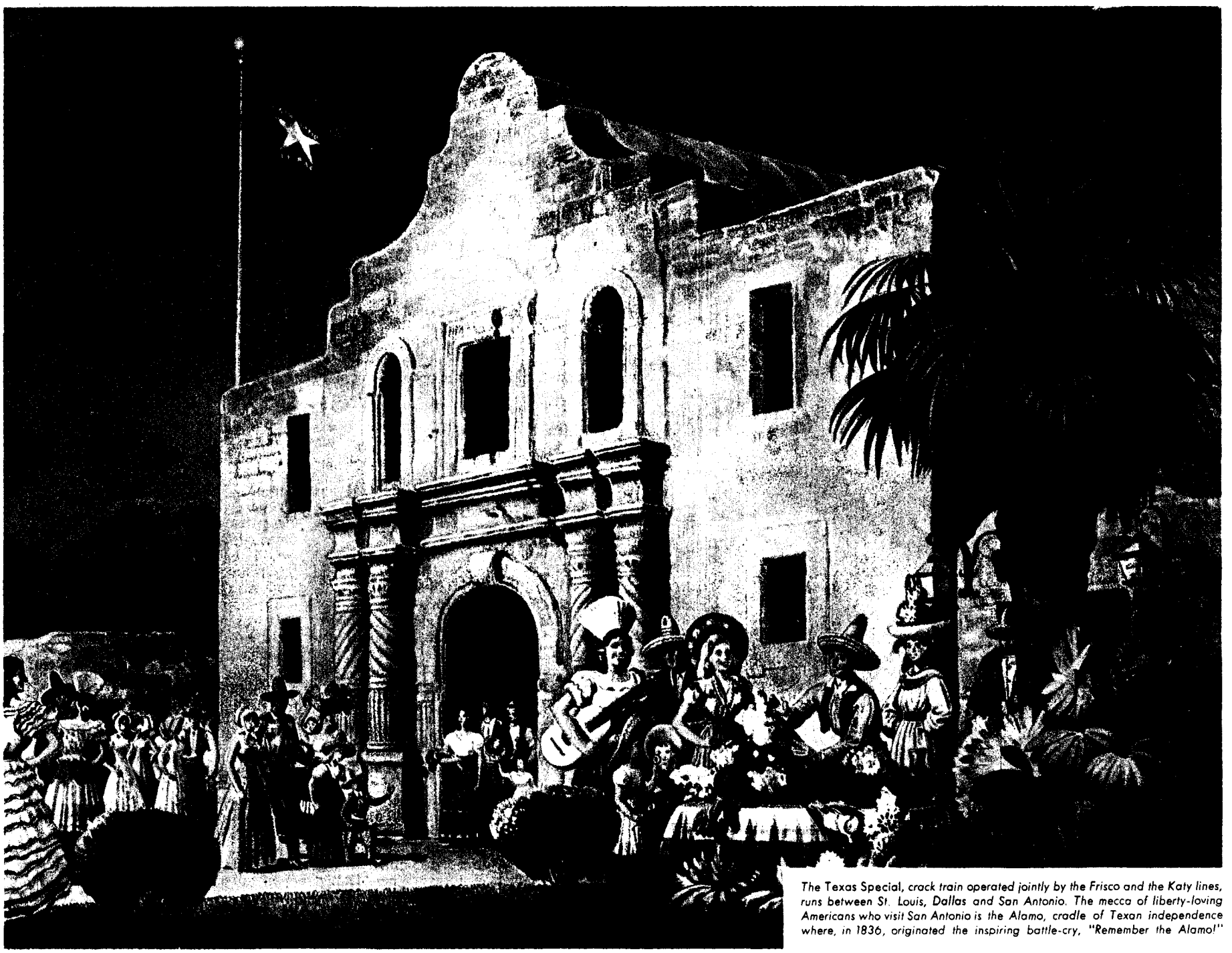

The Texas Special, crack train operated jointly by the Frisco and the Katy lines, runs between St. Louis, Dallas and San Antonio. The mecca of liberty-loving Americans who visit San Antonio is the Alamo, cradle of Texan independence where, in 1836, originated the inspiring battle-cry, "Remember the Alamo!"

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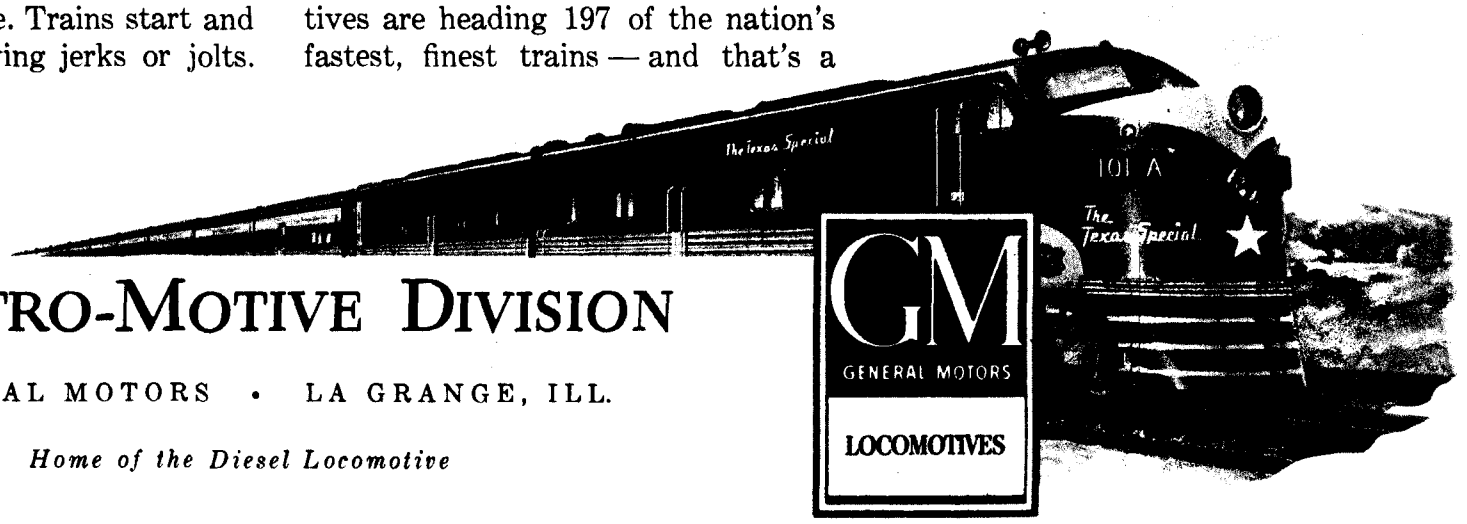
THERE'S one sure way to see America first class — pick out trains with a General Motors Diesel locomotive up ahead.

For these General Motors locomotives give a smoother ride. Trains start and stop without annoying jerks or jolts.

You'll make your time count for more, too, because of faster, "on-time" schedules. And you'll see more because no smoke or steam will mar your view.

That's why General Motors locomotives are heading 197 of the nation's fastest, finest trains — and that's a majority of the Diesel-powered crack trains in the United States.

You'll find, as so many other smart travelers find, that *"Better trains follow General Motors locomotives."*



ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION

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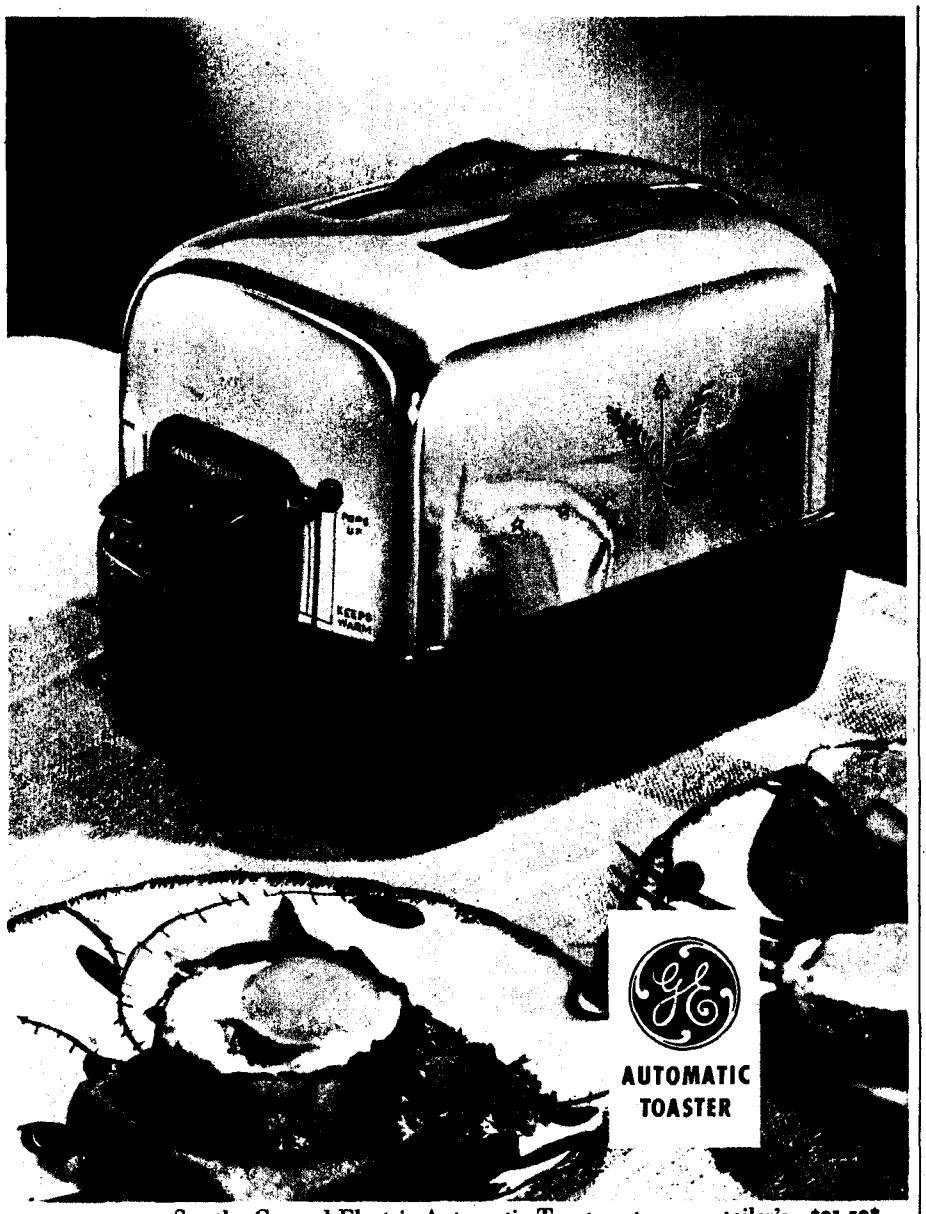

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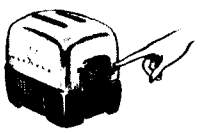
Say when! Say how! AND YOUR
TOAST IS RIGHT EVERY TIME!

Toast "pops up" or keeps warm!

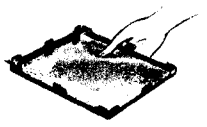


This General Electric Toaster serves your toast *when* you want it. Just set the knob. Your toast pops up or keeps warm inside—as *you* wish.

Each and every slice as you like it!

Like your toast light, dark, or in-between? You can have it exactly to your taste with this toaster every time, whether you toast one slice or twenty. Just set the little knob!

Cleans in a jiffy!



This General Electric Toaster has a snap-in Crumb Tray for quick and easy cleaning. The snap-in Crumb Tray whisks in and out . . . can be cleaned in 10 seconds. No turning the toaster upside down to shake out the crumbs. *General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.*

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Toast to your taste—every time!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

WE TOOK OUR CHILD TO A PSYCHIATRIST

Continued from page 20

accurately, a true picture of the subject which would normally take weeks or months of analytical conversation to gain.

The doctor explained that although no one test was conclusive, this would aid her immeasurably. She understood that our limited income would not permit long-range treatment of either myself or of Danny.

After she had scored and interpreted the Rorschachs, the doctor began psychotherapy. First she had a series of interviews alone with me. Talking quietly one afternoon, she said, "Had you, before marriage, ever been entirely responsible for anyone or anything in all your life?"

"No," I replied. "Why?"

"Was it not a great and fearful experience to make the baby's formula when you were first alone without the nurse?"

"It certainly was," I answered. "I was absolutely terrified."

She smiled and said, "Did you enjoy feeding him?"

"Oh, yes! It was wonderful. I could see the color come into his cheeks as he drank, and when he fell asleep, I felt as though I had made him all over again!"

"Made him all over again," the doctor repeated, leaning forward. "Could you think a little about that?"

I thought a lot about it. And I realized for the first time how concretely I had projected myself into my son. For actually I had not made him. He had made himself, at his own pace in his own way. I had had no control over the way he looked, or the way his nervous system was put together.

The most common factor in parents' mistreatment of their children, I now saw, is their own vanity. The psychiatrist made me realize that parents tend to love their child not for himself, but for themselves in him. When Daniel was born the love between my husband and me found a new outlet in this product of our love, but with no real sense of the baby as an individual.

The doctor's next questions resulted from a review of our family history, a history which I suddenly saw in an entirely new light as I told it. When Daniel was eighteen months old we had a second son, we moved from one apartment to another and Dan was sent to his grandmother's while I underwent a serious operation that left me helpless in bed for three months thereafter. By the time he was two, the doctor showed me, Danny had experienced what seemed to him neglect, rejection and abandonment—no mother, a rival in a new house, and a long, bewildering time away from all that was most familiar to him.

Still, I argued, one would hardly expect a secure baby to be so shaken. He not only appeared to accept his baby brother with positive pleasure, but he was often plainly delighted with his own physical and mental superiority. He would roar with laughter as he pushed the pram along the drive and go all smily and shining as Peter made his first rough approximations of speech.

It was really not until the end of his little brother's first year of life that Daniel's personal devils began to gnaw. Then, as the baby crawled, walked, talked, and began to interfere with the older child, fear and upset began to whirl inside. Slowly jealousy became the expression of our son's fear; insecurity won and took possession of him. How could he win back love he thought lost, and place given over? By destroying the rival. By imitating the baby and by trying to become what he fought, by trying to become a baby again himself.

At first his attacks on his brother were open, direct and frequent. One night,

COLLIER'S

"I probably haven't got my facts straight, but everything else is true"

MISCHA RICHTER

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my husband and I were working in our study when we heard wild and frightened screaming from the baby. Alarmed, we rushed down the hall, opened the door of the nursery and switched on the lights to find Danny, tiny and pale, standing tensely in his crib, saying, "Mummy, baby's hurt! Baby's hurt!"

Danny, only two and a half, had managed to heave a cast-iron toy tractor eighteen feet into his little brother's crib. The tractor had caught the baby on the side of his head and cut him deeply. My husband and I were outraged and Dan received his first serious spanking, accompanied by futile and foolish injunctions to love his little brother, to take care of him and never to hurt him. It didn't work.

Dan abandoned the honest, open assault and turned to the sly and devious. By the time he was three he was a master of the quick pinch or slap, and his innocent appearance at these times was profoundly distressing.

On hearing this tale, the doctor gently showed me how my husband and I, unable to recognize his normal jealousy, had not only strengthened it by our re-

"Yes, she's held her figure very well. Weighs the same as she did the day we were married—268 pounds"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

action, but had effected the necessity for deceit as well.

The next time I visited the psychiatrist I had Dan with me. It was a bright spring day, and the small feet of my six-year-old twinkled beside me as we walked along. He skipped, frolicked like a little colt.

"Oh, Mother, Mother, I love to be with you," he cried. "Look at the lovely spring shine."

As we went down the dank subway stairs, we came suddenly upon a legless beggar holding a tray of shoelaces and sitting on his shocking little wheeled platform. I stopped to dig a coin out of my purse, but as we went on I noticed that all the light and joy had gone from Danny. He caught hold of my hand and said, "What is the matter with that man, Mother? Does he sit begging because no one wants him?"

What he said went deep in me, stirred many buried memories: the innumerable times when I had demanded a perfection of behavior from him which his age alone prohibited, times in the country when I had put him out and insisted that he stay out, so I could be "in peace alone."

That afternoon the psychiatrist was solely concerned with Danny. They were soon embarked on a tour of the roof of her building, and later he painted pictures and had a wonderful tea with her. But Dan's pictures were still angry, murky affairs, full of burning airplanes and long streaks of vivid red gunfire. All these paintings, the doctor later told me, implied a disturbed and deeply anxious personality.

There is—anticlimactically enough—nothing very dramatic or arresting about psychotherapy, as there is in depth psychiatry.

The object of this sort of comparatively superficial treatment is to make the parent involved more honest and purposeful to himself and to those around him in his daily life; to make him at least aware on the surface of impulses and drives in himself which, if not understood and channeled, can do harm to those with whom he lives and works and loves.

The doctor's talks, her ability to make me look inward with a perceiving eye, enabled me to work with what I had and to give, increasingly, comfort and assurance to my son. I was quick to remove entirely any pressure on standards of performance. Danny was at last allowed to grow at his own pace, and he began to grow whole and with integrity.

Ever more sure of love, Dan was slowly able to recognize his jealousy and the reasons for it. The understanding he gained from my husband and me eliminated his feelings of guilt, and he began to stand on his own feet both at home and at school. No longer did he try to imitate Pete's ways, to be Pete, to be immature and babyish. His growing self-assurance and awareness allowed him to enjoy the essentially compatible personality of his younger brother. His sense of his own place in the family more and more secure, he gradually lost the need to imitate and could be fully himself.

Danny as a Nine-Year-Old

Now he is nine years old. But he is by no means entirely adjusted within or without. The cruel damage to his personality might have been less scarringly permanent had I sought and received psychological help more promptly. I know, for example, that far into adolescence Dan will be less emotionally mature than his fellows.

In the pure learning processes he is blocked in many ways and his early emotional disturbance is dominantly responsible. Anything new, reading or writing or arithmetic, frightens him. Rather than experience failure he will not venture at all.

With patient understanding and cooperative teachers, in a school where, for the first four grades at least, it is possible for a child to stay in a group of his peers with no sense of academic failure, Dan continues to grow and bloom. By the time he is thirteen it is unlikely that he will have academic problems in any way different from those common to his age and temperament. Yet it will have taken long years to undo what might never have been.

Dan now lives his own very definite nine-year-old life and encourages his brother to live at his own age level. He neither expects nor wants to be invited out with Pete, but urges the seven-year-old to "go ahead and have a good time."

Dan and Peter play, endlessly and happily, spirited, imaginative games. Only this morning, they borrowed two small frying pans to cook "fillet of serpent" on Mars. While they were cooking, I overheard the following conversation:

Dan: "Up here, Pete, you don't have to do reading or writing or arithmetic because no one needs to use it so no one knows it. All we have up here are some signs."

Pete: "Okay. What kind of signs?"

Dan: "Well, one for 'yes,' one for 'no,' and one for 'I'm hungry.'"

Pete: "Okay. How about one for 'We're sorry'?"

Dan: "Okay. And one for 'mother.'"

Pete: "Okay. And one for 'father.'"

Dan: "Gosh, if we're going to have all these signs we may as well . . . Anyway, let's have one more sign, 'I'm happy.'"

Filters the smoke and makes it mild

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OUTSTANDING

—and they are mild!

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THE MAN BEHIND THE GABLE FABLE

Continued from page 24

Morally, he is also a bit on the pedestrian side and he has yet to kick a policeman, smoke marijuana, or get himself booked for drunk and disorderly conduct. What is even more remarkable, no one seems to resent his success.

Gable is, in the threadbare phrase, a man's man. He is happiest, for example, when he is off on a hunting and fishing trip to his Oregon camp or stretched out on the ground tinkering with the engine of his Jaguar car. His avoidance of the famed and chic is explained by the fact that he prefers the company of people who share his unsophisticated tastes.

When he departs for his Oregon camp, he is usually accompanied by a man who works in the wardrobe department at M-G-M. What concerns Gable is that the man is an excellent shot.

Gable, whom intimates call The Moose, is six feet tall and weighs a variable 195 pounds. He has gray eyes that are crinkled at the corners and an aggressive chin that is deeply dimpled. His small black mustache, an integral part of his appearance, is meticulously groomed.

He is less vigilant about his glossy black hair, however, and it sometimes displays scalloped testimony to the ministrations of some barber in the backwoods of Oregon. This well-intentioned scalping, together with his ears, which stand out so prominently that Milton Berle refers to them as "the best ears of our lives," gives Gable somewhat the sort of disquieting appearance he must have had as an infant.

William weighed 12 pounds when he was born to William H. and Adeline Hershelman Gable on the second floor of the two-story house in Cadiz. Since Cadiz calls itself "the proudest small town in America," it is understandable that it should take a possessive attitude toward Clark Gable. Actually, though, he lived there only 10 months, moving to his grandparents' farm in Meadville, Pa., when his mother died in the winter of 1901. Four years later, the child joined his father, who had remarried, and his stepmother in Hopedale.

A Taste of the Theater

Billy Gable was 15 when he, his father, and stepmother moved to a farm in Ravenna, Ohio. A year later, when he pleaded for a chance to go to Akron, his stepmother overruled his father's objections. There he lost no time in finding a job as a timekeeper in a rubber factory. Akron occupies an important place in Gable's biography because it was there that he got his first taste of the theater.

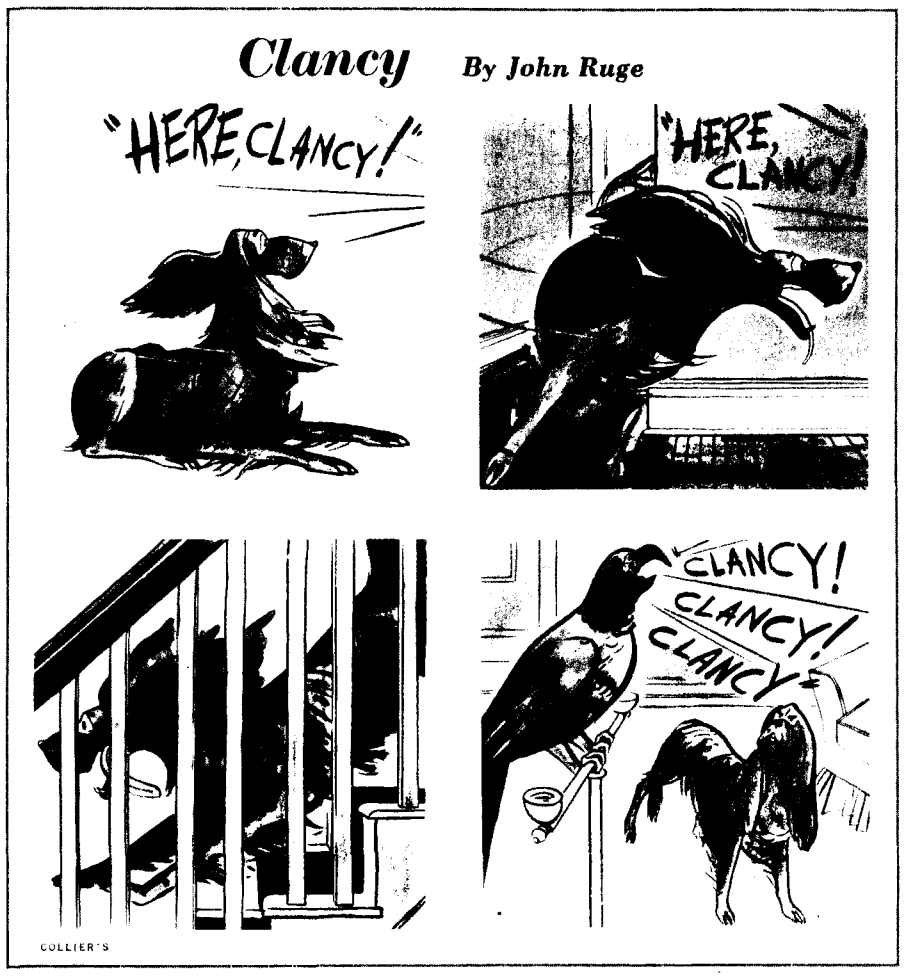
Before very long he quit the night classes he was attending at the University of Akron and worked without salary as a callboy with a local stock company. This was cut short by his stepmother's death, however. From the time he was 16 until shortly after his 19th birthday, he earned $12 a week as a tool-dresser in a Bigheart, Oklahoma, oil field.

Gable was just past 19 when, fortified with his father's blessing, he took off for Kansas City. There, he found a job as utility man with a stock company. He was paid $10 a week and given a chance to play a wide variety of parts. When the company found itself stranded in Butte, Montana, one day in March, 1922, he sneaked into a passing refrigerator car. He did not get out until he reached the town of Bend, Oregon.

After working a few months as a lumberman he moved on to Portland where he got a job as a necktie salesman in a department store. Since Gable has always been a lucky man, it was hardly surprising that a fellow employee should turn out to be engaged in forming a stock company. He was the late Earle Larimore, who later made a name for himself on Broadway.

On the night of July 23, 1922, Billy Gable made his debut with the company in Astoria, Oregon. The play was When Women Rule and in it he played the part of a colored cook. A few weeks later he had a further opportunity to show his versatility. This time he was cast as a bawling baby lying in a crib onstage.

Night after night, the company moved up and down the Columbia River, stopping to give performances wherever there seemed to be people. When it disbanded in Portland, Gable took a succession of jobs, finally settling down as a lineman for the telephone company. Here again it was sheer luck rather than perseverance that kept him from abandoning his hopes for a profitable stage career.



One afternoon he was sent to repair a phone that was out of order in the Portland Little Theatre. In the course of the job he got into conversation with Josephine Dillon, the stage director. When she went down to Los Angeles a few months later to become a dramatic teacher, Gable followed to become her first and most devoted pupil. They were married on December 13, 1924.

Meanwhile, the young man was finding occasional work as an extra in the movies. But such employment wasn't sufficiently steady to make up for the lack of stage jobs. Gable was about to quit the theater for good when he got a part as a spear carrier in a production of Romeo and Juliet starring Jane Cowl. From that point on, things became considerably more hopeful.

Following some good parts with the stock company that had produced Romeo and Juliet, he went to Houston, Texas, where he played in Anna Christie for 37 weeks. From there he went to New York and a fairly prominent part in Machinal. In the meantime, he and his wife had been divorced and he had fallen in love with Rhea Langham, whom he was to marry two years later.

By the time he headed back to Los Angeles and the role of Killer Mears in The Last Mile, Gable had appeared in five Broadway plays without causing any conspicuous enthusiasm. As Mears, however, he finally hit his stride. On December 4, 1930, he signed a two-year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He has been with that studio ever since.

His first noteworthy movie part was opposite Joan Crawford in Dance, Fools, Dance. As a result of his work in this he was chosen to play with Norma Shearer in A Free Soul. Besides popularizing the turtle-neck sweater, he established himself as a new personality with enormous box-office appeal. Except for a mistake called Parnell, which he prefers to forget, he has been M-G-M's most substantial asset for a matter of 17 years.

In 1939, a year after his divorce from Rhea Gable became final, he married an enormously likable girl named Carole Lombard, who enjoyed considerable prestige as a deft comedienne. Their marriage has become something of a Hollywood legend ever since Miss Lombard, who was returning from having opened the First War Loan Drive in Indiana, was killed when the plane in which she was riding crashed into a Nevada mountainside.

A girl who preferred faded blue jeans to an evening gown, she had fitted beautifully into Gable's casual way of life. Like "Pappy," as she called him, she had a command of profanity.

She was aware of her husband's popularity and of the fact that ambitious young actresses were constantly trying to lure him away from her. Unlike most Hollywood wives, however, she refused to observe such predatory tactics in silence.

One morning she wandered onto a set where Gable was working, according to one story I heard. Gable was doing a love scene with an actress who only a few nights before had announced that she planned to take him away from his wife. When Miss Lombard, to whom the incident had been reported, observed the girl clinging to Gable, she strode across the set to where they were standing and gave the girl a violent kick. "Listen," said Miss Lombard, addressing the director, "either this———is taken off the picture or Gable doesn't work."

It is typical of Gable's thoughtfulness that every night at supper, after the searching party returned from looking for Miss Lombard's body, he noticed that one of the men had difficulty eating his steak. When the search was finally over, he gave the man enough money to buy new dental plates.

In 1942 Gable enlisted as a private in the Air Force and, although in competition with men many years his junior, he was graduated from O.C.S. 700th in a class of 2,600. Three years and five missions over Germany later, he was discharged as a major.

Quiet Life at Encino Ranch

Gable, who inherited a large share of Miss Lombard's sizable fortune, lives in the Encino ranch house which she decorated shortly after their marriage. It is an eight-room house, white brick on the outside and eggshell white within. Although the property covers 20 acres, Gable raises only chickens. He has lived there with two servants since Miss Lombard's death.

His life seems a good deal lonelier since the death last year of his father, for whom he had bought a near-by house some years before. This is reflected in the steady succession of girls with whom he has been linked in the gossip columns. Usually, however, he spends his evenings quietly with friends. More often than not, he can be found visiting Edith Gwynn, the columnist.

Although he is constantly planning to give parties, he usually backs out at the last minute for fear that nobody will show up. On such occasions, he is likely to spend the evening alone, drinking champagne from the gigantic glasses which Miss Lombard bought for him when they were first married. But he rarely displays any effects from alcohol beyond a tendency at times to repeat himself, and he almost never has a hangover.

For a star of such importance, he is astonishingly tractable. He is usually the first person on the set in the morning, and he asks only two concessions of the studio. One is that he finish work at five, instead of six, each afternoon. The other is that he be given a four months' vacation at the end of every picture.

Although there was a period early in his career when his employers deemed it wise to tape his ears back, they no longer do so. Such is the persuasiveness of his personality, indeed, that no one notices those ears any more. There was a time, though, when they were anything but an asset.

In 1930, Mervyn LeRoy, then a director at Warner Brothers, was so impressed by Gable's performance in The Last Mile that he made a screen test of him for a part in Little Caesar. When Darryl Zanuck, then a Warners' producer, and Jack L. Warner, the head of the studio, saw the test, they shook their heads. "We can't use him," they said flatly. "His ears are too big."

Nowadays, LeRoy takes great delight in twitting Zanuck and Warner about their error in judgment. "I'll bet you guys wish you had Gable just so you could release his ears," he says.

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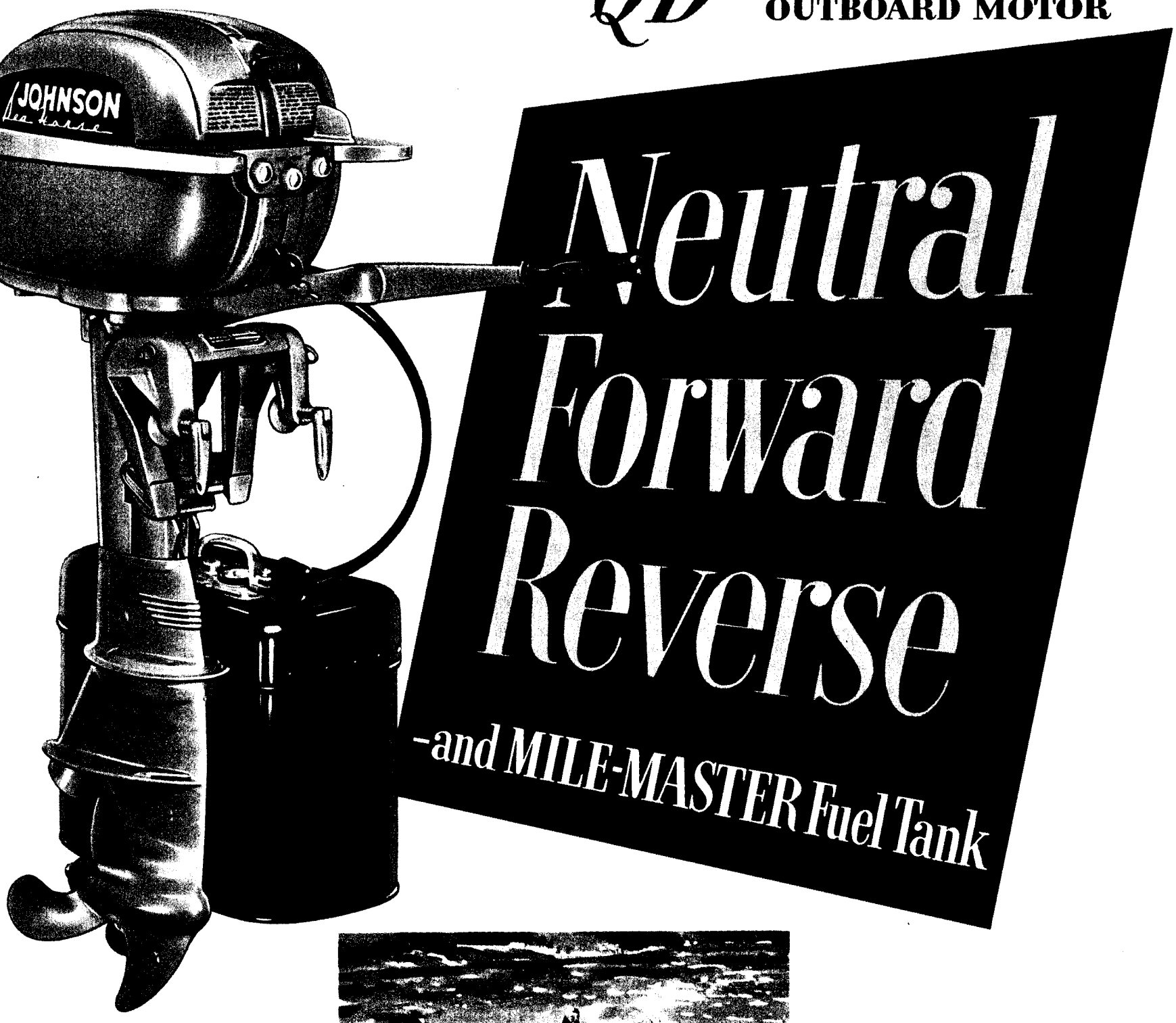
THE NEW JOHNSON *QD* GEAR SHIFT OUTBOARD MOTOR



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FREEZING FOR FREEDOM

Continued from page 29

For most of the winter the old trapper leaned against the wall with bottle raised as if in toast, and after a while—to hear Churchillites tell it—it became a kind of custom to drop by after a party and have a nightcap with him.

At the testing station you soon discover that the thermometer alone can't tell you how cold it is. It's the wind and temperature acting together that pull the heat out of man or machine, and up in Churchill the researchers measure their combined effect in terms of the "wind chill factor." You use the same principle when you blow on a cup of coffee to cool it.

Tests of "Wind Chill"

The term, and the scale for determining it, were invented by an American, Dr. Paul Siple. The wind chill factor is obtained simply by measuring the cooling rates of liquids under different combinations of wind and temperature. In experiments on humans, including himself, Dr. Siple found that flash freezing of exposed human flesh takes place at a wind chill of 1,400, a condition which is exactly the same at 20 above with a 20-mile-per-hour wind or at 40 below with a one-mile-per-hour wind.

Use of the wind chill factor reveals some striking similarities between the arctic and our own so-called temperate zone. The lowest temperature ever recorded was in a windless mountain valley of the Yukon where the thermometer hit 83 degrees below. In terms of its effect on you or your car, this is no colder than would be the combined effect of 30-below weather and a 30-mile-per-hour wind—the kind of cold spell that occurs now and then in most of our northern states. In the Churchill area such spells last all winter.

What does constant cold do to men and machines, and what can be done about it?

The first part of the question is easy to answer:

Heavy breathing in the cold air can suffocate you by freezing your lung tissues. If you touch cold-soaked metal with your bare hands, you'll leave some of your skin behind pulling it free. In the field, drinking water freezes to your lips. Even whisky, exposed to the outside air for an hour, turns into a slushy ice that paralyzes the throat.

In machines, the finest steel turns brittle enough to shatter under a hammer blow. Precision instruments go haywire when parts made of various metals and alloys contract at different rates under the extreme cold. Batteries freeze up or deliver only a fraction of their voltage. Hydraulic fluids congeal and brakebands freeze on the wheels.

In midwinter exercises on the barrens, cat skinners have to thaw out cans of antifreeze with a blowtorch before pouring them into the radiators of their tractors. Rubber becomes solid as Bakelite and is easily chipped or cracked.

For this, there's a wry compensation. Even with a gaping hole in your jeep tire you can run it for miles before it goes flat.

But the worst headaches are fuels and lubricants. Like hot fudge dropped into a glass of cold water, the lightest grade of winter oil you use in your car turns into a stiff mass you can scarcely crack between your fingers. There are days in Churchill when Diesel oil turns into a greasy jelly, and gasoline won't vaporize sufficiently to smell, much less to catch a spark.

So far as "arcticizing" man is concerned, clothing is the hardest problem of all. Although it's a long way from being solved, the researchers up at Churchill can give you some helpful tips for dressing warmly this winter.

Since the layer of air between your skin and your underwear is your best protection against cold or chill, the trick is to air-condition your body instead of bundling it with innumerable layers of heavy clothes. Most of the colds you catch in winter probably result from bundling up too warmly and cooling off in a sweat.

In the arctic, the result of a sudden sweat is about as fatal as intercepting a bullet.

An outfit designed according to the "vapor barrier principle," as they call it in Churchill, cuts weight and gives you greater freedom of movement. More important, it vaporizes the sweat from your body and permits expulsion of it through the neck opening instead of allowing it to moisten your underclothing and destroy its insulating properties. Flexible thermostatic control of that inner layer of air next to your skin is the all-important feature.

Based on the temperature of your body when standing still, you produce twice as much heat walking 2 miles an hour, four times as much walking 4 miles an hour, and up to six times as much digging a ditch. Simply by patting yourself on the chest after a hard trek in one of the vapor barrier suits worn at Churchill you can envelop yourself in a cloud of steam created by the warm, moist air of your body.

Only the Eskimo has solved the problem of cold-weather clothes. The best we've been able to do is to imitate his design. We still haven't been able to produce a material that serves as well as the caribou hide he uses.

Cold-Weather Eskimo Garb

Over his bare skin the Eskimo wears a roomy, pull-over-type inner parka of caribou hide with the hair turned in. The outer parka with its snug fur-lined hood is worn with the hair out to repel snow and water. Both parkas hang just below the knee and are fringed to keep out snow and wind gusts. The pants are two separate knee breeches of caribou hide to cover the legs from calf to mid-thigh. At the bottom they fit loosely over his caribou hide boots or mukluks, under which he wears only a pair of fawnskin socks to protect his feet in the coldest weather.

The belt tied around his outer parka is not a support but a damper which controls the cold air that enters from below. The loose neck of the parka serves as a flue through which he can control the escape of warm air from his body by hunching his head forward.

The caribou hair, always worn next to the skin, is loose enough to permit the free circulation of heat over his whole body, including arms and legs. The caribou hair performs still another notable service which the Eskimo himself little suspects: It bathes him constantly by massaging his skin and absorbing any excess sweat that has not passed off as moisture.

The arctic still has millions of caribou, but there aren't enough to clothe an army. Even with an adequate supply, maintenance would rule out its use. Tanning ruins the insulating properties of the hide. It's worn raw and it smells. The only way to keep it pliable is by frequent chewing and as Colonel A. James Tedlie, D.S.O., Canadian army, commanding officer of the Churchill base, points out, "We simply cannot equip every man with an Eskimo lady to chew his mukluks."

Fully dressed for the coldest weather, the Eskimo carries about eight pounds of clothes. The lightest outfit the Americans and Canadians have been able to develop weighs 22 pounds, lacks the simplicity of the Eskimo design, and gives its wearers the grace and agility of Li'l Abner's shmoos.

Eliminating Underwear Itch

To take the place of caribou hair in vaporizing sweat and providing an air layer next to the skin, the Canadians wear a loosely knit string vest, an invention of Norwegian fishermen. Over this, Americans and Canadians alike wear flannelette pajamas—to take the place of G.I. underwear which itches.

As a "vapor barrier" against the absorption of the body's warm moisture, the quilted inner lining of the parka is lined with rubberized nylon. Instead of the wool stuffing used by the Canadians, the Americans this winter are trying out a thin stuffing of glass wool—half the weight of regular wool and, according to laboratory tests, a better insulator.

The Canadian outfit imitates the Eskimo even to the separate knee breeches without a seat. At this point, the Americans draw the line, wearing outsize overpants made of the same quilted glass wool used in the inner lining of the parka.

The worst difficulty, still unsolved, in which even the Eskimos can't help us, is how to keep hands and feet warm without encumbering them with too much bulk and weight. Because flat surfaces are easier to insulate than tubular ones, your fingers need twice the insulation your feet do, and your feet, in turn, need 15 per cent more protection than your torso.

As if nature were contriving against us, 54 per cent of our body heat is expelled through the trunk and thighs, which need it least, and only 12 per cent through our hands and feet, which need it most. Mittens are too cumbersome to permit a man to change a tire or manipulate the switches on the dashboard of his vehicle. He must take them off and risk frostbite.

Footgear, consisting of two pairs of heavy woolen socks, a felt boot, a thick felt inner sole, and an oversize rubber boot with canvas tops, is so cumbersome that it's hard to depress the clutch pedal without putting on the brakes.

You must eat to stay warm. Experiments have shown that it's a question of quantity rather than of kind. The colder it gets, the more of every kind of food men need. Food intake at Churchill fluctuates with the wind chill factor, ranging from a daily average of 5,600 calories a day in April to 5,900 in February, the coldest month. Contrary to the popular impression, the ratio of fats to proteins and carbohydrates remains exactly the same.

On the psychiatric side of arctic medicine, the main problem is man's isolation. A scientific survey, taken by a team of Canadian army psychiatrists, reported that "extroverts" get along best in the arctic. But the "eager beaver" type of personality gets "bushed" as quickly as the moody or brooding type. On the debit side, the survey found, the North dulls ambition and makes a man

HANGOVER HOUSE

By SAX ROHMER

A noisy party in fog-bound Hangover House comes to a tragic end when a man goes to his death in agony. Private Investigator Storm Kennedy prepares to solve a case in which the only suspect he can think of is lovely Lady Hilary Bruton, whom he has sworn to protect. A thrilling five-part mystery serial by the creator of Fu Manchu beginning

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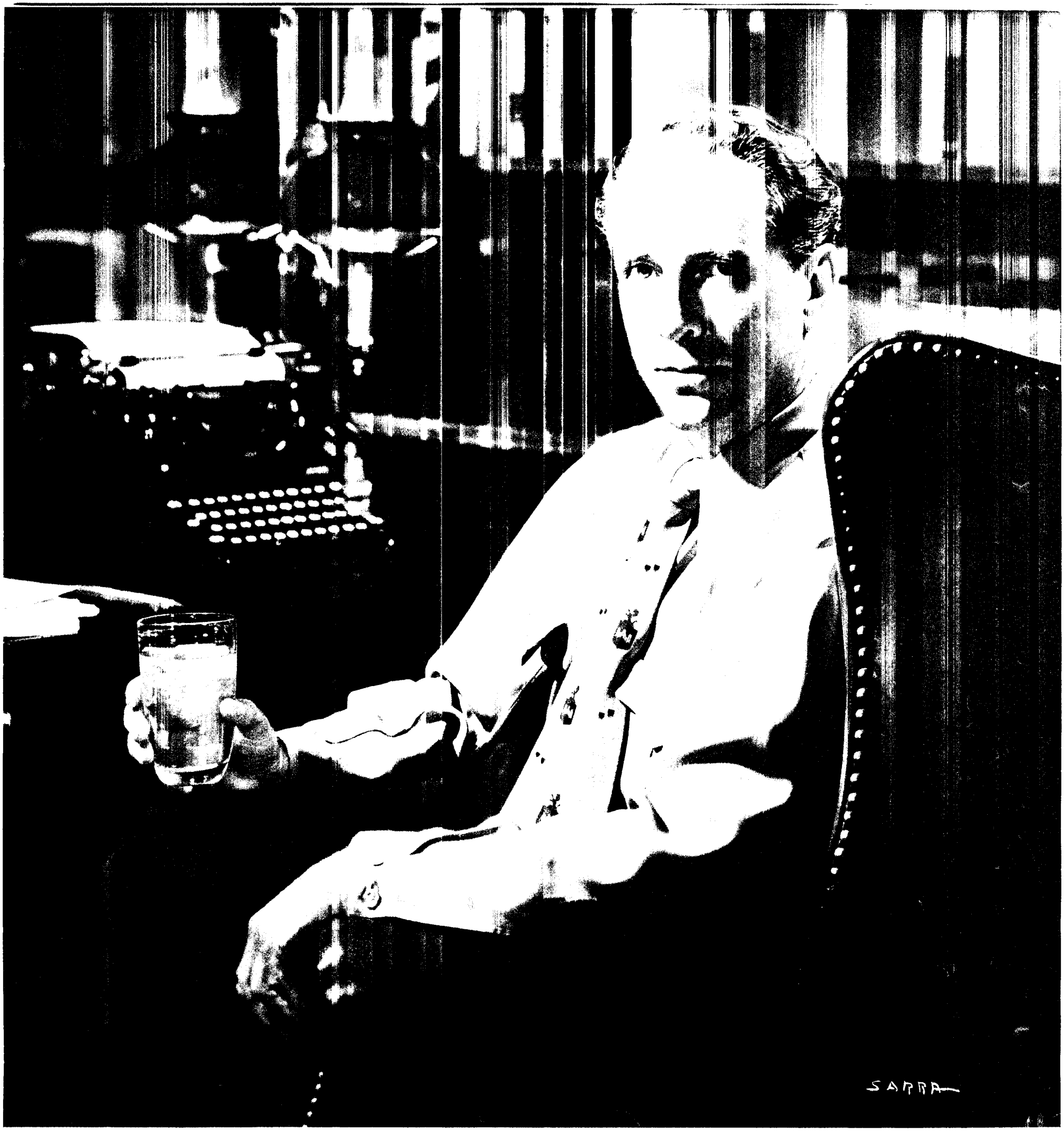

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"50 seconds to massage." Try the famous workout used by so many successful men in sports and business. Vitalis' special formula stimulates, refreshes your scalp as no non-alcoholic dressing does. And massaging with Vitalis routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

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Product of Bristol-Myers

the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" for handsomer, healthier-looking hair

"sot in his ways." On the credit side it brings out qualities that make a man self-reliant.

Windy Smith provides an example of the sort of self-reliance that is sometimes needed. Windy was born and raised near Pittsburgh and there was no one to tell him how to operate when he came to these parts right after the armistice to make his living by hunting and trapping. On the trail a few winters ago, he lost his false teeth—a serious mishap where the only available food is frozen caribou meat. The fact that Windy was at least three weeks by dog sled from the nearest settlement didn't bother him a bit. He simply went out and shot a wolf.

"A little carving on the jawbones and those wolf teeth fitted me nice as you could ask," says Windy. "Had to give 'em up, though, when I went into business. People got to actin' standoffish when I'd smile at 'em over the counter."

The principal morale problem at the base is the absence of women. Married men who bring their families along adjust far more readily than do single men. In the dusty male society of the barracks, boredom can produce a kind of defensive stupor. This affects a man's work.

"The trouble with the North," says one of the officers, "is that it's rugged without being rough."

Unlike the pioneering wild West the arctic outposts offer the soldier little emotional release through women and gambling. By way of compensation, the mere presence of women in the camp is a great morale booster. A careful check made in the base hospital showed that with female nurses (there are four of them now) men recovered 60 per cent faster than with male nurses.

Even worse for morale than the snowstorms of winter are the bug storms of summer. Mosquitoes, black flies and deer flies sweep across the swampy muskeg, blow into your mouth, eyes and nostrils, and pour through any openings in your clothing. A volunteer who exposed his forearm for a test last spring got 120 mosquito bites in one minute.

Entomologists studying insect habits at Churchill discovered that they rotate in the attack, one species advancing as the other retires from the field.

The Unappreciated Mosquito

It is little compensation to the men to learn that the bites all come from the female of the species which requires a blood meal before she can reproduce, or that the mosquito actually serves a useful purpose in taking the place of the bee in pollinizing arctic flora.

A five per cent solution of DDT sprayed on the melting snow by plane is the best method yet found for controlling the pests.

Research teams from the various armed services have tested most of the standard weapons used in World War II for cold-weather performance. Though guns don't misfire, the propellant burns more slowly and shortens the trajectory. Canada's Research Development Board has also been testing jet planes up there to see what can be done to prevent the formation of ice in air intake. But most of the experimentation concentrates on engineering problems as important to economic development as to military defense.

The permafrost, hard as concrete and hundreds of feet thick, rules out underground strong points, sewers, water mains or power conduits. When deep holes are blasted out for telephone poles, the contraction of the permafrost squeezes them out as easily as you can flip a watermelon seed between your fingers. The summer sun thaws out only the "active layer" a few feet deep. When a building, road or airstrip is set directly on permafrost it only deepens the active layer just as pressure spreads rot in a sound apple.

The sorry results can be seen in the original hospital buildings at Churchill. They have sunk several feet into the muskeg since the U.S. built them six years ago. The new buildings, still unfinished, have been constructed on an outcropping of bedrock—the kind of foundation that simply does not exist over vast stretches of the arctic. Both the American and Canadian armies are sensibly concentrating on light, prefabricated structures that can be dropped piecemeal from planes for quick assembly. Engineers are trying to find ways of constructing roads and airstrips of ice and snow as well as of steel and concrete.

In experimental quantities, Churchill has tested and got promising results from a new grade of oil about twice as thin as the lowest commercially available grade. Except for that, they've progressed no further than farmers in our Northern states who've used gasoline or kerosene to thin their winter lubricants ever since Model T days.

Once in operation, internal combustion engines work as well in the arctic as anywhere else. But the engine warmers now on the market, while they work fine for city motorists, don't measure up to arctic requirements. The cat skinners who drive the big tractors up here still use a blowtorch on the motor block, and whenever possible perk up their gasoline with a shot of acetylene gas.

But engineers in and out of the Army have suggested two promising solutions to the engine problems. One is to make every vehicle its own heated garage by insulating the hood or engine enclosure and keeping it warm with an ordinary gasoline heater. Another is to develop a gas-burning steam engine for arctic vehicles—a modern version of the earliest automobile engines.

The internal combustion engine can be compared with cold-blooded animals like frogs and snakes, which have to hibernate or else freeze to death in winter. The steam engine is like warm-blooded animals who provide their own heat and can adapt themselves to a far wider temperature range. But the Army is sticking to its guns and insisting on an engine that can start cold at 50 degrees below.

Even if an engine is developed that's proof against arctic weather, the problem of ground transport will be only half licked. The terrain requires an entirely new type of triphibian vehicle—equally effective on land, water and over both thin and solid ice.

Hard Country for Travelers

The barrens and bush country alike are an alphabet soup of lakes, swamps and creeks, frozen to their bottoms in winter, mushy in spring and fall, and just plain water during the short summer.

The Penguin or "snowmobile," developed for the abortive invasion of Norway, is slow, wasteful of gasoline, uncomfortable, barely amphibious, subject to frequent mechanical breakdowns and too heavy to use on thawing ice. The Weasel or M-29 cargo carrier, developed for jungle warfare, is about three times faster and lighter but little more effective for the load it carries. The "bombardier snowmobile," a half-track steered by skis, is far too fragile; and the huge, drum-wheeled "marsh buggy," developed for prospecting the swamplands of Louisiana, much too slow and ponderous.

The best means of arctic transport yet devised is the ordinary wide-tread Diesel or gasoline tractor pulling "wannegans" or small cabooses on runners. Even with the best of conditions these can average no more than 20 miles per day and on a long haul can carry little besides their own fuel supply.

Two years ago, on "Operation Musk Ox," a small body of Canadians accompanied by British and American observers tried out the best of our motorized equipment on a transarctic trek from Churchill to Edmonton. They demonstrated that even a small nontactical force unburdened by weapons could not move more than a few hundred miles from base without almost complete dependence on airborne supplies. The last two years of research have turned up nothing that would change the picture today.

As for military maneuver in the arctic, concealment is admittedly impossible. The cold dry air of winter not only increases visibility but tags long vapor trails to every warm thing that moves, be it caissons or caribou. Despite the blowing snow, tracks are easily discernible from the air and remain so for months. Even white objects that blend perfectly with the landscape still cast shadows and any object that remains still for a few hours builds up a telltale drift.

The arctic is still a wonderful barrier against land invasion.

Churchill village, only a 10-minute jeep ride from camp, makes up in hospitality what it lacks in formal recreational facilities. The doors are never locked in its 50-odd houses and tar-paper cabins, and you can drop in anyplace to warm up or chew the fat. A light burning in any of the cabins late at night is your invitation to a party.

No alcoholic beverages are sold in the

ROBERT GREENHALGH

Deciding Factor

The swank hotel or the second rate?
The filet mignon or vegetable plate?
The taxicab or the good old leather?
It more than likely depends on whether
The spender of cash for the same has got
Himself an expense account or not.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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town, which is under the jurisdiction of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

But far from being prohibited, your possession of liquor is looked upon with real favor by the whole community. Around Christmastime, most of the townsfolk make a festive brew called "Orange Champagne," a concoction of orange or lemon peels, potatoes and anything fermentable they happen to have on hand. After the brew has settled, its essence is extracted by the simple process of letting the keg stand outside for a few hours and draining off whatever doesn't freeze.

The staple drink, however, is a homemade beer called "45." It's called "45" not merely because of its wallop but because it is made in 45-gallon pickle barrels. Within a day or so of bottling your 45, you can count on a stream of callers. It goes fast that way, but when it's gone you'll be making the rounds yourself.

The business of dropping by reached its fullest expression a couple of winters ago. At that time the radio antenna pole stood just outside the bedroom window of Art and Vera Anderson, who keep store on the first floor and open house on the second. When convivial neighbors took to climbing the pole and pounding on the window, Art finally decided to move it. Not that the Andersons minded being waked up. "Sometimes the pole got pretty slippery," Art explains apologetically.

With volunteer help from the townsfolk, a score or so Canadian and American officers at the fort have built their own tar-paper cabins in the village. This has considerably enriched the social life of the town, not only with store whisky from the officers' mess but with new songs, new stories and a certain military flourish.

At the New Year's party last winter, Major Riddel, better known as "Uncle Frank," was running behind in the mixing of Tom and Jerries. An engineer as well as a soldier and a gentleman, he poured the ingredients into a tub ordinarily used for bathing and mixed the drinks with an outboard motor.

Canadians and Americans on two-year assignment to Fort Churchill soon learn that the surest way to get along in the arctic is to get along with your neighbors. American personnel is under the command of genial, soft-spoken Lieutenant Colonel Wayne Downing of Idaho, a World War II camouflage expert who mixes freely with the men and has done an expert job of camouflaging differences in rank. Under Lieutenant Colonel Tedlie, who administers the base, Americans and Canadians share the same messes, barracks and recreation rooms, and the difference in nationality couldn't matter less.

The last official Russian observer to visit Churchill was Major Ivan Pavshoukov, military attaché of the embassy at Ottawa, who visited the station in February, 1947. Pavshoukov asked many questions and answered few about his own country's cold-weather research. Since then, because American and Canadian observers are given the brush-off in the U.S.S.R., no Russians have been admitted to Churchill.

It may have been just a coincidence, but last winter, within 36 hours after Churchill tested some ordinary antitank rockets, Russia charged that we were testing rockets and jet-propelled missiles.

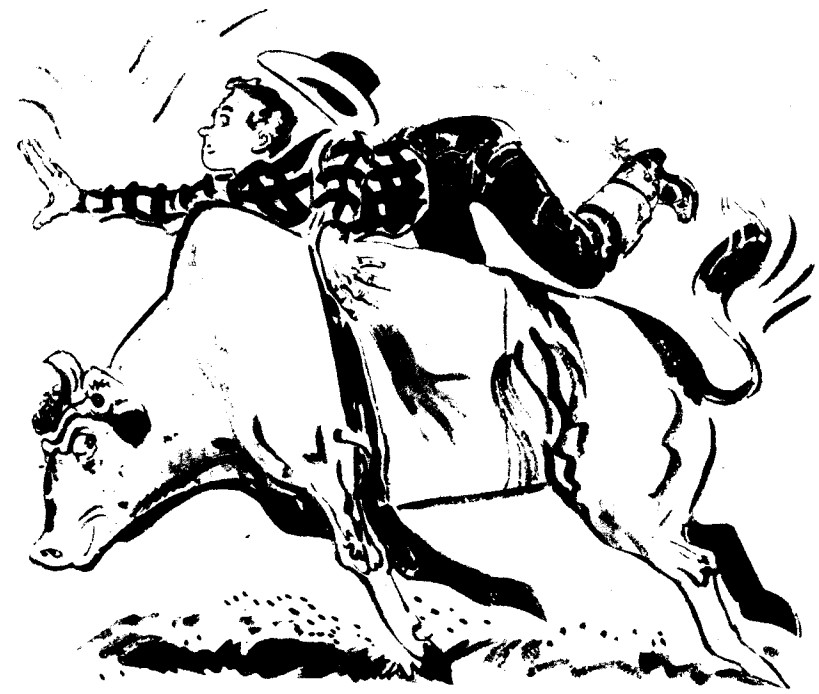
Time and again the Russian press has pointed to Churchill as a base where Americans and Canadians are testing new weapons to be used to carry an "imperialistic war" across the pole. If their espionage is as good as security officers at Fort Churchill seem to think, the Reds really ought to know better.

As for the attitude of Americans and Canadians at Fort Churchill, Shakespeare pretty well sums it up in As You Like It in the refrain that goes:

No enemy here shall he see,
But winter and rough weather.

"Nothing expensive. . . . I don't need too much help"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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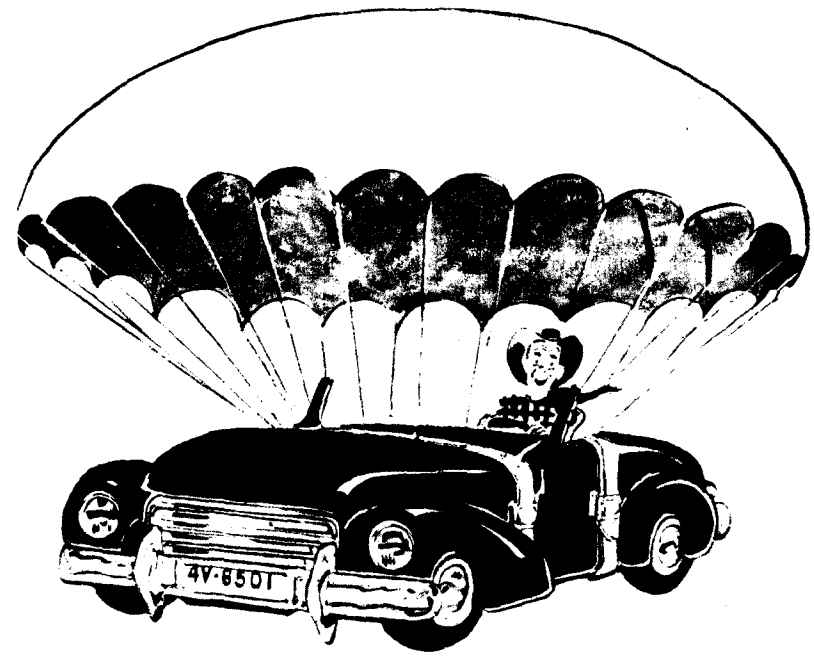

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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

Continued from page 27

directly above Agatha, and she saw that Lefty was blocking with his elbows and gloves, but hardly landing a blow himself. He escaped from the ropes, but the Sailor was instantly inside again, and Lefty was backpedaling across the ring. But as he moved sidewise he swung a desperate uppercut that caught Brennan on the jaw.

Agatha saw Brennan's head up, his guard down, and even as the roar went up from the crowd she saw Lefty hook his left to the Sailor's head. Brennan was staggered and moved back, covering up, and Lefty, like a dog pawing at a porcupine for a vulnerable spot, stabbed him with lefts, then landed another right uppercut. Brennan's guard dropped and Lefty landed rights and lefts, overanxious hurried blows. But some of them went home and all at once Brennan was sagging helpless on the ropes and the referee had moved in and was pushing Lefty away, stopping the fight. Brennan was out on his feet.

NOW Agatha heard the Garden in full cry. She, too, was shouting and jumping up and down, clapping her hands. She looked at Jack and cried, "How do you like our club fighter?"

He grinned. "It was quite a fight."

The announcer had given the elapsed time and named the winner, and there was another great shout for Lefty Langan. He waved his glove and ran over to Brennan's corner, then he was back again with Oscar, who had his bathrobe ready. Immediately they left the ring, and Lefty did not look around for Agatha.

Monte Wharton came around the corner of the ring. He smiled at Agatha and said, "Your boy did good."

"He was terrific," Agatha said.

"This sets him up in business," Monte Wharton said. "Nobody ever knocked the Sailor out before. He's on his way, Miss Christopher."

"To the championship, you mean?" said Agatha.

Monte grinned. "Yeah, he might do it, with the right handling. My offer still stands, if you want to talk it over."

"No," Agatha said.

He spread his small hands. "I never argue with a woman. What I want to say is, this is a big night for your boy, and we're having a little party at the Club Pigalle. Why don't you come around?"

"I'm sorry," Agatha said. "I have a date."

"Your date's welcome," Monte said. "Come if you can. I hope you can." He smiled, waved his hand, and moved off.

Watching him go, Agatha said, "I wonder what this means?"

"Maybe we'd better find out," Jack murmured. "What do you want to do, Agatha? Do you want to take him up on it?"

"I don't know," she said. "I'd like to know what's going on. Suppose we have a drink somewhere and talk about it."

They had a drink in a Broadway bar, and the more they talked about it the more convinced Agatha was that they should go to the Club Pigalle. They allowed an hour to pass, then they walked down Broadway and across Forty-sixth Street to the Club Pigalle. The headwaiter had the distrustful expression of a side-show barker.

He led them among the tables to the far side of the night club, to a table far from the dance floor and the microphone. The lights were dim, and laid a greenish hue on the tablecloths, and human skin looked dark and unhealthy. The lights emphasized the dark swelling of Lefty's nose and did nothing for the complexion of the redheaded girl seated beside him. Agatha stopped short when she saw Lucille Long.

They were sitting with Monte Wharton, and there were two significantly empty chairs. Monte got to his feet, smiling blandly. "Glad you could come. We appreciate it. You know everybody?"

"Congratulations, Lefty," Agatha said, and put out her hand. "It was a wonderful fight."

"Thanks, Aggie," Lefty said. The old grin appeared.

"Did you see the fight, Lucille?" Agatha asked.

"On television," Lucille said. "I caught it down at Leo's Place."

Agatha looked directly at Lefty, asked, "Where's Oscar?"

He said shortly, "Oscar went on home."

Monte Wharton said, "Will you people excuse me a minute? I got to make some phone calls."

COLLIER'S "You know, I sort of miss listening to their troubles" PERRY BARLOW

He was gone, and there was silence as a waiter began twirling a bottle of champagne in a bucket. Lefty's hands lay on the tablecloth and he sat looking at them, obviously ill at ease. Agatha said dryly, "Well, this is quite a party, Lefty."

Lucille said, "It's exciting, ain't it? I was never in the Club Pigalle before."

Lefty looked at Agatha. His eyes had a somber glow. "Aggie, I'm in the big time now."

Lucille said eagerly, "If he's handled right he'll be middleweight champion of the world, Aggie. You see if he ain't."

"I've always thought he would be," Agatha said. "I've always had confidence in Lefty and Oscar."

"The Sailor fought a draw with Blackie White," Lefty said. "You know that, Aggie? Blackie White is in line for the title and the best he could get was a draw off the Sailor, but I knocked the Sailor out. I could take that Blackie White."

"You bet you can, Lefty," Lucille said.

Agatha said, "Quite a change has come over you, Lucille. Last talk we had you wanted Lefty to quit the ring. You hated fights."

"Yes, I hate fights," Lucille said, flushing. "But Lefty's in the big time now, Aggie. I think he's got a right to fight for the title, and I think he's got the right to pick his own manager."

"So that's it," Agatha said.

"Yes, that's it," Lucille said. "Now look here, Aggie, you've had your fun. Why don't you sell to Monte?"

Agatha turned to Lefty. "Is that what you want, Lefty?"

He still sat looking at his hands. "I'm not criticizing, but what's the facts of it? It was Monte Wharton got me that Brennan fight tonight, and it was that fight put me in the big time."

"So you want me to get out now?" Agatha asked. Her voice shook a little, but not with anger. She fought to control the tears that were burning behind her eyes.

A low, biting voice rang in Agatha's ear, saying, "This is a fine example of greedy ingratitude." She turned her head. It was Jack speaking, and his deep, angry tone surprised her. "She picked you up out of the gutter," Jack said. "Why in hell do you think you're where you are tonight? It was because she picked you up and nursed you like a sick cat and put you back on your feet again."

Lefty's head jerked around and his hands became fists on the tabletop. "Nobody asked you into this argument."

"I'm in it," Jack said. "And don't you forget it. I'm not going to sit by and see you treat this girl like this. I saw you that night, after you were knocked out by Eddie Manolo. You were down and out. You had quit the ring and were going back to jerking sodas. You'd be there now, in the drugstore, if it weren't for Agatha."

Lefty said harshly, "That's enough out of you, Slim."

"I'm not through," Jack said. "I'm telling you, Lefty, and you're going to listen. She spent her money and gave freely of her time to put you back on your feet, and the first cheap gambler who comes along with a proposition, you're ready to sell your good friend out."

LEFTY leaned across the table, his eyes burning. "You're asking for a sock on the jaw, Mister."

"All right," Jack said. "I'm asking for it. What are you going to do about it?"

Lefty started to his feet, and his chair went crashing backward. Jack was also on his feet, jarring the table so that Agatha's glass went over and spilled champagne on the tablecloth. She cried, "No, don't!" and Lucille's strident voice said, "Sock him, Lefty!"

Lefty had his right fist cocked, but he did not let it go. Dark color burned his cheeks and faded. "Go on," he said. "Get out."

Agatha caught Jack's arm and said, "Jack, please! Let's go."

The headwaiter had caught hold of Jack's other arm, and Agatha saw Monte Wharton moving up, his face inscrutable, his soft voice saying, "What's the trouble?"

"If you want to communicate with Miss Christopher, address me, Wharton," Jack said. "I'm her attorney."

Agatha moved in silence beside him through the night club, past the turned-up, curious faces, to the checkroom. Then they were outside.

"You keep in touch with me, Agatha," he said harshly. "If you hear from any of those people, you get in touch with me."

"Yes, Jack," Agatha said softly.

"I'm going to handle this from now on," he said.

"Yes," Agatha said, in the same soft, submissive tone. "Jack, I'm glad I had my lawyer along tonight."

"Your lawyer?" he said, and looked down at her fiercely. "I'm not your lawyer, Agatha. I'm the guy that's in love with you."

A CRUISING cab had slowed, and turned in toward the curb. Jack raised his hand to stop it, and as he held the door open for Agatha she avoided his eyes. Her cheeks were hot and there was pressure on her chest that accelerated her breathing.

The driver said, "Where to?"

"Start across town," Jack said. He was silent for a moment. "Agatha, I'm not going off to Chicago in the morning and leave it like this."

"Chicago?" Agatha said. "You didn't mention going."

"I have a case going to trial out there," he said. "I'm taking a plane in the morning and, Agatha, I want to clear up the docket here at home. I'm in love with you. I've been in love with you for a long time, and I've been waiting. Agatha, do I mean anything to you?"

She put her hand on his. "I haven't even been thinking about love, but I do know that I like you more than anybody, ever."

His arms went around her and he drew her close. He whispered, "I love you like hell, Agatha," and then his lips covered hers.

The driver's voice broke in at last. "East River just ahead, Mister. I got no propeller."

Jack said, "Turn downtown then."

There was a pervading security in his arms and Agatha whispered, "Jack, maybe I am in love with you."

"From you, Agatha, maybe is a powerful admission," he said. "I'm satisfied. I can go to Chicago a happy man."

"When will you be back?"

"It will be a couple of weeks, at least."

"I'll miss you, Jack." She squeezed his hand. "If you're catching a plane in the morning, you'd better drop me off at the Westbrook and go catch some sleep."

"I don't need sleep."

"I don't want you to lose your case from lack of sleep."

"If I lose the case it will be from lack of concentration, not sleep. It will be from thinking of you, Agatha."

She murmured, "You know, you've never talked about your cases to me."

He chuckled. "All you ever wanted to talk to me about was Lefty Langan."

"Not any more," she said. "But still, he's not as bad as you think."

"Now listen, Agatha," he said. "Don't start arguing with yourself about Lefty Langan. I don't want to come back from

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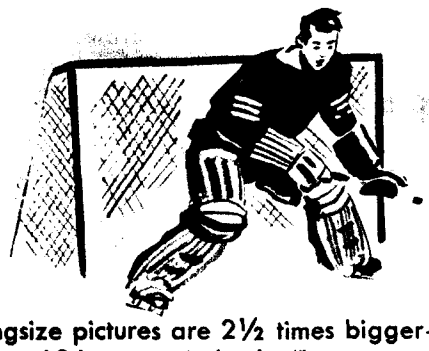

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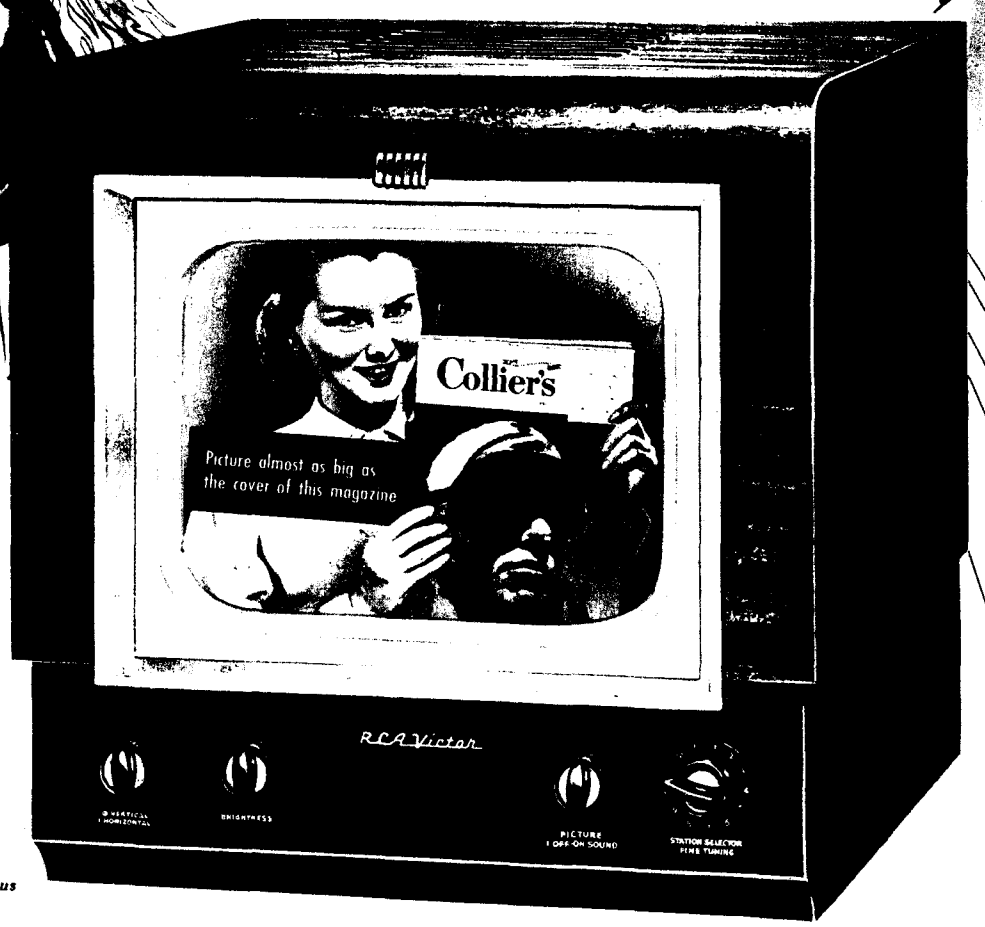

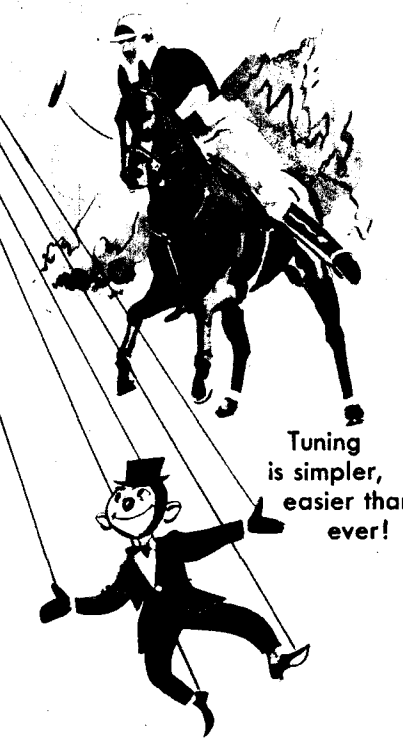

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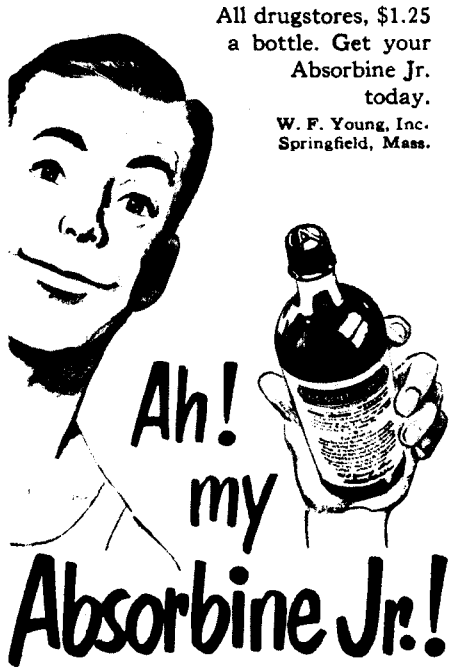


Chicago and find you've bought the same old package back again."

Agatha smiled. "I'm not buying anything."

"Because I'm your package now," he said. "That's right, isn't it?"

Agatha hesitated, then murmured, "Yes."

It was not easy to persuade him that he should go home and get some sleep before catching his plane to Chicago. He was convinced at last only because the barman in an intimate bar off Madison Avenue approached them apologetically and said, "Sorry, folks, it's curfew."

They walked hand in hand along Madison Avenue, contentedly looking for a cab, and when at last they found one he had kissed her once again. When the cab stopped at the Westbrook, she whispered, "Don't come in. You hurry home, darling, and get some sleep."

"I won't be able to sleep," he said.

"Neither will I," Agatha said. She pushed the door shut and said to the driver, "Take this man down to Tenth Street."

She watched the cab move away, and smiling dreamily, turned into the hotel. She got her key at the desk and was moving toward the elevators when a man pushed himself up from an overstuffed chair. The swollen nose had changed the expression of his face, and for an instant she did not recognize Lefty.

He said, "Hi, Aggie."

Agatha stared at him.

"I wanted to sock that boy friend of yours tonight," Lefty said. "I sure wanted to let him have it, Aggie, and one reason was I knew he was right. I acted like a louse and I'm sorry."

"It's all right, Lefty," she said.

"I don't want you to think I forgot what you done for me," Lefty said. "What the guy said was right. You put me back on my feet and I owe you plenty, Aggie."

"No," Agatha said. "No, you don't owe me anything, Lefty. I've been thinking lately I might transfer my share to Oscar. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Oscar's okay," Lefty said, but his voice sounded dubious. "But, Aggie, I'd rather keep it like it was. If I win the championship, okay, but you got a right to ride along until I'm champ. And I'm gonna *be* champ, Aggie. The kind of champ the kids write to for a photograph."

There were tears in Agatha's eyes, and she said softly, "You bet you are, Lefty."

"And you're gonna stay with me, aren't you, Aggie?"

"Sure, I'll stay with you."

His hand rested a moment on her shoulder, and he smiled again. "I went home," he said. "I couldn't sleep, and I was waiting for you here a couple of hours. I guess now I'll go home and get some sleep. I'll be seeing you, Aggie."

SHE moved on into the elevator, feeling warm and relaxed. It was a moment of tender sentiment that brought back all that had happened in these busy weeks. It was only natural, she thought, that in anger Lefty had turned against her and flung himself into a deal with Monte Wharton, and it was only natural that the good qualities she had always seen in him had won out. She was very glad that she had not been wrong about Lefty. . . .

The next morning a bellboy brought flowers, and his knock awakened Agatha. There was a card that said: *Thinking of you at plane time.* By now Jack was practically in Chicago, and remembering his aroused, protective voice in the angry night-club scene the night before, and his low, vibrant tone in the taxicab, his arms around her, she felt suddenly lonely.

She called the number of Oscar's apartment. There was no answer and she gave the operator the private number at Leo's Place. Oscar answered the call on the first ring, recognized Agatha's voice, and said, "Well, how did you like that fight?"

"Perfect," Agatha said. "Oscar, that's why I'm calling you. About fights. Oscar, isn't there anything I can do to help?"

"Aggie, I *could* put you to work," Oscar said cautiously.

"When do I start?" she said eagerly.

"You can start right now," Oscar said. "Take a train back to Menasset. Before the boy's next bout, I'll need you, but right now the best place for you is Menasset."

Agatha thought a moment, said, "Oscar, I have a suggestion. Why don't we make some arrangement, so that you can take over my share of Lefty? You take the whole third, Oscar."

"None of that," Oscar said harshly. "We're partners and we're gonna stay partners."

Agatha sighed and said, "All right. But you'll call me, Oscar? You'll keep me posted?"

"You bet I will, Aggie."

So Agatha went home once again to Connecticut, with the loneliness and the frustration unabated. It was a project she had initiated, this renewed career of Lefty Langan, but circumstances had left her out of it altogether. More and more she felt that she should transfer her share to Oscar and get out of it altogether. That night, before an open fire, she told Gwen what had happened.

Then the telephone rang; it was Jack calling from Chicago. "I tried the Westbrook first," he said. "Then I figured you'd gone home."

"Yes, I came on home," she said. "Jack, I saw Lefty Langan last night. He was waiting in the Westbrook lobby for me to come in. And you know what he did? He apologized. So everything is under control."

After a moment's pause he said, "I picked a bad time to go to Chicago."

"Oh, Lord!" Agatha said, with quick resentment. "Are you still harping on that?"

"I can't help it. I'm a jealous man."

"But you have no right to be."

"Agatha, I'm in love with you," he said. "I'm jealous as hell, so I suppose I'm not altogether sane on the subject. I wish I hadn't come to Chicago. I want to hear your voice. Would you mind if I called you every night?"

"Please do," Agatha said. "Every night, Jack."

"You still remember what you said last night, Agatha?" he asked.

"Jack, I haven't changed overnight. I feel just the same."

"I'll call again tomorrow night," he said. "Darling, I love you."

After she had hung up, Agatha found Gwen waiting by the fire, raising curious eyes to her. "Was that Jack Barlow?" Gwen asked.

"Yes." Agatha smiled and patted Gwen's hand. "I'm going to bed," she said, and went quickly upstairs.

The next day Oscar Gumper telephoned to report that Lefty was working hard on the heavy bag, and they were going together to see Eddie Manolo fight in the Garden.

"I wish I were seeing that fight," Agatha said.

"Well, say you come with us," Oscar said. "I'll get the tickets. Okay?"

"I'd like it," Agatha said.

THE sports pages had been carrying daily items about the approaching bout between Eddie Manolo and Blackie White, but Agatha had paid them scant attention. Before the fight she primed herself on the sports news. Manolo was training in Skelly's Gym, and the sports writers said he had never looked better, but they gave him only an outside chance against Blackie White.

Agatha took a late train to town Friday, had dinner on the train, and arrived at Leo's Place a little before eight o'clock. She found Oscar and Lefty at the bar, and an air of excitement in Leo's Place such as was usually in evidence only on the nights when a Lefty Langan fight was to be televised.

"It will be a pleasure to see Eddie Manolo get knocked kicking," Lefty said. "But I wish it was me in there against Eddie tonight."

"I don't," said Oscar. "You're just a little too cocky after that Brennan fight."

Agatha felt it was as it had been before, in the days when Lefty was training at Menasset. There was mutual confidence now in one another. But she wondered about Lucille and asked, "Where's Lucille tonight?"

Lefty grinned. "She still won't go to fights."

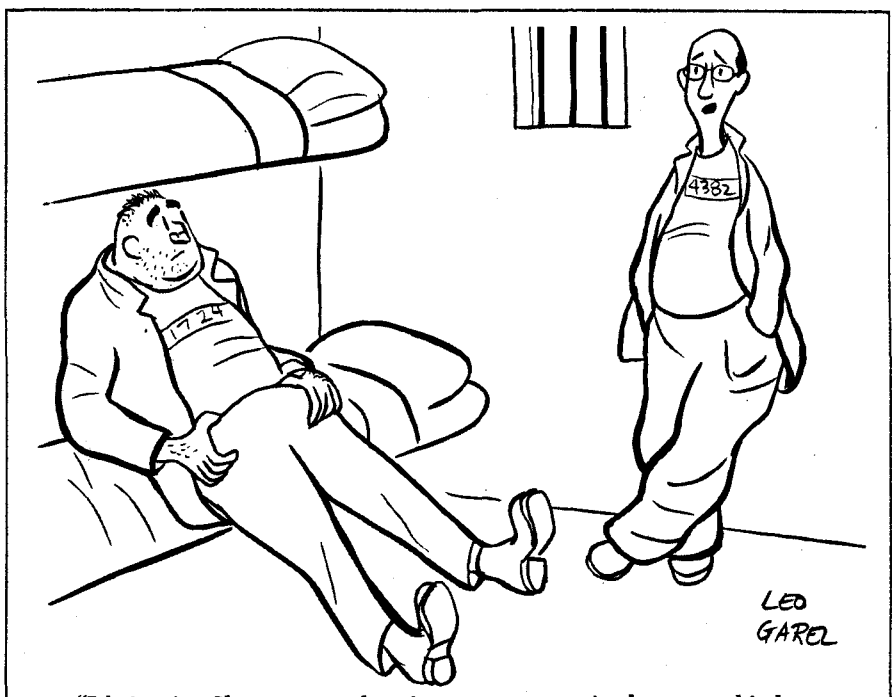
Oscar said, "Lucille's got a new job, Aggie. In a checkroom."

"Really?" Agatha said. "Where?"

"In the Club Pigalle," Oscar said.

Agatha did not need to be told who had found a job for Lucille in the checkroom of the Club Pigalle. . . .

The Garden was a sellout for the Manolo-White fight, and Oscar told Agatha he had been lucky to pick up three



"It's ironic. She won an electric range on a quiz show, our kitchen was too shabby to put it in, so I embezzled a little money to remodel the kitchen, and then she had to sell the range to pay my lawyer"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

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seats in fifth row ringside. They arrived in time to see the last preliminary.

The main event was a hard, mauling fight, but Agatha was as interested in watching Lefty Langan as she was the fighters in the ring. His head moved constantly, in little sidewise ducking movements, and his fists traveled in three-inch blows and parries all through the fight.

White was a fast, clever boxer, but early in the fight Eddie Manolo had opened a cut over his left eye, and he kept throwing overhand rights at the bleeding cut. The commission doctor examined the cut at the end of the sixth round, but allowed the fight to continue. In the seventh Manolo caught White on the ropes, and when the referee broke them after a clinch he pushed Manolo back, examined White's eye, and stopped the fight.

As they drifted with the crowd out through the lobby to the street Lefty said, "Oscar, I'm due a night off. Why don't we drop in the Pigalle for a drink?"

"For about an hour, then," Oscar said. "No longer. Okay with you, Aggie?"

THE BIG SLOT-MACHINE SWINDLE

By NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

Although outlawed in 46 states, the one-armed bandit robs the public of three billion a year. The shocking effects of this racket on the economic and moral life of communities are revealed for the first time

In Collier's *next week*

"All right," Agatha said, without enthusiasm.

At the Club Pigalle, Agatha looked into frozen eyes at the checkroom. Lucille said, "Hi," and took their hats and coats in silence. She looked well in the coatroom; Agatha was sure there were often dollar tips when Lucille handed a gentleman his hat.

Lefty lingered to talk to Lucille, and Agatha went on to a table with Oscar. She glanced around the club, half expecting to see Monte Wharton somewhere, and she asked Oscar, "Does Monte Wharton own a piece of the Pigalle?"

"Not that I know of," Oscar said. "Why?"

"Well, I gathered he got Lucille her job here," Agatha said. "And he owns a piece of so many things. Lefty, for instance, and Eddie Manolo—"

"He *what?*" said Oscar.

"Didn't you know he owned a piece of Eddie Manolo?"

"First I heard of it."

"Twenty-five per cent, I think it is," Agatha said. "Benny Small told me."

"Benny should know," Oscar said, and his lips tightened.

"But Manolo is good," Agatha said.

"Sure, he's good. He's as cute a fighter as I've seen come along, but that Blackie White match fell in his lap like a ripe peach." Oscar turned his head. "Here comes Lefty."

Smiling, Lefty reached their table, but he did not sit down. The music had begun and he said to Aggie, "I never had a dance with you, Aggie. How about it?"

She was surprised by his dancing, but reflected that a man who could skip rope a thousand times without missing, and handle himself in the prize ring on the balls of his feet, would surely be a good dancer, provided he had rhythm. Lefty had rhythm.

When the music stopped he held her hand as they walked back to the table. Agatha thought that definitely there had been a change in Lefty. The storminess had passed, and the fervor, and he could be light and casual, yet there remained an emotional bond. She sensed it in the way he looked at her, and she was glad that night when Oscar looked at his watch and imposed curfew.

"Time for bed," Oscar said. "I'm calling for the check."

Lefty offered a mild protest, but Oscar got the check and paid it. At the checkroom Lefty made a great show of pulling out a five-dollar bill and dropping it on the tray, with a wink for Oscar, but the joke affected Lucille like a hot-foot. She flushed and said, "Save your dough, big shot. You may need it when you're punchy."

Agatha moved on, and Oscar followed. They waited in the lobby for Lefty, and when he came, looking embarrassed, he shrugged and said, "That's women for you. What the hell, it was just a gag!"

They left the Club Pigalle. Oscar hailed a taxicab and asked Agatha, "Where to? The Westbrook?"

"No, Oscar, I'm taking the milk train home. Just let me off at Grand Central."

LEFTY sat silent until the cab turned into the Vanderbilt Avenue entrance of Grand Central, then he got out with Agatha and said, "I'll see you off on that train."

"No," she said. "You should be in bed."

"That's right, Lefty," Oscar said.

"Wait a minute for me, Oscar," Lefty said. "I'll walk her into the station."

Near the newsstand on the balcony, looking down on the shiny marble of the almost empty station, Lefty said, "Aggie, she called me a big shot. She wanted to make me sore. But that don't make me sore. I'm gonna be a big shot, Aggie. I'll be champion."

"I hope so," Agatha said.

"When I am," he went on softly, "maybe I'll take another trip out there to Menasset. I'll come out looking for you."

"Lefty, I think I ought to tell you," Agatha said, and looked up at him. "There's someone else."

She saw his jaw set for an instant, then he said quietly, "You mean that counselor of yours? You didn't tell me that before, Aggie."

"I didn't know it before."

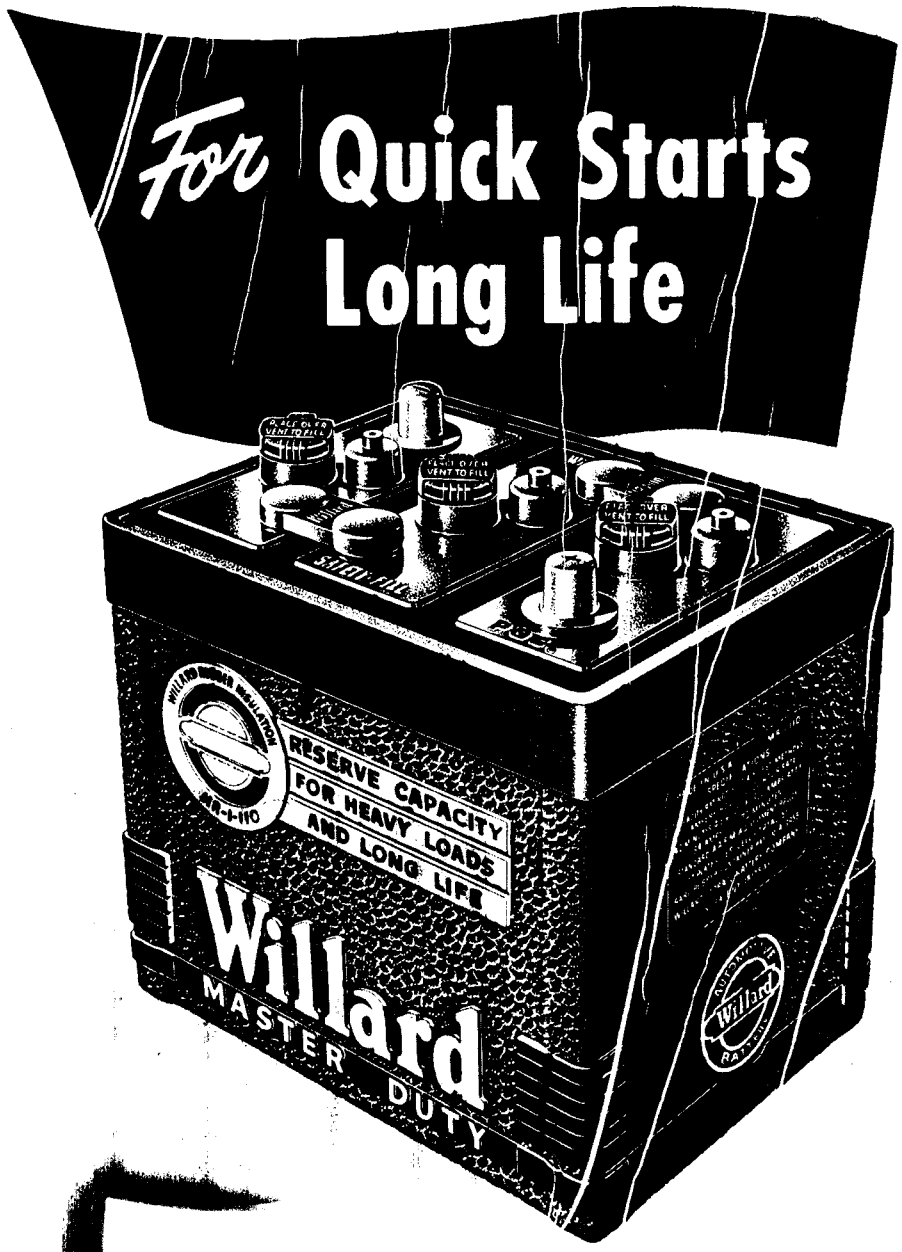
He drew in a deep breath, then said in a thin, strained tone, "Well, okay, okay. Since it's like that."

"I'm afraid it has to be like that, Lefty."

"It has to be," he said. "Okay, it has to be." His eyes met hers for an instant, bright and angry. "So long, Aggie," he said, and turned abruptly away. She watched him pass through the door, his shoulders swinging, his heels striking hard on the floor.

Agatha went on down the steps to the main concourse. Her train would not leave for nearly three quarters of an hour, and she walked up and down, her heel-taps ringing in the great empty station. Again she felt disturbed and anxious and exhausted deep within herself. It had been a mistake, she thought, going to the fight with Oscar and Lefty. It had been a mistake dancing at the Club Pigalle. She had not wanted this question reopened, when she had thought it entirely disposed of.

She turned and walked briskly to the



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telegraph bureau. She drew a pad toward her, and the pencil on its chain, and scribbled a telegram, the pencil biting deep into the paper. The message she wrote was: *Manolo won stop missed you stop love you stop will never stop Agatha.*

The gag, she knew, was rather stale, but it introduced into the telegram a lighter note, which was what she wanted. She sent the message as a straight telegram, and as she paid the clerk, she hoped that Jack would be awakened to receive it in the early morning hours. She wanted him to be thinking of her—and she wanted him to come home from Chicago.

Late the next afternoon Oscar telephoned, his voice charged with excitement, "Aggie, things are popping," he said. "Listen to me. You heard Eddie Manolo last night, challenging the champ. Today the boxing writers asked the champ what about it, was he going to take Eddie up, and the champ said he thought Eddie was a little previous. Like Paddy Ryan says to John L., he better get himself a reputation, the champ says.

"He better knock off the top boys before he goes looking for a title bout, the champ says. So the boxing writers asks him like who, and he says, well, like this boy Lefty Langan. It takes a good boy, the champ says, to knock out Sailor Brennan. So the boxing writers ask him if he'd fight Eddie if Eddie took Lefty, and the champ says he would, maybe in a big outdoor fight next June."

Agatha cried, "Oscar, that's wonderful."

"I been working on it," Oscar said. "But Eddie's manager don't want to sign. He said Eddie already knocked Lefty out, and he was satisfied. He claims the champ is ducking Eddie and stalling for time, but I told him time is one thing the champ ain't got too much of. And I told him Lefty had a bad night against Manolo that time, and he's a different boy now. He's come along since then, and he knocked the Sailor out. That's how it stands now, Aggie. It's still a dicker."

"Oscar, I'm coming to town," Agatha said.

"Swell, you come to town," Oscar said.

Gwen put Agatha on the four-o'clock train, and on the station platform Agatha said, "If I get a call tonight, Mother, will you transfer it to Leo's Place?"

"Of course, Agatha. How long will you be gone?"

"Mother, I don't know. This is what we've been aiming for, the return match with Eddie Manolo. It could put Lefty up among the top contenders for the title."

Gwen said thoughtfully, "I'll be coming to town myself in a few days. Just to check up on you, kiddy."

"Okay," Agatha said. "Come and check."

WHEN Agatha reached Leo's Place a little before seven o'clock, she found a crowd at the bar. The news had traveled in the neighborhood, and as she entered, fat Si Kraft called, "Anything new, Aggie?"

"That's what I was going to ask you, Si. Where's Oscar?"

"In the back."

Agatha went back to the small office, and found Oscar busy on the telephone. She sat down on the leather couch to wait, and when he hung up he looked at her importantly. "Been talking to Uncle Mike's office," he said. "They got an open date at the Garden on the twenty-fourth they'd like to fill, and I'm gonna have a little pressure there on our side, Aggie. Manolo's manager is screaming about the champ ducking Eddie, and he says Eddie will fight the champ and nobody else." Oscar grinned. "Looks like they're scared of our boy."

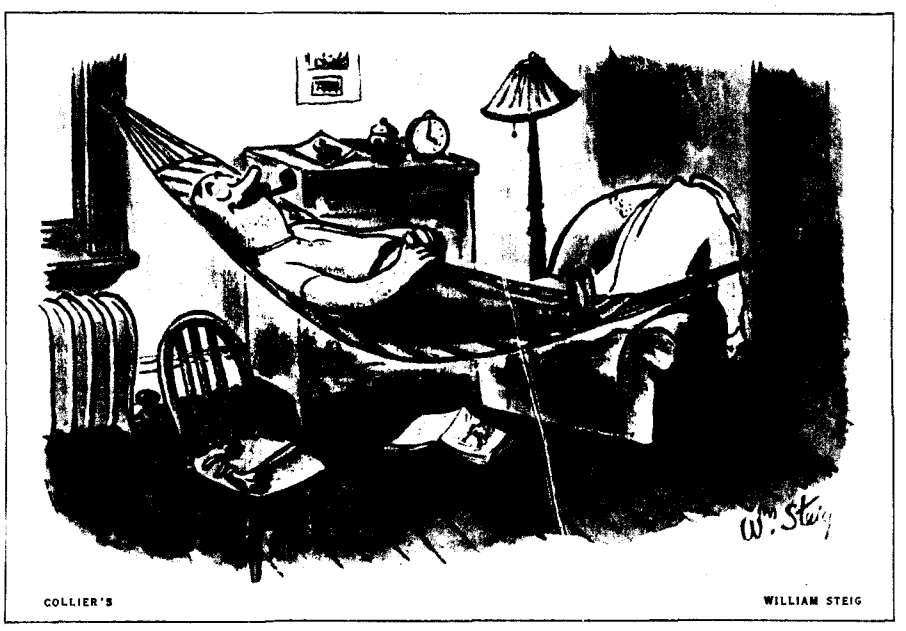
"Why don't we issue a challenge ourselves?" Agatha said. "Why don't we call up the papers and challenge Eddie Manolo to come out and fight?"

"Why not?" Oscar said. "We'll do it, Aggie. And look here, you make the calls yourself. That will make a story for them, if you call up and make the challenge."

Oscar gave her names and telephone numbers, and Agatha began talking to a series of strange voices over the telephone. She had scribbled out a statement and she read it to each boxing writer: "Miss Agatha Christopher, comanager of Lefty Langan, last night challenged Eddie Manolo to fight Langan on the twenty-fourth in the Garden for the right to challenge the champion. Miss Christopher asserted that because of his sensational record Langan was entitled to the fight and intimated that Manolo was afraid that Lefty would add him to his string of knockout victories."

"Such language," Oscar said, grinning at her.

Agatha was still reading her statement and answering questions over the telephone when the first of the photographers arrived. They crowded into the office and took pictures as she went on telephoning, and meanwhile, Oscar had sent for Lefty. The three of them posed together in the office, and then out by the



bar, with the grinning faces of the Eighth Avenue regulars crowding in. This time Agatha agreed to step behind the bar and draw a beer, and then she was photographed pouring a glass of ginger ale for Lefty.

Through it all Lefty hardly spoke. When asked a question he shrugged and said, "Ask my managers," and his eyes turned to Agatha.

One by one the photographers departed, leaving a litter of burned-out flash bulbs on the floor, and as Walter was gathering them up, Tony Franklin came in with the first edition of a tabloid.

There was a back-page headline that said: AGGIE DARES EDDIE, but when she turned inside to the story Agatha could not find the statement she had prepared. Instead the story said: *Socialite Agatha Christopher showed last night she was as handy with her insults as her personal prize fighter, Lefty Langan, is with his fists. Operating strictly on a dem and dose level, Aggie charged that Eddie Manolo was "yellow" and "a bum" because he wouldn't sign with her Lefty for a fight in the Garden on the twenty-fourth.*

"Tell the bum to come out and fight," said Aggressive Aggie, as she drew short beers in her Eighth Avenue gin mill. "My Lefty will take him."

Agatha threw the paper down and said, "Oh, my God! I hope they don't sell this paper in Chicago!"

A little after eight o'clock Walter called Agatha to the telephone to receive Jack's call from Chicago. She hurried to her office, and was taken by surprise when he said, "I appreciated your telegram, Agatha. It meant a lot to me." She had completely forgotten the telegram.

"I wish you were here now, Jack," she said. "We've really got excitement." She told him all that had happened.

"I wish I were there, too, Agatha, but I'll be lucky if I can get back by the twenty-fourth, in time for the fight. There's a couple of million involved in this will contest, and it's dragging on and on."

"But call me," she said. "Please call me. I'll be at the Westbrook, Jack, from now on."

AGATHA returned to the bar. She had eaten no dinner, and she ordered a sandwich and coffee sent out from the kitchen. By the time she had finished eating, later editions of the tabloids had been brought in. Agatha's photograph was on every newsstand in the city, and the headline: AGGIE DARES EDDIE, had been read up and down Broadway, on Jacobs' Beach, and undoubtedly in that vague area tenanted by the West Side crowd. Just after ten o'clock there was a telephone call for Oscar. He went back to the office to take it, and when he returned he raised his hands for attention and shouted: "It was Eddie's manager. He said he'll sign."

It touched off a celebration in Leo's Place, and in the midst of it Agatha sat silent at the bar, wondering if Monte Wharton had given the word to sign.

Agatha and Oscar went back to the office and took turns telephoning the newspapers with the information that Manola had agreed to sign. By the time they were through, it was past eleven, and Agatha called the Westbrook, found a room was available, and asked Walter to call a cab.

Oscar carried her suitcase to the cab. "Aggie, you wanted to know what you could do to help. Well, tonight you done it. You got this fight for us."

"I'm glad I could be of some help at last, Oscar."

"Every time you take a breath you're a help, Aggie."

Agatha's smile was weary and forced, but she felt soothed and a little more relaxed. She went immediately to bed when she reached the Westbrook and slept dreamlessly through the night. . . .

The late editions of the morning papers, which she read at breakfast, carried the whole story and reported that the papers would be signed that day. The AGGIE DARES EDDIE headline had disappeared, but turned up in the caption under her photograph as *Dame Who Dared Eddie.* But only early editions reached eastern Connecticut, and when Gwen called she cried, "Aggie Dares Eddie! Good Lord, Agatha! And what do you mean, calling people yellow and bums?"

"Mother, I didn't say all those things," Agatha said. "I made a nice dignified statement and the boxing writers put those words in my mouth."

"Well," Gwen said, "we'll talk about that tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Agatha said.

"Reserve me a room at the Westbrook," Gwen said. "I'm coming in."

The papers were signed that morning, and forfeits were posted. Lefty resumed his sparring that afternoon and there was a crowd to watch, a crowd that gave Agatha a hand as she came in, and a laugh as well. She was sitting in the front row alone, closely watching the boxing, when Monte Wharton slid into the chair beside her and said, "You sure put the heat on, Miss Christopher."

"Don't you think Lefty is entitled to the fight?"

"He is," Monte said. "Sure he is. But Eddie's entitled to a go at the champ, too, don't you think?"

"If he can beat Lefty, he is," Agatha said.

Monte smiled and said, "It will be a good fight."

After Lefty had finished his workout and gone off to the showers Oscar approached Agatha, looked discreetly around him, and asked, "What did that joker want, Aggie?"

"He just passed the time of day," Agatha said.

"Okay, then," Oscar said. "But I wouldn't put it past the guy to come around asking for a barney."

"A barney?" Agatha said. "What's that?"

"A barney is a fixed fight."

FROM Skelly's Gym, Agatha went down to Leo's Place. All anyone talked about was fights, fights, fights, and she was becoming a little bored with comments on her pictures in the papers. That night, after dining alone, and seeing a movie, she went early to bed, and was glad next day to see her mother.

Agatha's days were crowded then and her mother's energy brought a secret smile to her lips. Gwen was so obviously keeping her busy so that she would see little of Lefty Langan, yet the truth was that during the intensive days of training she would hardly have seen Lefty anyway.

She went every day to Skelly's Gym to watch Lefty work out, and usually she dropped in at Leo's Place sometime during the day. There was much talk of the fight, and the bets that had been made.

As the 24th approached, the odds favored Manolo, but only at five to seven, and Si Kraft, who knew about such things, said they might drop to even money by the night of the fight. Lefty's knockout of Sailor Brennan had impressed the fight crowd, Si said, and Manolo had been lucky to get a technical K.O. of Blackie White.

The time passed very swiftly. The fighters were examined by the commission doctors, and encephalograms were taken, and all at once the fight was only two days off. That night, when she talked to Jack Barlow on the telephone, he told her that he had finished his case and would come back next day.

"I've been counting on it," Agatha said. "Jack, I'll meet you at the train." She felt happy, and excited, and she told herself that this separation had been a good thing. It had brought her life into focus.

But waiting at the train gate late the next afternoon, Agatha felt unaccountably shy. He had been gone for so long. She felt that she was waiting for a stranger, and when at last she saw his tall figure moving up the ramp her heart pounded. He seemed thinner than she remembered, and the long planes of his face were stiff and tired. She could see how hard he had been working.

They took a cab down to Tenth Street,

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where he had a walk-up apartment, and on the way he talked a little about the case he had been trying, in a restrained, halting manner, as if he were sure the details would not interest her. When he opened the door of his apartment he stood aside and waited until she had said the usual things about how nice it was.

"Pretty small, though," he said. "Agatha, you think two could housekeep here?"

Agatha blushed and said, "I suppose so, if one of them could cook."

"I'll tell you something," he said. "I've been trying to find another apartment. I have an agent working on it."

"But this place is attractive," Agatha said, perversely. "It suits you, doesn't it?"

"Are you being evasive?"

She looked at him and smiled. "I guess I am. Jack, I simply don't want to talk about the details of living, apartments and cooking now. You've just got back!"

He fumbled for a cigarette, and said a little less lightly than he had probably intended, "Remember, I've got it in writing. I have that telegram right here in my pocket."

"Heavens!" Agatha said. "Am I going to have to talk to you through my lawyer?"

"I'm your lawyer," he said. His tone was not light; there was grimness in it. He stood looking at her, blinking a little. He seemed pale, and his lean, sensitive face was set and determined.

Agatha's heart beat fast. She stood very still, meeting his eyes, and said softly, "Jack, I'm sorry."

His smile was diffident and appealing. Agatha knew how much she had missed that smile, and suddenly she put out both her hands. He took them firmly, looked down at her and said, "Maybe I've pushed you too hard, Agatha. Maybe I've taken too much for granted. Suppose we get matters absolutely straight between us, once and for all."

She whispered, "After all, you've never said anything formal to me, Jack, like will I marry you."

"Will you marry me, Agatha?"

"Yes, I will," Agatha said. His arms were around her, and Agatha clung to him. She knew at last that she had always wanted someone to cling to. There was no evasion in her any more and she whispered, "Oh, I love you, Jack. I've missed you so much."

Later when they went to dinner, descending the stairs hand in hand, Agatha said, "Jack, it was because of Leo's Place I met you. Let's go have a nice, sentimental Manhattan in Leo's Place."

The neon sign was winking on Eighth Avenue as their cab approached Leo's Place, and it was difficult to recall how much the first sight of that sign had depressed her.

As they entered the bar, Jack said, "Looks like we'll have to take that Manhattan hanging off the chandelier."

Leo's Place was packed, two deep at the bar, all the tables occupied. They moved back through the crowd, and Walter hurried up with a harried look. "I saved a table in back, Aggie."

"Never mind, Walter," she said. "We'll have a drink in the office."

THEY started toward the back but before they reached the door a hearty voice called, "Hey, Agatha!"

She turned, and saw Charlie Harper's grinning face. He took her hand and shook it, and she said, "What are you doing here?"

"Came in for the fight," he said. "I always been meaning to take a look at this joint of yours, Agatha."

"Mr. Harper, may I present Mr. Barlow," Agatha said.

"Hi," Charlie said. He was in a pleasant haze from drinking. "Baby, you sure set Menasset on its ear."

"Excuse us, Charlie," Agatha said.

"Now, wait." His hand held her elbow tightly. "I got the girl friend over there. Come over to our table, you two."

"Who's the girl friend?" Agatha said, turning to look.

"Li'l ole Selma," Charlie said.

Walter obligingly appeared with chairs, under the impression he was doing Agatha a service, and Agatha suppressed a groan and went over to speak to Selma Morrow. She made the introductions, and they sat down.

"Agatha," Charlie said, "remember that old Willett house? I finally sold that house. How do you like that?"

"How nice for Mrs. Willett," Agatha said.

"Yeah, I guess she could use the dough," Charlie said. "And say, thanks for the customer, Agatha."

"What customer?"

"The redhead. Lucille Long. We closed the deal yesterday. I think she's got a nice little property there. Ought to do good business. And you know"—Charlie laughed—"she plunked down the payment in cash money. Ten thousand!"

Agatha's eyes were wide. "You mean Lucille paid you ten thousand in cash, Charlie?"

"What I said," Charlie said. "Me and Selma are putting a little of it back in circulation right this minute."

Agatha met Jack's eyes. Ten thousand dollars! Where had Lucille got hold of ten thousand in cash?

(To be concluded next week)

"Let me tell you about this stag they threw for us—understand—I've been to plenty of stags—!"

"George said the convention was very dull this year. They used to have loads of fun"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

"Think you'll last, Pop?"

"I guess I can hold out till your mother gets home from the hospital next week. But I've learned something from all this."

"I'll say! You've sure learned how to scramble eggs. Can I have some more?"

"Sure . . . but I wonder how your mother would get along if something happened to me. How could she keep house . . . take care of you two, and be out working, too?"

"Gosh, I don't know, Pop. Eggs, please?"

"Yes, in a minute. But I'm going to fix things, so if any thing does happen to me, your mother will always have enough money to take good care of you kids. It's no use putting it off any longer. I'm going to arrange with The Mutual Life for an *Insured Income* first thing today! Then I'll know that you and Mom will be taken care of . . . and if I'm still around when you two are all grown up, your mother and I will be able to take things easy together."

"Swell, Pop. Eggs?"

* * *

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How to Guess Your Age

By COREY FORD

If you've stopped running for trains and winters seem colder, you're getting along quite normally

IT SEEMS to me that they are building staircases steeper than they used to. The risers are higher, or there are more of them, or something. Maybe this is because it is so much farther today from the first floor to the second floor, but I've noticed it is getting harder to make two steps at a time any more. Nowadays it is all I can do to make one step at a time.

Another thing I've noticed is the small print they're using lately. Newspapers are getting farther and farther away when I hold them, and I have to squint to make them out. The other day I had to back halfway out of a telephone booth in order to read the number on the coin box. It is obviously ridiculous to suggest that a person my age needs glasses, but the only other way I can find out what's going on is to have somebody read aloud to me, and that's not too satisfactory because people speak in such a low voice these days that I can't hear them very well.

I had to back halfway out

Everything is farther than it used to be. It's twice the distance from my house to the station now, and they've added a fair-sized hill that I never noticed before. The trains leave sooner, too. I've given up running for them, because they start faster these days when I try to catch them.

You can't depend on timetables any more, and it's no use asking the conductor. I ask him a dozen times a trip if the next station is where I get off, and he always says it isn't. How can you trust a conductor like that? Usually I gather up my bundles and put on my hat and coat and stand in the aisle a couple of stops away, just to make sure I don't go past my destination. Sometimes I make doubly sure by getting off at the station ahead.

A lot of other things are different lately. Barbers no longer hold up a mirror behind me when they've finished, so I can see the back of my head, and my wife has been taking care of the tickets lately when we go to the theater. They don't put the same material into clothes any more, either. I've noticed that all my suits have a tendency to shrink, especially in certain places such as around the waist or in the seat of the pants, and the laces they put in shoes nowadays are much harder to reach.

Snow is heavier when I shovel it

Even the weather is changing. It's getting colder in winter, and the summers are hotter than they used to be. I'd go away, if it wasn't so far. Snow is heavier when I try to shovel it, and I have to put on rubbers whenever I go out, because rain today is wetter than the rain we used to get. Drafts are more severe, too. It must be the way they build windows now.

People are changing, too. For one thing, they're younger than they used to be when I was their age. I went back recently to an alumni reunion at the college I graduated from in 1943—that is, 1933—I mean *1923*—and I was shocked to see the mere tots they're admitting as students these days. The average age of the freshman class couldn't have been more than seven. They seem to be more polite than in my time, though; several undergraduates called me, "Sir," and one of them asked me if he could help me across the street.

"Everything's different," he said

On the other hand, people my own age are so much older than I am. I realize that my generation is approaching middle age (I define middle age roughly as the period between 21 and 110) but there is no excuse for my classmates tottering into a state of advanced senility. I ran into my old roommate at the bar, and he'd changed so much that he didn't recognize me. "You've put on a little weight, George," I said.

"It's this modern food," George said. "It seems to be more fattening."

"How about another Martini?" I said. "Have you noticed how much weaker the Martinis are these days?"

"Everything is different," said George. "Even the food you get. It's more fattening."

"How long since I've seen you, George?" I said. "It must be several years."

"I think the last time was right after the election," said George.

"What election was that?"

George thought for a moment. "Coolidge," he said.

I ordered a couple more Martinis. "Have you noticed these Martinis are weaker than they used to be?" I said.

"It isn't like the good old days," George said. "Remember when we'd go down to the speak, and order some orange blossoms, and maybe pick up a couple of flappers? Boy, could they neck! Hot diggety!"

They don't seem to use the same kind of glass in mirrors any more

"You used to be quite a cake-eater, George," I said. "Do you still do the black bottom?"

"I put on too much weight," said George. "This food nowadays seems to be more fattening."

"I know," I said, "you mentioned that just a minute ago."

"Did I?" said George.

"How about another Martini?" I said. "Have you noticed the Martinis aren't as strong as they used to be?"

"Yeah," said George, "you said that twice before."

"Oh," I said. . . .

I got to thinking about poor old George while I was shaving this morning. I stopped for a moment and looked at my own reflection in the mirror. They don't seem to use the same kind of glass in mirrors any more.

DRAWINGS BY PERRY BARLOW

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ERIN GOES BRINY

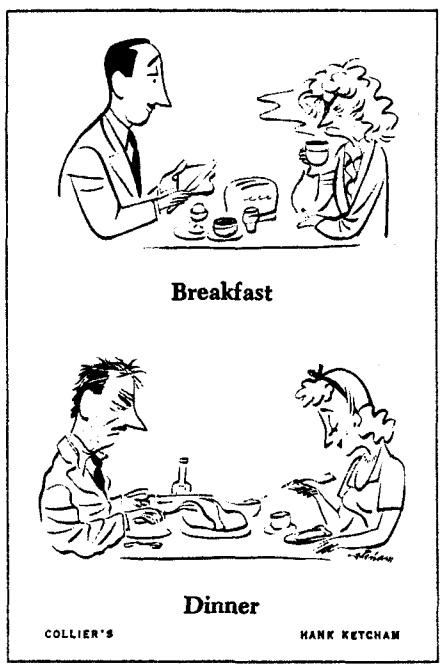
Continued from page 19

help. Praise be, the lads are learning. Several of them have taken courses in England. Done jolly well in them too."

Captain Jerome's phrase lingered. *Traditions are all very well but what I need is a few electricians.* Have the Irish, with their vivid sense of the past, bewitched themselves into thinking they are a nautical nation? Just how salty is Irish history?

I decided on a little quick, on-the-spot research. With the aid of a few reference books I learned a lot fast. I found the fight in 950 A.D. all right. But the next 700 years revealed no consecutive naval activity on the part of the sons of Erin. From 1166, when the first Anglo-Normans hit the Irish beach, until the exploit of Owen Roe O'Neill in 1642, the Irish Sea seems to have been alive with ships—all of them British, ferrying armies and landlords to overrun the Emerald Isle. But not a sea fight did I find.

In 1642, an Irish Admiralty briefly came into being. Briefly, because a party in Ireland sided with the lost cause, in this instance that of Charles I, the Stuart king who parted with his head seven years later. Red Owen O'Neill was in the service of Spain when the news reached him that there was some fine fighting to be had in the Ould Country. He organized a fleet of frigates, Irish-manned and flying an Irish pennant.



Breakfast

Dinner

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

On the way home he met a Cromwellian fleet, which he put to rout. As the colonel had pointed out, O'Neill made port with two prizes in tow. It was the grand homecoming.

Then I checked on the other five naval figures cited to me—O'Higgins, Barry, Holland and the two earls, Beatty and Cork. All were born in Ireland, right enough, except O'Higgins, but they all had left their native land by the time they were of voting age. At 21 John Barry was a shipmaster out of Philadelphia, and Holland was teaching school in New Jersey. Beatty joined the Royal Navy at the ripe age of 13, and so did the Earl of Cork.

Again, all except O'Higgins were closely connected with the sea. Barry outfitted the first Continental fleet in 1775 and became the senior captain of the brand-new U.S. Navy 19 years later. John Holland's original submarine (1875) was definitely designed for the typically Irish objective of crossing the Atlantic and blowing up the British fleet. His ninth submarine was the first ever bought by the U.S. Navy—in 1900. (Ironically enough the British Admiralty acquired all Holland's patents!)

As for the earls, Beatty made history at Jutland and became First Sea Lord of the Royal Navy, and Cork earned Winston Churchill's praise for his handling of fleet units in the tragic Norway campaign of 1940.

But O'Higgins, I thought, I can't let them have O'Higgins. He was born in South America and became the first president of Chile. His martial prowess was as a cavalry leader. He hardly ever put to sea, and he was father of the Chilean Navy only in the sense that he signed the bill creating it.

I went to bed late, satisfied with my research. I'll call them in the morning, thought I, and tell them they can't have O'Higgins.

My newspaper the next morning at breakfast was full of the exploit of the Cliona, the corvette which brought medical aid to a merchant captain stricken 300 miles at sea. Despite wild weather and high seas the sick man was transferred to the corvette.

"It is a high tribute to Irish naval precision," I read in my Irish Times, "that the Cliona drew alongside at Foynes only two minutes after the appointed time for the ambulance. Surgeon Little said the Irish Naval Service was superb. . . ."

"Wasn't that the grand rescue!" said my waiter, noting my interest. "Them's the lads."

"They say the man they brought in is still in a very grave condition."

"Ah, we all have to die once," said the waiter. " 'Twas a fine bold thing to do whatever happens."

The Forgotten Admiral

I was called to the telephone. It was one of the public-information officers of the day before. He'd beaten me to the draw. Should I let them keep O'Higgins?

"When we were talking yesterday," the soft Irish voice came through, "we forgot to mention Admiral William Brown, the County Mayo man who won the Battle of the River Plate in 1820."

"You mean the man who was the father of the Argentine Navy?" I tossed back.

"The very one. How did you know?"

"Just a hunch," I said.

We rang off with mutual expressions of good will.

They still have O'Higgins.

Past and present merge in Ireland in a way that is hard for us to understand. The Irish naval tradition may seem tenuous to us, but it is very real to them. They are proud of their new Naval Service for a far stronger reason than tradition: It is a dramatic symbol of their growing independence. They recognize their new ships as a means of enforcing neutrality rather than as a powerful fleet in being.

An editorial in the Irish Independent expressed this well: "The desire to defend the neutrality of territorial waters is laudable, but to establish a Navy that can defy the Great Powers is nonsense. . . ."

As recently as 1944 the Free State flag was a rare sight beyond her own coasts. I remember a story I heard in Scotland that summer. An Irish merchant ship was trying to enter the Clyde. Failing to recognize the green, white and orange stripes painted on her side, the Port Officer kept her waiting outside the gate in the antisubmarine net. He sent a boarding party to investigate. "And what d'ye think they found?" the Port Officer asked me later. "The ship was full of bloomin' Irishmen!"

This won't happen again. The Irish are on the sea, says the Shan Van Vocht, and they mean to remain there.

Some of the wild geese can stay home.

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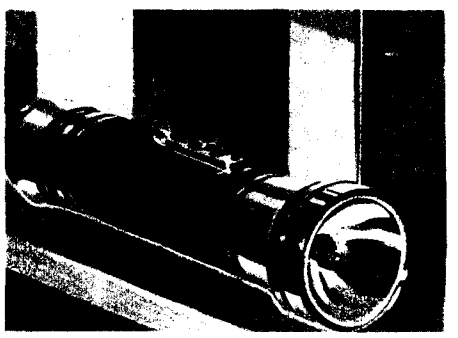

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WHITE WEDDING

Continued from page 12

up and put on his robe. He wandered over to the window and looked out. Then he whistled softly to himself. "I don't want to worry you, darling," he said, "but I'll bet the wires are all down and the trains have stopped running and we'll be here without any heat or lights or water until a thaw sets in."

Julie tried to laugh but she cried instead. "It's her wedding day," she said, "and she's my daughter. I won't have her waiting at the church. I won't!"

"Will you kindly tell me why Duncan ever left here?"

"His mother," said Julie. "She doesn't like trains."

"I should think a philosopher would be able to handle things like that."

"He doesn't even try," said Julie. "He just gives in to her."

"If that's the case, he won't make much of a husband."

"Bill," said Julie, hysterically, "this is no time to tell me anything like that." The tears started again but she fought them back. "I don't care what kind of a husband he makes so long as he gets here for the wedding."

"Okay," said Bill. "I'll shovel snow."

THE week before Thanksgiving, when Mary Stevenson had announced to her parents at breakfast that she was going to marry Duncan Jones, her father looked up at her quizzically and inquired: "Who is Duncan Jones?"

"He's a professor," said Mary. "A professor of philosophy."

"You might bring him around sometime," said her father. "Your mother would probably like to meet him."

"Especially if you're going to marry him," Julie said. "Has he a family?"

"He has a mother," said Mary, "and he's very fond of her. We'll have to live with her, at least for a while."

Bill and Julie exchanged glances. "Where does she live, dear?" Julie asked. "I mean, where will *you* live?"

"Ithaca. Duncan lectures at the university."

"Known him long?"

"Since September."

"Where'd you meet him?"

"I attended one of his lectures at Town Hall."

"Well," said Bill, "I suppose it could be worse."

"Duncan wants me to continue my education," said Mary. "He thinks all women should have a college degree."

"Very interesting," Bill said. "What does he think about children?"

"Oh," said Mary, "we'll probably have children."

"I should hope so," said Julie, "if he's the right kind of a boy."

"He's not a boy, Mother. He's twenty-nine."

"Tell him to come and see me," said Bill. "I'd better look him over before you make any more plans." . . .

A week later Duncan appeared for dinner. He was tall and thin and dark with a quiet, assured manner and a low-voiced, intense way of speaking that made everything he had to say seem very important. His attitude toward Mary was protective and kindly; hers toward him, subdued and respectful. They wanted to be married the day after Christmas, he said, because Mary had always dreamed of a holiday wedding in the country and he would be on vacation from the university. Then, too, they had a program to follow and it was important for them to be all settled in time for the start of the new semester in February.

The four weeks that followed, the all too few days that led up to this day, were a whirling kaleidoscope of frantic shopping, endless telephoning and hurried, last-minute arrangements. The precious last days passed by without any of the gaiety that Julie had always associated with weddings. There were no showers, no luncheons, no tea parties. Duncan was teaching at the university and Mary was preparing herself for college boards as well as for marriage.

It was an odd romance and Julie was very puzzled over it. Duncan was brilliant, he was kind, he was even-tempered, he was devoted to his mother but he was the last man that anyone would ever have suspected Mary of choosing for a husband. Julie felt that she knew her daughter as well as any mother can ever know a child. Hadn't she spent the war years alone with Mary, while Bill was in the service and Ned was at school in Rhode Island? Hadn't she gone through all of her daughter's growing pains alone?

From the first, Julie had tried to establish a sort of kinship with Mrs. Jones, Duncan's mother. None of her overtures of friendship had succeeded. Duncan said his mother was not at all well and never liked to be out of her own home overnight. That was why, even though Julie had prepared two guest rooms for her exclusive use during the wedding, she turned down the invitation to spend the holidays in Little Falls. This meant that Duncan had to remain in Ithaca to be with his mother on Christmas Day.

Then, too, Mrs. Jones hated trains. It was so important to get her to the wedding with the least amount of discomfort that Duncan decided not to leave home until the morning of the ceremony. Mary acted as though Duncan's behavior was quite normal but it seemed very odd to Julie.

"I never worry about the cost of living. After all, it is a necessary expense"

COLLIER'S — SIDNEY HOFF

The summer that Mary was seventeen she fell in love. The war was still holding Bill in service and the long bright lazy days in Little Falls almost drove Julie to distraction because Bill was somewhere in the Pacific and she missed him terribly. Ned was home from school, courting a girl who was visiting the Marshalls, and Mary spent every waking moment with the Tuthill boy who lived in the big white colonial house on the green.

Tutt went into the Navy that autumn and the girl who was visiting the Marshalls returned home to Massachusetts. Then Ned left for school and Mary was alone with Julie. Julie was content to wait but Mary went out to meet life. She disappeared one day, off to be near Tutt who was at boot camp in the northern part of the state. Her adventure ended almost as soon as it started. Tutt was in training and couldn't even get off to see her. He wired for his father who brought Mary back home.

Julie had never told Bill about the George Tuthill affair, not because she feared any lack of understanding on his part, but because he was so far away at the time and when he came home the crisis was over. Mary had built a brand-new life for herself, one that was full of lectures and committees and self-improvement.

Julie watched the snow and was sure that Mrs. Jones would not venture out in such a storm, not even for her son's wedding. There was not a chance for anyone to drive that distance in safety today. Nothing could save the situation now. They might just as well close up the house and go back to town.

There was a sudden commotion outside the door and an indignant young voice called out, "Mother, will you make this monster get out of my bedroom?"

Julie opened the door. "What monster?"

Mary was standing in the hall. She was dressed in gray ski pants and a bright red jersey. She looked very young and high-tempered. "Your son," she said.

Ned's dark head appeared. "That's my shirt."

CLOSING the door of her bedroom, Julie quietly led them down the hall to their own quarters. "Why are you both up so early?"

"We're going skiing," Ned said.

"Not Mary."

"Yes," said Mary. "There'll never be this much snow again and I'm not being married until four. Make him give me this shirt, Mother."

Julie took her son's arm. "Give it to her," she said. "After all, this is the last day you'll be together for a long time."

"Okay," Ned said, "but I think we're spoiling her. We ought to toughen her up for life in Ithaca."

Mary smiled. "He's trying to break up my marriage," she said.

"That's a lie," Ned protested. "She asked me what I thought of her bridegroom and I told her that while he might be very exciting mentally, I was pretty sure she'd find him dull otherwise."

"You're not worried, are you, dear?" Julie asked Mary.

"About what, Mother?"

"About the snow," said Julie, "and Duncan getting here for the wedding."

"He's at the Inn," said Mary. "He drove his mother down last night. He knew it was going to snow. He always knows things like that."

"Why didn't they come here?" Julie asked.

"Duncan thought it would be less trouble if they went to the Inn."

"That isn't what's worrying Mary," said Ned, pointedly.

MARY turned on her brother in a blaze of temper. "If you say one more word, Neddy," she said furiously, "I won't speak to you as long as I live."

"You might as well tell me," said Julie.

"Can't," said Ned.

Mary looked up at her brother. "Go ahead, Ned," she said. "Tell her."

"He's home," said Ned. "There was a light there last night."

"He's come home for my wedding," said Mary. "Mother, don't you think we could ask him to go away?"

Julie hesitated. "We didn't invite him," she said, reassuringly. "I don't think he'll come."

"We invited Aunt Kitty," said Mary, "and she wrote that she would come if she could find anyone to drive her down. Tutt's her favorite nephew."

"In that case, I'm afraid there's nothing we can do."

"Mother, we've *got* to do something. Maybe Father will speak to him."

"Darling," said Julie, patiently, "your father would be the last one to tell Kitty Brown that we don't want her favorite nephew at the wedding."

"Then it's up to Ned."

"Not me," said Ned. "Tutt's one of my best friends."

"I'm your sister."

"I don't get it," said Ned. "You've invited the whole village."

"I certainly didn't expect *him* to come."

"Maybe he won't show. Let's wait and see."

"No," said Mary, "I won't wait. I want you to speak to him."

Julie walked out of the room and closed the door. She could hear their voices all the way down the hall. When she reached her own room, Bill was pacing up and down in his bare feet. "Are those two fighting again?" he asked.

"Bill," she said, "I don't think she's in love with him."

"What are you talking about?"

"Mary."

"You don't like Duncan's mother," said Bill.

"That's not it," said Julie. "It's Tutt."

Bill dropped his shoes and walked over to her. "Now listen, my love," he said, "you're acting like a very bad case of mother-of-the-bride. I know all about Tutt and the gossip in the village, but it's my opinion that Mary is old enough to know what she's doing."

"Bill," said Julie, nervously, "you know as well as I do that there are things about life and men that Mary doesn't understand. She's upset because Tutt is here for the wedding and she hasn't slept

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all night. Maybe it doesn't mean a thing but I wish you'd tell her that we don't want her to make a mistake."

"I told her that four weeks ago."

"I want you to tell her again."

"This is a hell of a time," said Bill, "to talk about mistakes." . . .

They were staring at each other wordless when the doorbell rang. The clock on the night table indicated twenty minutes after 5 A.M.

"Maybe it's Duncan," said Julie. She crossed the room quickly and ran out into the hallway. When she got to the head of the stairs she leaned over the banister and listened. She heard Mary open the front door but couldn't make out what she said. "Mary," she called. "Is it Duncan?"

"No," said Mary. "It's Tutt."

He was a tall, lanky young man with dark hair, bright blue eyes and a healthy outdoor color that was heightened by the snow and wind. He was dressed in a heavy windbreaker and stout snow boots, and was carrying a large vacuum bottle, a bright red blanket and a long yellow slicker.

"Hello, Mary," he said.

"Hello, stranger," said Mary.

"I brought you some hot coffee," he said. He handed her the big vacuum bottle. When he turned around he caught sight of Julie standing hesitantly on the stairway. "Hello, sweetheart," he said.

Julie smiled. "Come here and give me a kiss," she said.

Tutt was giving her a big hug when Bill walked down the stairs.

"Hey, sailor," said Bill, "that's my wife."

Tutt released Julie and held out his hand. "Good morning, Major," he said. "I hope I haven't disturbed you people on such an important day."

"Is this a social call?" Bill asked.

"More or less. I'm here for the wedding."

"You're a little early," said Bill. "By the way, isn't it snowing?"

"About fifteen inches already, sir. And falling hard."

"How did you get here?"

"In my jeep. I have a plow on the front of it."

"Well," said Bill, "I'm certainly glad you came. I didn't think anyone of us would get out of here alive."

Tutt moved over and stood beside Mary. "Aunt Kitty wants you to come down and stay at our house," he said. "We can make you very comfortable."

"How will we get in?"

"I'll make two trips in the jeep, sir. I'll take the girls first."

MOTIONING for Bill to follow, Julie walked into the living room. She saw Tutt lean down and whisper something to Mary and she hoped they would make peace with each other. The tall Christmas tree was standing forlornly in one corner of the big, square room, its branches drooping wearily under the weight of its bright gay trimmings. There was something rather sad about the tree, something that said it was of no use to anyone now. Bill must have felt it, too, because he turned on the switch but the tree didn't light up.

"Wires are all down," said Tutt.

"I was afraid of that," said Bill. "Telephone, too?"

Tutt nodded. "Milly Smith is standing by down at the exchange. She'll get the wedding messages through on an emergency wire."

"How about the people at the Inn?" Julie asked. "Our folks are there and all the rest of the guests."

"I cleared a path up there a few hours ago. Some woman wasn't feeling well and poor old Doc Wright got himself buried in a snowbank trying to get up the hill. He had Milly Smith wake me up to get him out."

"Who was it?" asked Julie, excitedly.

"Mother of the groom," said Tutt, laconically.

"I hope it's nothing serious," said Julie.

"Simple case of losing a son," said Tutt. "That's what Doc Wright said."

"I didn't know the Joneses had arrived," said Bill.

"I didn't have time to tell you, dear," Julie murmured.

"It's my fault," said Mary. "I should have told you last night but you and mother were in bed when Ned and I came in."

Bill put his arms around his daughter and held her very tight. "I couldn't get mad at you today, kiddy, no matter how hard I tried. I'm delighted that your bridegroom is here. We'll have a wedding now."

"Yes," said Mary. She buried her head in her father's coat and without any warning she started to cry.

"Hey," said Bill. "What's the matter?"

"Take her upstairs," said Julie. "I'll give her a handkerchief."

"No," said Mary, between sobs. "I'll be all right." She let her father wipe the tears away and smiled when he kissed her. "Sorry," she said.

TUTT walked over and took her hand. "How about a cup of coffee?" he said. "Make you feel as beautiful as you look."

Mary sighed. "Do I really look beautiful?" she asked.

Tutt took the top off the vacuum bottle and carefully poured some coffee into a plastic cup that he fished out of his pocket. When he offered the cup to Mary his hand shook.

"The lady asked you a question," said Bill.

"I was about to say to the lady," Tutt replied, soberly, "that to me, she has never looked lovelier."

"For a sailor," said Bill, "that was well spoken."

Julie coughed nervously. She didn't want Mary to start crying again and she was very much afraid that too much attention from Tutt would bring on another freshet. "How about the people at the Inn?" she asked. "Will we be able to get them into the village in time for the wedding?"

"I'll plow a path," said Tutt, "and I'll bring the older people down in the jeep. Aunt Kitty has a big turkey all cooked and so has everyone else in town. Left over from yesterday. We'll round up enough food to feed all the guests and they can walk over to our house from the church. We have fires going in all the rooms and lots of stuff down in the wine cellar."

"But the caterers," said Julie.

"They won't get here from town today," said Bill.

"We've got everything figured out for you," said Tutt. "There's nothing to worry about except getting out of here before we're snowbound."

"That means within the hour," said Bill. He looked at Julie and she nodded her head. Then he turned to Mary. "Well, kiddy?" he said.

There was a moment of hesitation. Then Mary looked up at Tutt with a smile that was strangely disconsolate. "I'm for moving right along," she said. "It looks to me as though Tutt has saved my wedding day." . . .

They packed the jeep with all of the wedding finery while Bill and Ned closed the house up, room by room. The snow was knee-high and the wind whipped against them as they trudged back and forth to the jeep with the long dress boxes and the new luggage. The snow made icicles in their hair, it clung to their faces as well as their clothes. They packed the canary-yellow jeep so full that Mary and Julie had to squeeze into the front seat with Tutt.

It was snowing so hard that the road markers were already buried. The plow

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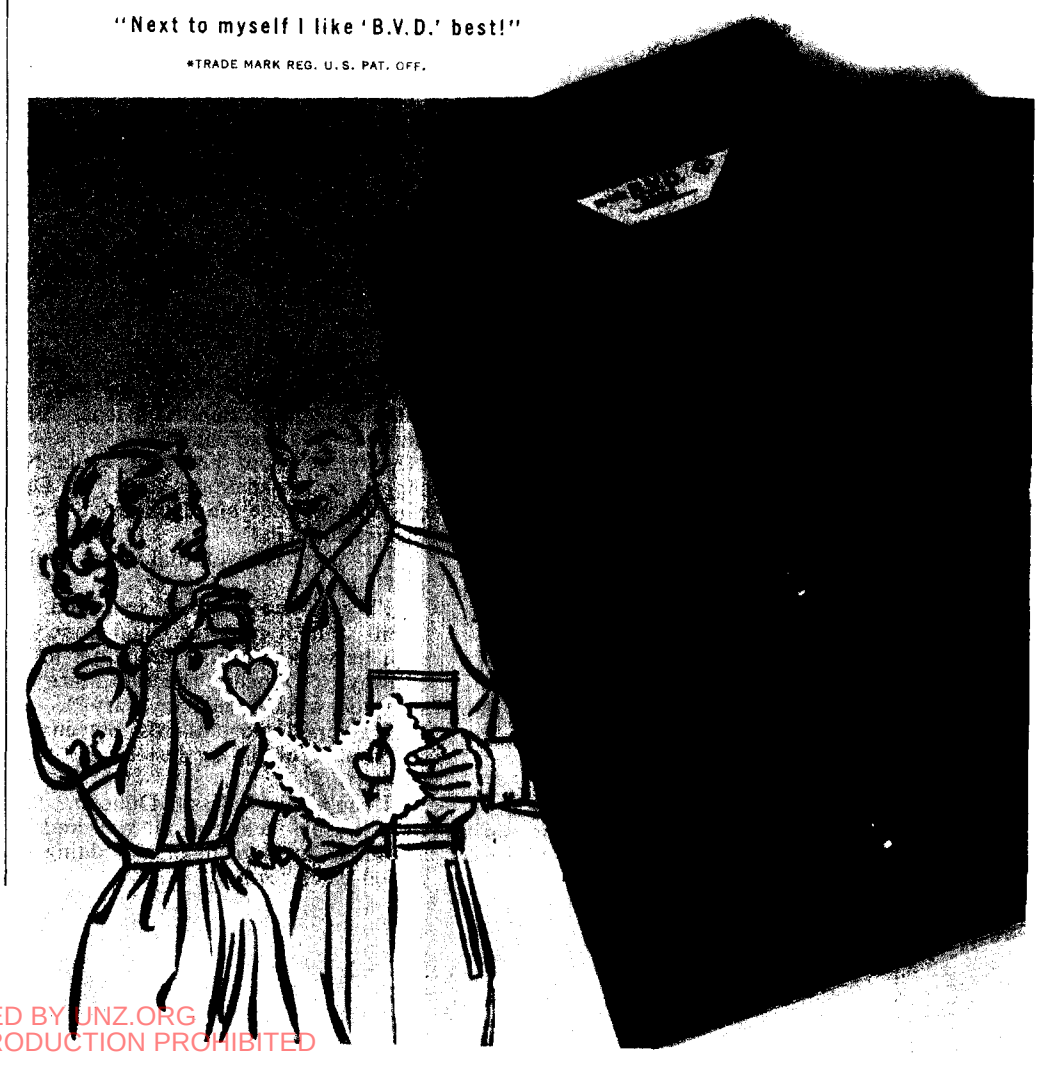

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cleared a narrow path for them, but the world was a stark white landscape and there was a hush over everything that was almost frightening. It took them over an hour to get into Little Falls. The town was still sleeping under its deep white coverlet and no one had ventured abroad.

Aunt Kitty stood in the doorway and called out a hearty welcome as Tutt made a path for them to follow up the long entrance walk. They were clumsy from the cold and Julie was worried because Mary had been so quiet on the long ride into town. Kitty greeted them with such warmth that Mary started to cry but they had a hot drink to thaw them out and in a few minutes they were all laughing uproariously.

Kitty served breakfast while Tutt unloaded the jeep and after breakfast Mary and Julie went upstairs to unpack the wedding finery in the rooms that Kitty had made ready for them. It was while they were upstairs that Tutt called to say he was going back. They heard the front door slam as he hurried out into the storm.

Mary opened the window and called to him.

"Can't hear you," said Tutt. "The wind—"

"You can hear me all right," said Mary. "I'm coming with you." She closed the window and walked hurriedly across the room. "I'm going with him, Mother," she said. "He needs someone to help watch the road."

"Duncan may call," said Julie.

"Ask him to call back." She was down the stairs before Julie could stop her.

THE two hours that followed were, mercifully, very busy ones. There was a big breakfast to be prepared for Bill and Ned and Tutt, who would be ravenous by the time they were safely back in town. Kitty and Julie worked together with great concentration; they planned a menu for the wedding reception, they cleaned the silver, they pressed the linen, they set out all the best family china.

Julie was just about ready to put on a pair of snowshoes in order to track down her family when Tutt came up the path carrying Mary, followed by Bill and Ned. They stamped into the house, shaking snow all over the carpets. Mary had cut her leg helping Tutt push the jeep out of a snowbank and they were all rushing around trying to doctor it when the doorbell rang sharply. Tutt got up to answer it but Kitty motioned him back. "I'll go," she said. "You take care of Mary."

They all waited, wondering who would be calling in the midst of such a bad storm.

Kitty walked back into the room. "It's Duncan Jones," she said. "He wants to see Mary."

Julie rose to her feet in protest. "He can't see her now," she said. "It's bad luck."

Mary stood up slowly. "Give me my sock, Ned," she said.

"Darling," said Julie, "you simply can't see Duncan before the wedding. I don't care how important it is. Your father can talk to him."

Mary held out her foot while Ned slipped on her sock and shoe. "If Duncan wants to see me, I think we should let him come in."

"I'd better shovel that front walk," said Tutt.

"I'll give you a hand," said Ned.

Bill waited until they had gone and then he walked across the room to the hallway. "Duncan," he said, "are you sure you want to talk to Mary?"

"It's very important, Mr. Stevenson."

"You know it's against all the rules, don't you?"

"I can't help it," said Duncan. "My mother isn't feeling at all well and I'm afraid the excitement of a wedding will be too much for her."

"Oh," said Bill. "Well, come in."

Duncan was dressed warmly in a fleece-lined short coat, ski trousers, heavy socks and boots and a cap that held earmuffs in place. His face looked drawn and tired and there was an expression of deep anxiety in his eyes. He took off his cap and coat in the hallway and then he went forward slowly and smiled at Mary.

She held out both hands to him. "I'm sorry about your mother," she said. "I hope the trip wasn't too much for her."

"She had a weak spell right after midnight. I was so frightened I sent for the doctor. I wouldn't want anything to happen to her."

"Of course not," said Mary.

"The doctor gave her a sedative but she's still pretty shaky. I don't like to suggest this, Mary, but I think we'd better postpone the wedding."

There was a snort of indignation from the other side of the room. Duncan wheeled around defiantly but it was Mary who spoke. "This is between Duncan and me, Father," she said. "Please let me handle it."

"You mustn't forget, darling," said Julie, "that there are other people to be considered in this matter."

"I know," said Mary, "and I'm sorry." She turned to Duncan. "I'm afraid we've made a mistake," she said. "I think it would be wrong to postpone the wedding. I think we should call the whole thing off."

"Now look here, Mary. My mother is ill."

"I believe you," said Mary, "but I don't think she'll ever get well until she can stop worrying about losing you."

"You're trying to blame this on my mother."

"No, I'm not," said Mary. "I think we've both made a bad mistake and we can thank your mother for saving us. Tell her that for me."

"I'll tell her nothing of the sort."

Mary turned away from him. "Duncan," she said, earnestly, "I wouldn't mind postponing the wedding if I thought any good would come of it." She drew in a long breath and turned back slowly to face him. "I don't know how to tell you this," she said, "but it's the truth. I'm not the right girl for you."

"Since when?"

"I discovered it only last night and I might not have had the courage to tell you if it hadn't been for your mother."

"You don't want to marry me, is that it?"

"I'm not in love with you," said Mary.

Duncan stared at her without speaking. There were tears in her eyes but she held her head high. They stood there facing each other in silence for a long moment. Then Duncan said gruffly, "I don't think you know what you're talking about." He walked into the hallway and picked up his coat and cap. "If you change your mind," he said, "you know where to reach me."

The front door opened and a gust of wind made the candles flicker wildly at the windows. "There's a message over at the exchange for Mr. Jones," said Tutt. "He's wanted at the Inn immediately."

"I'm Jones," said Duncan. "Aren't you the fellow with the jeep?"

"Yes," said Tutt.

"Would you mind giving me a ride up to the Inn?"

"Glad to," said Tutt.

THERE was silence in the big square room as the door slammed behind Duncan and Tutt. Bill got up and poked the fire and both he and Julie watched anxiously as Mary picked up her coat and scarf and mittens and started up the stairs to the bedroom where all of her wedding clothes were laid out and waiting. She seemed very young and lonely as she walked silently up the broad center stairway.

"Mary," said Julie.

"I'm all right, Mother," she said. "I'm just terribly sorry to have caused you and father so much trouble."

"I'm in no hurry to give you away," said Bill.

Mary smiled but she didn't make any reply. They watched her until she was out of sight. They were standing at the foot of the stairway when the front door opened and Tutt called out, "I'm all ready to go. Where's Mary?"

"She's upstairs," said Julie.

"Tell her I'll be right back, will you?" said Tutt.

"Anything else you want to tell her?" asked Bill.

Tutt grinned. "You might tell her that I love her, Major," he said, "but I'd rather tell her myself." He threw a kiss to Julie and closed the door.

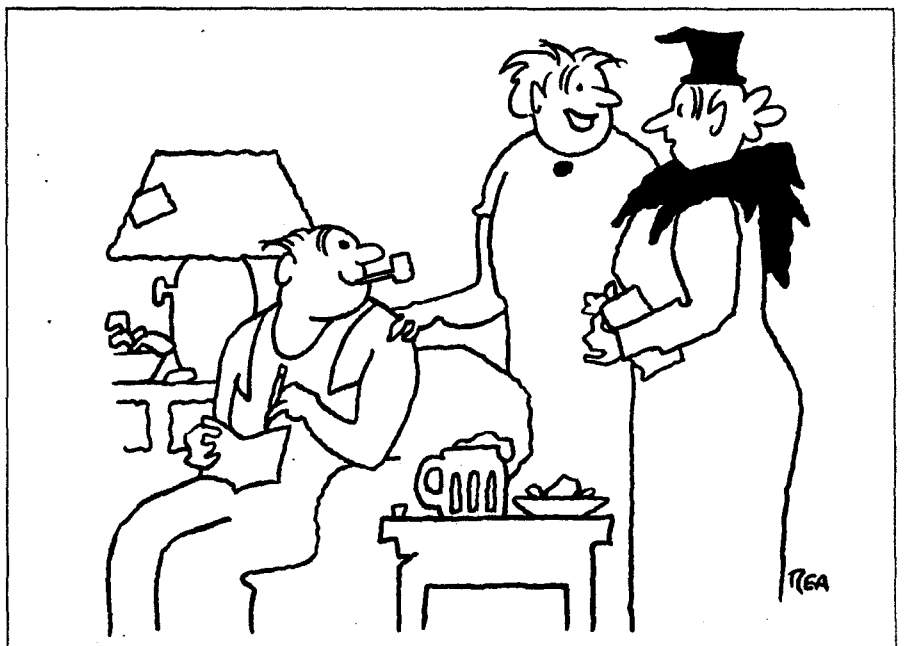
"Well," said Bill, "I guess I'd better stop making cracks about the Navy."

"Yes," said Julie. "That's the way it looks to me, too."

"Happy about it?"

"I'm so happy," said Julie, "I could cry." She sank down on the stairs and cradled her head in her arms. "It's almost two o'clock, darling," she said, "and our guests will be arriving at four. What do we do now?"

Bill leaned down and kissed her. "That's easy," he said. "We'll give everybody a rain check—for a white wedding in June."



"Ed made almost five hundred dollars playing the ponies last year. Of course, he lost a lot, too"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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THE BEST BOY WITH A HORSE

Continued from page 31

Jamaica. He smashed them, Mr. Abrams, and he come in acting like he was fixing to run the next three races. He was looking around like he wanted to take on Assault at a mile-and-a-half.

Well, I guess you know how it went after that, at least you do if you read the papers. He never did get beat. He just kept on winning. He win the Hopeful and the Futurity and broke the records in both. He went down South and took the Florida stakes and he come back North in the spring and started in to sweep up Maryland.

THEN I was back at the tracks, working him every morning for Mr. Hale. He wouldn't let nobody else touch him. I'done my job good. I gave satisfaction, Mr. Abrams, and I helped to make Troubadour what he is. I rode him just right in the mornings, which is more than you can say about how some people rode him in the afternoon.

I guess I shouldn't say *some*. It was really only the one. Before that, we was all right. We was all right when Pooler rode him. That little bald-headed fellow rode Troubadour through eighteen straight races, Mr. Abrams, and never got him beat. He rode him sweet and soft and easy, just talking to him and letting the horse do it his own way, listening to me beforehand and understanding it, understanding how it is sometimes with a great horse. And then damn it all, Mr. Abrams, he had to go and smash his car up on Grand Central Parkway and kill hisself.

We was in a fix then, all right. Troubadour had won the Derby and the Preakness and he was due to go in the Belmont in two weeks. We had just two weeks to break in a new rider and that wasn't no easy job because Troubadour liked Pooler awful good. Pooler fit the horse just right. Troubadour favored Mr. Hale and Pooler and me, and that was about the end of it. He wouldn't put up with nobody else.

Well, after we buried Pooler I said to Mr. Hale, "What are we going to do now? We got to find somebody quick."

"There ain't but one thing to do and that's get the best. I'll call Winthrop in the morning," Mr. Hale said.

"Winthrop," I said. "That guy? My God, Mr. Hale, you can't put him on Troubadour. Who ever heard of a New Yorker who could ride?"

"I know," Mr. Hale said. "It don't sound reasonable but you got to admit, Sheldon, he's supposed to be the best. He gets credit for that anyway."

Well, I couldn't hardly believe him. I couldn't hardly bear to think it. This Winthrop. I know he's got the reputation and all, Mr. Abrams, but my God, he ain't no horseman. He's just a little devil that's got the other boys scared to death and all he knows is the whip, and more whip and more whip. They call him the Skinner around the tracks. He lays back off the pace and then he brings the horse on in the stretch so everybody will say look at that Winthrop, look at him come with that horse, ain't he wonderful, and if the horse can't make it, Winthrop damn near takes the skin off him.

I couldn't hardly stand it. I couldn't sleep thinking about it. I went out with Troubadour the next morning and it was like riding in a dream. All I could see was that guy trying his special stuff on Troubadour and then giving him hell when the horse wanted it his own way. When I come off the track after a five eighths work, there was Winthrop leaning over the fence.

"So this is Troubadour," he said. "I never had a good look at him before."

"I don't know how you could miss him," I said. "You rode in the Derby and the Preakness. Seems to me you rode in the Futurity last year, too."

"Listen, kid," he said. "Don't let it get you. They're just horses. I had my own mount to think about on those days."

"This ain't just a mount," I said.

"Well," he said, "we'll see about that."

He walked along beside us back to the barn and when we got there he stood around and watched while I walked Troubadour. I was so mad I couldn't talk, but after I got through letting Troubadour graze and put him up in the stall I thought I better speak to this fellow and try to fix things if I could. So I went over to his car just as he was climbing in.

I said, "I'd like to talk to you about this horse, Mr. Winthrop. I been with him a good while and I know a good deal about him."

"Save it, kid. I've rode a million of them," he said. Then he started the car and drove off.

I STOOD watching his car, watching him tearing for New York to show off around the spots with some big blond dame about a yard higher than himself and then I went back to the barn and tried to cool off. I got me a bucket of water and poured it over my head and I sat down and chewed some grass but I couldn't get quiet. I went in to see old Wilcey.

"That Winthrop," I said, but Wilcey wouldn't listen to me.

"Now, Sheldon," he said, "take it easy. That Winthrop's rode a couple a thousand winners and he'll ride some more before he's through. You're a good man, son, but you can't tell him nothing—"

"I don't care if he's rode a million," I said. "Troubadour ain't no ordinary horse. He's got to love you, Wilcey, or he won't go right."

"Well, you sure love *him,*" Wilcey said. "If there's any gratitude in horses he'll win the next one just for you. Now get away from me. I've got a barnful of them to worry about and you're holding me up."

Wilcey acted hardhearted but he didn't fool me. I knew he felt the same way I did and he wanted me out of the way so he could have a drink to forget it.

The next morning I took a two-year-old out in the first set and I didn't go near Troubadour. When it come time for the second set Mr. Hale said: "Sheldon, go catch you a lead pony and come along with me and we'll see how the new boy fits Troubadour." He winked and

IRELAND OF THE ORIENT

By STANLEY RICH

The Korean temper—hot enough under ordinary circumstances—has not been helped by our occupation fumbles. We have a problem to solve and you'd better read about it

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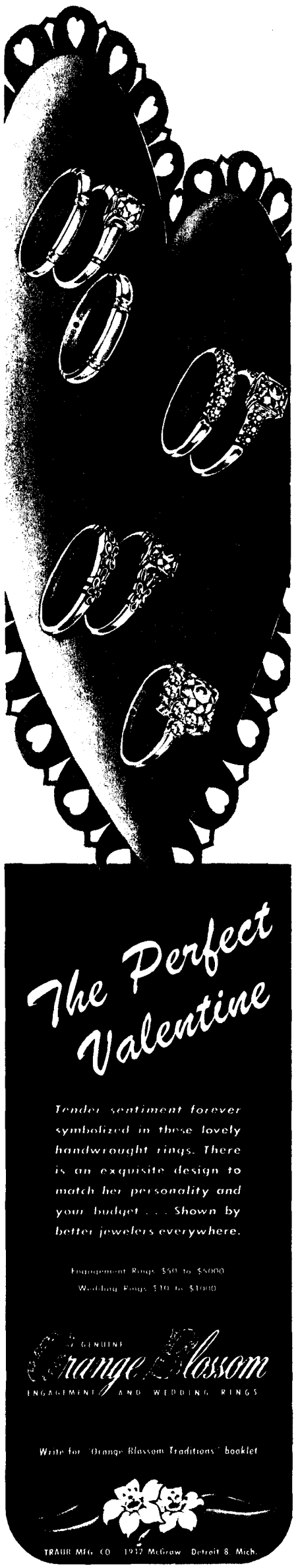
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I knowed he was trying to make a joke and cheer me up, calling Winthrop the new boy and all, but it didn't help none.

Mr. Hale and I rode out beside one another at the head of the set and I didn't look back. I didn't want to see Winthrop on him. I got to admit he's got a wonderful seat and I just couldn't bear to see him on the horse and have to admit how good he looked.

But he didn't look so good coming back with him after the work. Troubadour was throwing his head and running every which way but straight ahead and old Winthrop wasn't sitting so tall and straight then. Mr. Hale and I come up alongside them and Mr. Hale said: "I don't want to tell you your business, Johnny, but that's one horse you kind of got to give him his way. You can't fight him—we found that out a good while back."

"I ain't fighting him, Hale," Winthrop said. "He's fighting me. He ain't found out yet who gives the orders in this deal but he sure as hell will."

"Well, I told you," Mr. Hale said, "and I won't tell you twice."

He rode off looking pretty red around the neck. The hell of it was there wasn't nothing much he could do. It was only a little more than a week till the Belmont Stakes and the good riders was all spoken for.

I DIDN'T sleep much that night and next morning things was about the same. Troubadour worked just fair, and going out to run and coming back he raised pure hell with the greatest jockey in the world. It was sickening to watch.

After it happened the third time I just had to give it another try. Mr. Hale had gone off ahead of us, scowling and fighting to keep his mouth shut and I figured it was a good chance to talk to Winthrop. I dropped back to where Troubadour was waltzing around with him and right away when he seen me Troubadour settled down. He sidled over to my pony and began to nibble at his mane and make out like he was going to bite my knee. Winthrop looked at me kind of funny. I told myself: Well, here goes. I'm going to be polite to this guy if it kills me.

"Mr. Winthrop," I said, "I'm sorry about the other day. I didn't mean to be sassy or try to tell you how to ride or nothing like that. It was just I thought you being a horseman and all you'd want to know his ways."

I didn't get a chance to go no further. Winthrop cut in on me with that loud voice he uses when he's trying to put the fear of God into the other jockeys.

"Listen, kid," he said. "I don't want to hear it. I don't want no lessons in horsemanship from a stable punk that ain't good enough to be a jockey himself. You understand that?"

I just looked at him, Mr. Abrams. I just shut my jaw and held it in and I swear to God I never was no madder in my life. But I couldn't take it. I never took nothing off nobody in my whole life and I ain't going to start now.

I said: "You're hearing from me the last time. There's a way to ride this horse and Mr. Hale will tell you what it is. I love this horse and I don't want him whipped by no jockey and I don't want him beat by no other horses, not in this race nor any other. Now you take my advice and run see Mr. Hale real quick about this because if you don't ride Troubadour right, next Saturday, I'm going to beat your damned head off." I rode along with him a little way, knee to knee, looking right at him so he'd be sure and then we come to the barn and I went on about my business.

The days passed too fast after that but the nights went slow. I didn't sleep hardly at all and I didn't eat much. I got to feeling about as bad as when I was trying to make weight to be a jockey and they wasn't nobody could come near me.

I felt some better when Mr. Hale says to me about three days before the race that Winthrop had asked for his advice and Mr. Hale had told him just sit there and let the horse run. "He likes to be in front of them, he ain't never been whipped and he don't know nothing about that Whirlaway finish. Let him go to the front and there ain't nothing will catch him ever in this world." Like I say, I felt better when I heard that, but I didn't see much improvement in the way Winthrop and Troubadour got along mornings.

The day come at last, a good day, not too hot, clear, with a fast track. On a day like this a little baby boy could ride Troubadour to the Belmont record. I prayed to myself the whole morning and a little more after noon. I didn't go a foot from Troubadour's stall. The first race went off and the second. Shawnee had a winner in the third and the boys around the barn that bet him did some whooping.

The sixth race finally come up. I led Troubadour out of the stall and give him one last word. "I can't tell that jockey nothing," I said, "but you'll listen to me. Just disregard that smart aleck and run like you always do. You'll win today and when you got this one in your record you'll be the best that ever lived."

The groom took hold of him and I got up on the lead pony and went alongside to the saddling stalls. I placed the pony across the front of the stall to keep Troubadour quiet and I looked the other way while Mr. Hale talked to Winthrop. Then the jockeys went up and we moved out.

When we got on the track Winthrop said to me: "I spoke to Hale, kid. I got your ten-minute course. Now, I know all about riding horses."

I didn't answer him. I figured what I had to say would keep till we got to the starting gate. When we got there Winthrop laughed at me and said: "Well, ain't you going to wish me luck?"

"I sure am," I said. "Because I want the horse to win. If he don't win—well, remember what I told you."

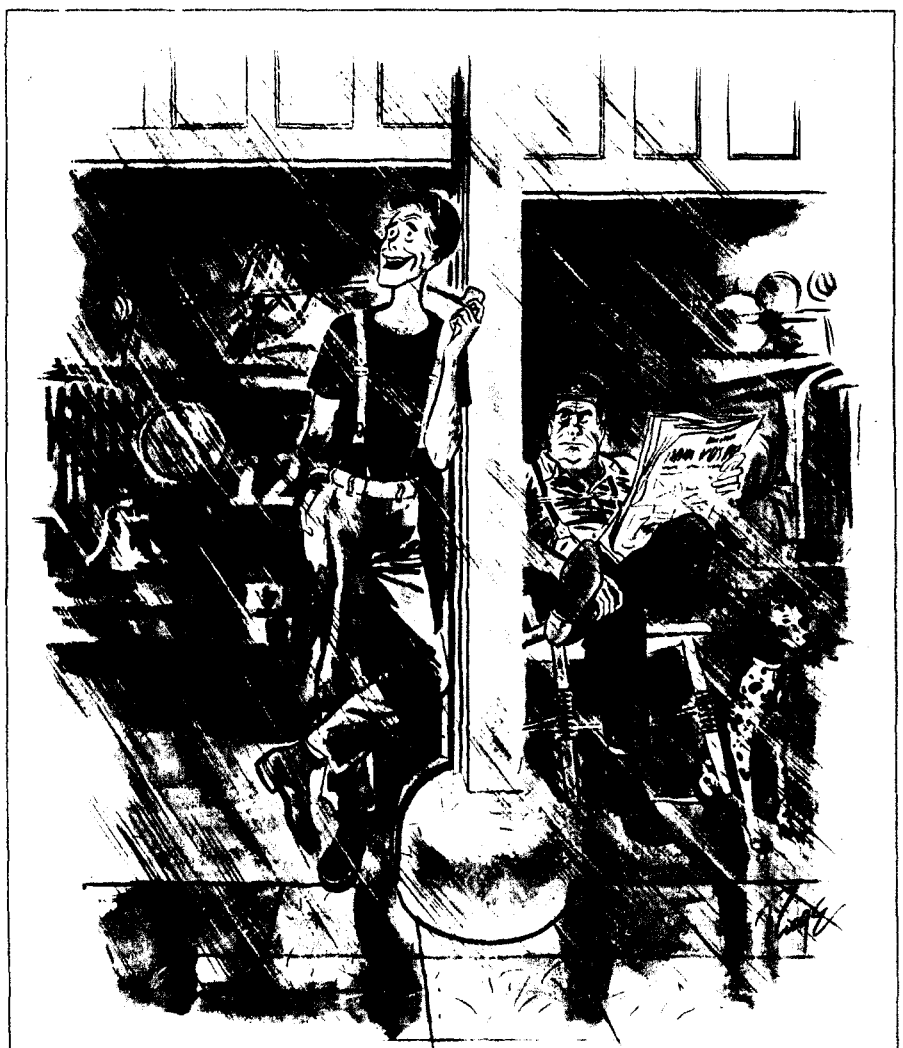
I pulled off then and watched them go into the gate. They was in only a minute but it seemed like a mighty long time before it banged open and the horses rushed out. Troubadour was first like always and he stuck there for a sixteenth and I thought Winthrop was going to be all right after all. I thought he would let him run his race, Mr. Abrams, and I begun to feel a great relief, but do you think he would do it right, Mr. Abrams? No, he just couldn't do it. He just couldn't mind his own business. He just had to show off.

He took the horse back before the first turn and there was five in front of him when they went around. You could see Troubadour fighting him and you could hear the crowd gasping and they went down the backstretch that way, with a speed horse way in front, then three others bunched, then Troubadour and two trailing.

That's a mighty long way down the backstretch at Belmont, Mr. Abrams, and I had a mighty long time to get mad, watching that New York smart aleck holding the greatest horse that ever lived, holding him back because he—the great Winthrop—thought that's the way you always rode them.

They come around the turn and hit the point where Winthrop always makes his move and I seen he was trying it, finally, but I seen it wasn't no use then, either. Troubadour just didn't understand that kind of racing. He thought the object was to get in front of them other horses and beat them good and he couldn't understand a man that pulled his mouth off for a mile. Troubadour just figured: Well, if this fellow don't want to go fast then I guess I won't *go* fast, and he wasn't in no mood to run when Winthrop finally got around to it.

Well, then the worst part happened. Winthrop went to the whip and Troubadour like to go through the fence. He'd



COLLIER'S "BOY!—I wonder how many women went to the movies this afternoon and left their irons turned on!" JOHN RUGE

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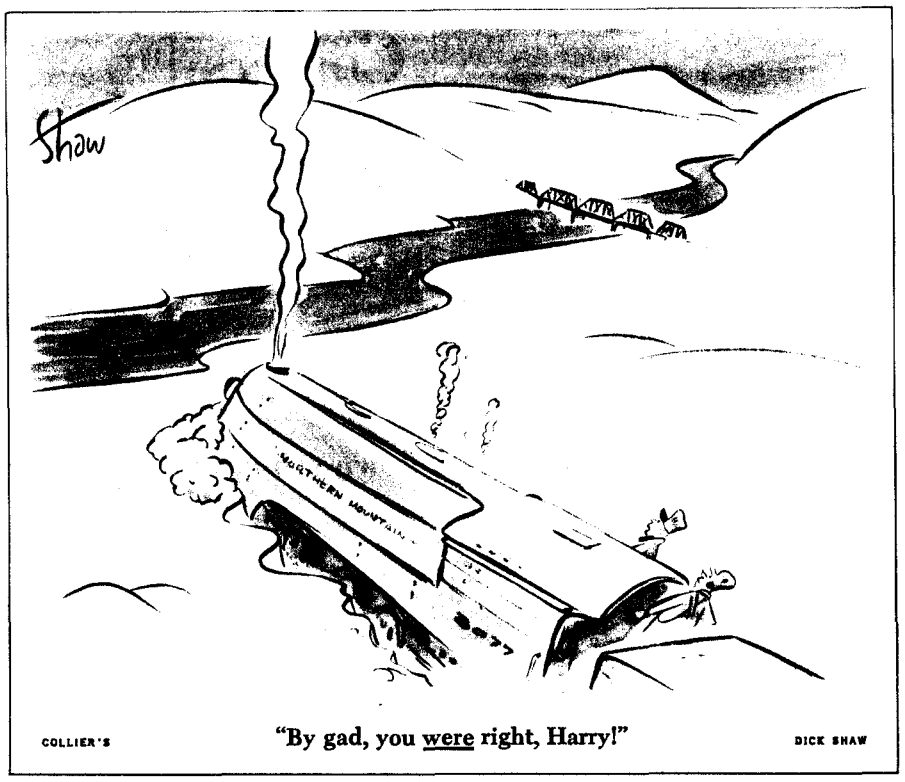

never had no whip before, at least not since his school days, and he didn't like it the least little bit. He bore in, then he bore out and then they were in the stretch, but he didn't have no chance then. He didn't have no chance at all, Mr. Abrams, but that didn't keep this Winthrop from skinning him alive to get up fourth at the wire so everybody could see him giving it the great Winthrop try.

I waited for them up at the first turn. My heart sure was broke. When they come opposite me I rode over to them.

"I can ride him back," Winthrop said. "I rode him this far."

"Mr. Hale likes me to lead him back," I said. "We always have. We ain't going back to no winner's circle this time but that don't mean I'm letting him go alone." We got back to the finish and off saddled and the groom threw on the blanket. There was some buzzing in the crowd from the long-shot winners but most of the people was quiet. Horse players ain't much, but these people knew they was looking at a damn tragedy today. When Winthrop walked to the jockey house they booed him and when I took Troubadour back along the rail to the barn there was a little applause. Mr. Abrams, it means something when a bunch of tinhorns like them will clap for a loser. It means I ain't crazy, feeling like I do about Troubadour.

AT THE barn I give him to a groom to cool out and I sat down to think it over. I mean I tried to think. I couldn't really think. I could see him on the backstretch, dying to run, then getting the heart whipped out of him when the race was already lost. I sat there about a half hour, I reckon, and then I looked up and there was Winthrop.

"Wilcey's got the keys to my car," he said. "You seen him anywheres?"

I couldn't believe it, Mr. Abrams. If anyone had told me Winthrop would have had the nerve to come around the Shawnee barn after that race, I'd have laughed in his face. Only I wasn't laughing then. I was crying and I didn't care who saw me. I looked up at Winthrop and I seen he was kind of staring at me.

"What's the matter with you?" he said. "What are *you* crying about? I'm the one should be crying. My end of that purse would have been sixty-five hundred clams."

"Don't you never think about nothing but money?" I said. "Don't you never think about the horse?"

"Wipe your nose, cry baby," he said, "and go find Wilcey for me."

"Well, that was enough for me, Mr. Abrams. I couldn't take no more. I jumped up and swung on him and the next thing I knew I was flat on my back and my ears were ringing. I'll say one thing to his credit, he sure wasn't yellow. I got up and come at him. He just stood there and waited and when I come in close he give me a time. He could hit more ways than a country man can pick a banjo.

I went down again and lit in a little pile of straw and manure that hadn't got swept up yet. It kind of spilled around my face and drove me wilder than ever. I got up and begun to go to work on him. Like I said, he could fight pretty good and he sure could beat horses but he couldn't beat me. I give him a real old-fashioned down-home whipping and it seemed like nobody around the Shawnee barn cared to put a stop to it.

But I didn't mean to kill him, Mr. Abrams, and there wouldn't have been no question about that if it hadn't been for the horseshoe. The way it happened was he put out his hand against the stall to keep from falling and caught hold of a shoe I'd hung there. It had come off Troubadour a couple of days before and I was fixing to send it to a girl in Louisville. Well, when he made at me with that in his hand I had to protect myself. Them little racing plates don't weigh nothing but I guess the court figures they're a deadly weapon.

Anyway, I twisted it away from him and when I done that I wrenched his wrist pretty bad so maybe it won't be so wonderful any more and I took the plate and really cut him around the ears with it. That's when the boys stopped it and that's when one of them put me in a fix with the police saying it looked like I had murder in my heart. But it ain't murder because he's too mean to die. He just won't be riding any horses for quite a while and he won't be so tough with the other boys any more, after the story gets around the stables.

That's the way it happened, Mr. Abrams, the best I can remember. There wasn't nothing felonious about it, no intent to kill, like the charge says. I admit I hated him for what he done to Troubadour and all, and I threatened to beat *him* if he got Troubadour beat. When I think what he done to the horse, and then bellyaching about losing his end of the purse, and then going after me with one of Troubadour's own shoes, it don't seem like I committed any crime. It seems more like justifiable something or other to me. You reckon the jury will see it that way?

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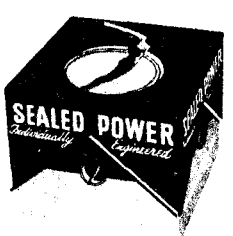

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Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

Baseball's five best hitters take the statistical pitch and all but Boudreau go down swinging

STAN MUSIAL

LOU BOUDREAU

JOE DI MAGGIO

TED WILLIAMS

RALPH KINER

WHO's the best hitter in baseball? New York Yankee fans nominate Joe DiMaggio. Joe batted in 156 runs last season—high for both major leagues. St. Louis Cardinal fans nominate Stan Musial. Stan topped all the hitters with a .376 average, DiMaggio batted .320. Pittsburgh Pirate fans nominate Ralph Kiner. Ralph tied Johnny Mize of the New York Giants for the home run leadership at 40. Boston Red Sox fans nominate Ted Williams.

Ed Rumill, baseball writer for the Christian Science Monitor, says, "If you analyze the records and see who advances the most runners the most bases, you'll discover that Williams really outhits DiMaggio when it counts."

So, Inside Sports analyzed the 1948 records of the leading major league hitters and discovered that Boston fans were half right. Williams did outhit DiMaggio, but Ted wasn't the best hitter in baseball; the best was Lou Boudreau, manager of the Cleveland Indians.

All right, let's argue. At first glance, the figures are against Boudreau, but baseball figures often lie and in Lou's case they commit rank perjury. His batting average of .355 (compiled by dividing at bats into total hits) was 21 points below Musial. Lou drove in 107 runs, 49 less than DiMaggio.

But Boudreau hit when it hurt the other team, when Cleveland runners were on base. Example: In an important game last August, Boudreau batted with the bases filled. He had an opportunity to advance three runners a total of six bases. He singled, scoring two runners and moving the third runner from first to third. His B.R.A. (Base Runners Advanced) was 5 out of 6, or .833. Later he singled again, scored a runner from third and raised his B.R.A. to 6 out of 7, or .857. He also flied out twice, but the bases were empty, so his B.R.A. was not affected.

In that same game, however, a Cleveland outfielder (whom we'll charitably call Mr. X) singled twice with two out and nobody on base, giving the other team no cause for alarm. Mr. X also struck out with runners on second and third, losing a chance to advance runners a total of three bases. His B.R.A. was .000. Next time at bat Mr. X's third single scored a runner from second base. It raised his B.R.A. to 2 out of a possible 5 or .400.

According to the box scores, Mr. X's B.A. (Batting Average) topped Boudreau's by .750 to .500; but, from the standpoint of run-producing, game-winning B.R.A., Boudreau really outslugged Mr. X .857 to .400.

When the 1948 season was broken down base runner by base runner, there was no comparison between DiMaggio and Boudreau as run-producing hitters. DiMaggio had opportunities to advance Yankee runners a total of 1,055 bases. Joe propelled them 304 bases, for a B.R.A. of .288, which was considerably *lower* than his B.A. of .320.

Boudreau pushed Cleveland runners 348 bases out of a possible 936 for a B.R.A. of .372, which was considerably *higher* than his B.A. of .355.

Here's how Boudreau outhit Baseball's Big Five in Base Runners Advanced:

	POTENTIAL ADVANCE	ACTUAL ADVANCE	AVERAGE ADVANCE
Boudreau	936	348	.372
Williams	867	300	.346
Musial	933	321	.344
DiMaggio	1055	304	.288
Kiner	1099	266	.242

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

Of course, baseball fans being baseball fans, they'll keep right on arguing for their favorites, statistics or no statistics. But Marsh Samuel, the Cleveland statistician, who analyzed Boudreau's record, says: "The figures speak for themselves. They also underline the truth of a statement Ted Williams made last season, 'Boudreau has one weakness. He can't hit when there's nobody on base.' "

HAGEN HAD 'EM

Walter Hagen had more match play tricks than modern golf pros. Example: Hagen deceived opponents by making an easy number five iron to the green look hard. He swung with apparent effort, but relaxed his grip slightly at impact—producing a soft shot. When his opponents tried the same club with a full swing, they overdrove the green.

HANDS DOWN

Add records not likely to be broken: In 1900, the legless Johann Hasslinger walked from Vienna to Paris, 871 miles, in 55 days—on his hands.

END OF THE RACE

Superstitious Ted Horn (Speedway Whammies, Collier's Sports, June 5th) believed photographers, haircuts, shaves and peanuts jinxed racing drivers. When the 1946–7–8 national automobile racing champion was killed at Du Quoin, Illinois, in October, track attendants recovered only one of Horn's three good luck charms—a 1912 dime he carried in his left shoe. The two pennies Ted always slipped into his right shoe were lost when the crash ripped the shoe from his foot.

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With the Stars

By CHET NELSON

CHET NELSON

Each month one of the nation's leading sports authorities prepares the special editorial sports article appearing on this page, "With the Stars." Each article thus prepared carries the byline and sign-off signature of the writer. All statements contained therein are the author's own comments and opinions. They are in no way to be construed as an endorsement of Wilson Sporting Goods Co. or its products. Neither does Wilson Sporting Goods Co. necessarily subscribe to any statement by the author. This month's contribution is by Chet Nelson popular Sports Editor of the Denver Rocky Mountain News.

—Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

GOLF IS MY GAME FOREVER!

Babe Didrikson Zaharias was going to serve Norwegian meatballs, a specialty of the house, and "Big George," her proud and prospering husband, was eager to exhibit the little woman's subpar powers in the kitchen.

One glance at "Big George" and his 300 pounds, give or take a few, left little room for doubt about the Babe's culinary prowess. But it is always interesting to talk golf with the Bambina of the Fairways, and especially so over a platter of Nordic cuisine.

Blessed with the ultimate in physical equipment and a fierce competitive temperament, Mrs. Zaharias has collected virtually all the hardware they issue for achievements in golf, yet I found her still working to improve a game that has become internationally famous.

"I must show you my new swing," beamed the Babe.

"What! You're still experimenting after all of these years and all of those championships?" I countered.

"Yep, I have a longer swing on the market this winter—longer by a foot and it gives me a better feel when I hit the ball," she said with the typical enthusiasm of a neophyte.

The siege-gun of women's golf holds innumerable records, but the one she treasures foremost is her first tournament, the Texas Amateur at Houston's River Oaks Country Club in 1935—and it still has No. 1 priority on her thrill parade.

"I will never forget that first one," she smiled, explaining how she practiced for three months to learn some of the simple fundamentals with hopes of merely qualifying.

Babe qualified with a 76 and moved through the bracket to defeat Mrs. Dan Chandler of Fort Worth, a tournament-wise veteran, with a miraculous wedge shot from a deep rut.

"I was an awful greenhorn, but I remembered the wedge Gene Sarazen had showed me to use," Mrs. Zaharias continued. "It sure came in handy."

"After I hit the ball out of the rut the gallery surged toward the green, knocked me into a mud puddle and there I lay while a cheer went up as the ball rolled into the cup for an eagle three.

"That shot won the match, 4 and 3, and they picked me up and carried me to the clubhouse on their shoulders. You think that wasn't a thrill? Boy, it was, my biggest thrill in all my sports experiences and I said then, golf is my game forever."

• • •

Golf stories around Denver's 19th hole are never completed until the tale is told of the 19-shot hole recorded in the National Open at Cherry Hills in 1938.

Ray Ainsley, a young Californian, was the victim of the golf gods that day. The quirk came on the par-five, 16th hole when his second shot came to rest on the brink of a shallow creek along the edge of the rough. Out of his bag came a blaster, but as he raised the club the whimsical galleryites down from Olympus picked Ray Ainsley for their stooge.

The ball was dislodged by the waters of the brook and moved slowly downstream. Obviously confused at the freakish occurrence, Ray swung desperately at the floating ball. Before he disrupted its cruise the scorekeeper had counted 13 strokes, and after overshooting the green the ball was not settled into the bottom of the cup until the count reached 19.

And everybody loved Ray Ainsley for it.

—Chet Nelson

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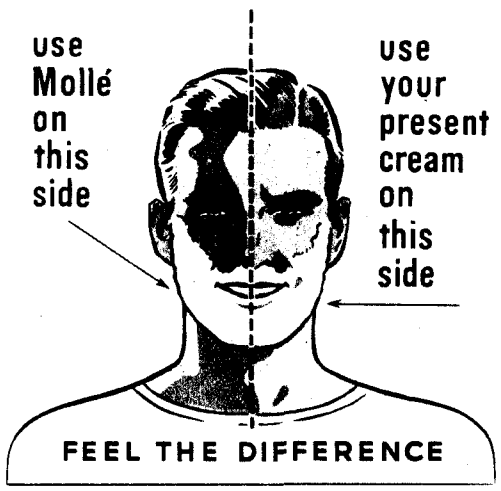

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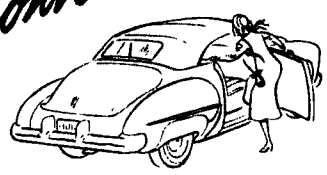

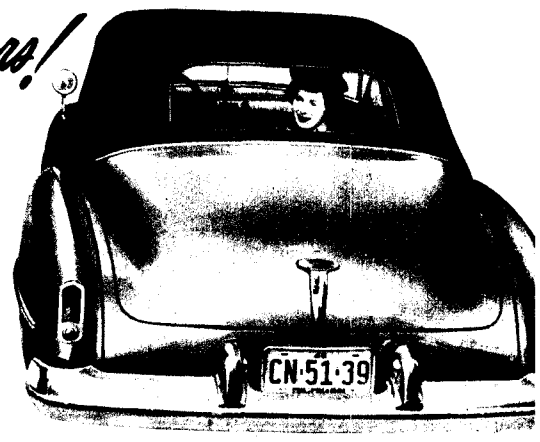

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Charge Account for Education

By NORMAN and AMELIA LOBSENZ

You can now make installment payments for tuition in 325 schools and colleges. With its novel idea The Tuition Plan, Inc., is helping thousands of students

THE letter was on pink, perfumed stationery, but there was determination in the handwriting. "Thank you for helping me to keep my boy in school this year," it read. "My husband's illness would have made it impossible for me to see things through without the aid of your plan."

Rudolf Neuburger's files bulge with notes like this. For he is the man who originated and developed the idea of education on the cuff. As president of The Tuition Plan, Inc., Neuburger runs an enterprise that puts the three R's on a pay-as-you-learn basis.

More than 20,000 youngsters have been helped through independent prep schools and colleges by The Tuition Plan during its ten years of existence.

Neuburger conceived his idea after listening to the bitter complaints of friends about the flood of bills they had to pay every September in addition to an income-tax payment, and on top of it all a semester's tuition fee.

All these people asked him the same question: "Why can't we pay tuition fees in installments?"

Neuburger decided to find the answer. He discovered that bursars' offices have their problems, too. Ready cash is needed at the start of each term to lay in food supplies, repair campus buildings and pay personnel.

There were other reasons, too.

"Relatively few schools," one educator told him, "can afford to maintain the elaborate accounting setup necessary to handle installment payments. Besides, tuition bills are like doctors' bills—they're the last ones paid."

Said one prep school headmaster: "There is a psychological problem involved. A parent is often embarrassed if he asks for credit. He is apt to feel he is getting a favor, and he is afraid that his child won't be treated as well as the others."

The solution, Neuburger decided, was to take the installment payment of tuition fees out of the realm of a favor and to make it an integral part of a school's facilities. To do this The Tuition Plan was organized.

Basically the plan provides a method for spreading payments over the academic year. Simplicity is its keynote. A parent signs a contract with a school to pay its fees in equal monthly installments during the semester, plus a 4-per-cent carrying charge. The Tuition Plan buys this contract from the school, paying cash immediately. The parent then makes his payments directly to The Tuition Plan, which exists on the 4-per-cent differential between the cash and credit price.

This system varies from finance-company or deferred-payment plans in that no money is loaned or borrowed, nor can the item in question —an education—be foreclosed or repossessed.

Neuburger found it tough sledding at first. One skeptical dean proposed to reveal the folly of the idea by testing it. He wrote to a royal princess, whose children attended his school, offering her the privilege of paying in installments.

"Watch how fast she'll turn it down," he predicted to Neuburger. "In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if she considered it an insult."

A week later she asked that all of her accounts be transferred to "this wonderful" plan.

Today The Tuition Plan services more than 325 institutions, including Bryn Mawr, Hobart and Swarthmore colleges, and Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, as well as such leading prep schools as Taft, St. Mark's and Riverdale.

Of approximately $15,000,000 paid out, The Tuition Plan has failed to recover only $200.

The 59-year-old Neuburger, whose own daughter attends college via The Tuition Plan, hopes the use of his idea will spread among institutions which still enroll only those students whose parents can pay large lump sums.

"Then," he says, "they will be able to present in their classrooms a more valid cross-section of American youth."

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MEET HARRY'S BOSS, BESS

Continued from page 15

the tall stalks. The flowers had revived and the buckets were beautifully camouflaged with crepe paper before the guests arrived.

Another wedding was scheduled at the same time in Harry's Baptist Church around the corner, and there was some confusion among friends of both couples. Many guests went to the wrong wedding, and did not realize their mistake until they saw the wrong bride and groom walk down the aisle.

Bess wore elaborately tucked white georgette, with three-quarter length bell-shaped sleeves, pointed white kid slippers with wide white enamel buckles, and carried a small, picturesque bouquet of rosebuds, baby's breath and fern. She wore a wide-brimmed white faille hat, a member of the wedding party recalls, explaining, "She just wasn't the bridal-veil type!"

Harry wore pince-nez glasses, his usual alert smile, an extremely short haircut (probably left over from the Army) and a checked suit. Very small checks, but checks.

Bess was given in marriage by her brother. The guests were entertained afterward with refreshments on the lawn of the bride's home, into which Harry moved to live with Bess and his new mother-in-law.

The White House Back Home

This is the house proudly pointed out to visitors as The Summer White House and Independence citizens more often than not drop Summer from the title in conversation because the house is, and always has been, painted white.

A many-gabled structure with several porches, gingerbread trim, colored glass window borders and three marble manteled fireplaces, it has a big coach house in the rear, and is surrounded by large maples and elms. It was built in 1865 by Bess' grandfather, George Porterfield Gates, a Vermonter.

Bess was christened Elizabeth Virginia in honor of both of her grandmothers. Grandfather Gates was a partner in the founding of Waggoner-Gates Milling Company. Bess' brothers are still active in the operation of the company, and her mother is believed to receive a small income from it.

The new Mrs. Truman settled down to a life of domesticity that differed from her recent past only in pace. She had always been a devoted sister and daughter, and had participated in the management of the house with her mother, Mrs. Madge Gates Wallace. The latter, described variously as queenly, aristocratic, very particular, and dictatorial, is an ultraconservative lady of the old school, almost an American counterpart of England's Dowager Queen Mary. Under her stern eye and firm hand Bess had gradually grown less lively and more sedate, although Bess' friends are quick to insist that Bess was never unladylike, never a hoyden.

Dignity, reserve, conservatism, Mrs. Truman has inherited and learned from her mother. But she has also a quick wit, keen sense of humor, a hearty laugh and a warm friendliness which came from her father, David Willock Wallace.

Dave Wallace, like Harry Truman, was a politician, and his career resembles the President's in spots. Both held public office in Jackson County, Missouri, both were active Masons, both were elected state officers by the Shriners in Missouri.

It might appear at first that Harry Truman, jobless at 35, with little conspicuous success in his past (except for his war record) and dim prospects of a distinguished future, occupied an unenviable position, living under the critical eye of a mother-in-law who is believed, rightly or wrongly, to have delayed the marriage by her disapproval.

On second thought, it may very well be that his determination to show Mrs. Wallace he *could* amount to something pushed him right into the White House where, for the first time in his life he can, this year, claim to be master of a home of his very own—not his mother's, not Mrs. Wallace's, not Franklin D. Roosevelt's.

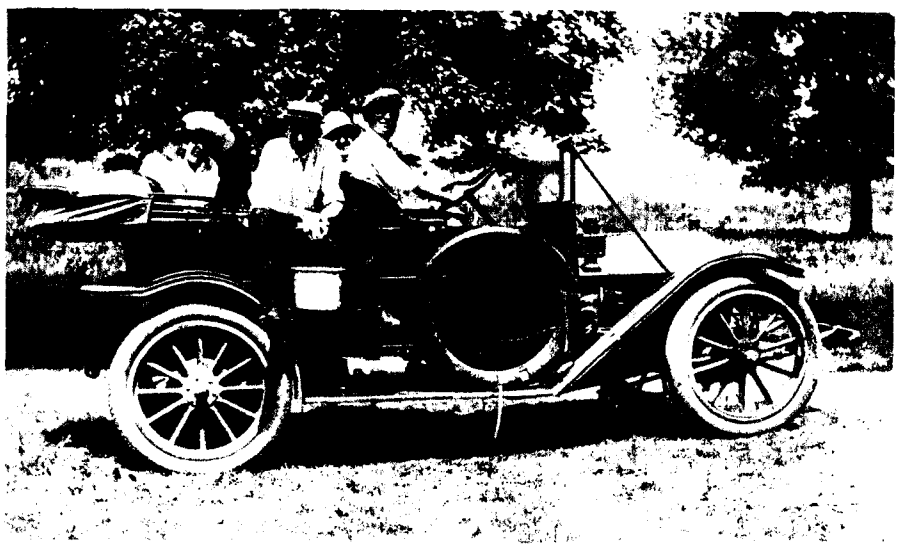
During the recent election it was jokingly said in Independence that "Harry is sure he will be elected President; Mrs. Wallace has her doubts."

However, Mrs. Wallace went back to the White House after the election. She had been living there ever since her daughter and son-in-law moved in.

While Bess' famous bridge club was visiting in the White House, Bess, working late at her desk on the second floor one night, heard a commotion in the hall. She investigated and found her girlhood friends, in their night clothes, chattering about ghosts.

"We had been told, facetiously, that Lincoln's ghost sometimes walked upstairs," one of the members recalls. "After we went to bed we began to hear odd noises, and one by one drifted out to the hall. If we'd known then that it was the White House falling apart we really would have been scared! All of us wound up in the hall except the three girls in Lincoln's bedroom. They had locked their door!"

First Margaret, then the President stuck their heads out to inquire what was the matter. All joined in trying to rouse



Truman's investment in a Stafford car in 1912 raised him in the eyes of Bess Wallace's group. Bess can be seen peeking over his shoulder

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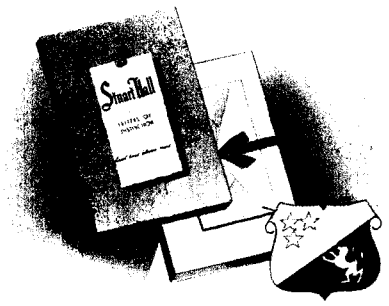

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Dreamy Co-operation

ONE NIGHT at bedtime, a man said to his wife: "I'd love a bowl of hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal. You could cook me one in a jiffy."

"Sorry," said his wife, "there's just enough in the house for breakfast."

That night the man, who was hungry, dreamed he was eating bowl after bowl of delicious Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal.

Next morning, finishing his cereal, he winked at his wife: "You'd never guess I'd been eating this swell cereal nearly all night, would you?"

"Oh no?" said the wife. "Who do you think dreamt she was getting up to cook it for you?" (ADV.)

the sleepers in Lincoln's room. Finally one of its occupants opened the door.

"We thought we heard Lincoln's ghost," she was told. "Are you scared?"

"I'm not scared of Lincoln's ghost," the sleepy bridge player snapped. "What I'm afraid of is my grandmother's ghost, if she sees me sleeping in Lincoln's bed!"

Most of the citizens of Independence have more of the South than the North in their background, including President and Mrs. Truman. The town was settled largely by Tennesseans, Virginians and Kentuckians, and still has a Southern atmosphere. Harry's mind was conditioned for the defense of the civil rights of Southern Negroes by what he read in his history books, not by the climate of opinion in Independence.

D.A.R. Soft-Pedals Pianiste

This predominantly Southern background should be borne in mind in connection with the failure of Bess Truman to react with quick, horrified revulsion to the Washington D.A.R.'s refusal to let Hazel Scott appear in its Constitution Hall in the fall of 1945. That she came out with a belated condemnation of the D.A.R. policy is evidence of her adaptability in a pinch.

The D.A.R. rumpus occurred six months after Truman became President following Roosevelt's death, and was a strong sign that the new First Lady was going to be very different from her predecessor. A stronger sign came a few days later when Washington newspaperwomen learned finally and definitely that Mrs. Truman was *not* going to emulate her predecessor's weekly press conferences. They were thunderstruck, they were chagrined, they were angry.

When the even more stupefying word came—that Mrs. Truman was not going to see them at all, ever, except socially, the newspaperwomen, who had enjoyed the run of the White House during Mrs. Roosevelt's regime, were incredulous and enraged. They protested, they objected, they tried to bring pressure, and some swore privately to wear her down!

All their words, wiles and wrath failed to lift the veil Mrs. Truman had lowered. She arranged for her two secretaries to discuss the White House social calendar with the press once a week, and occasionally she replied guardedly, through the secretaries, to questions submitted in writing. But she refused point-blank to be interviewed.

Mrs. Truman's unavailability to the press and her invariably poor photographs prevented the reporters and their public at large from learning much that was lovable or colorful about her. Coming in the wake of her strikingly different predecessor, she seemed, in the early months, an utterly uninteresting woman. Her personal friends, on the defensive, maintained that she was a friendly, warmhearted, loyal woman when you really knew her. To which the women of the press cracked: Yeah? But how are *we* going to get to know her? Mrs. Truman's own answer, had it been forthcoming, would probably have been: You don't have to know me. Know Harry, he's President. I'm not. I'm only his wife and the mother of his daughter, and that's what I intend to remain!

"She seems to think Harry ought to run the country, not her," a Washington taxicab driver commented. All such remarks have an implied criticism of Mrs. Roosevelt that seems not to be shared by Mrs. Truman. She has often made a point of praising Mrs. Roosevelt. Back in 1935, when she was a senator's wife, and didn't mind being interviewed, Mrs. Truman told reporters in Kansas City:

"My meetings with Mrs. Roosevelt were delightful. Never does one hear the slightest criticism of her in the social circles of Washington. Her graciousness, her ability to say the right thing at the right time, make a lasting impression."

In that interview, Mrs. Truman confided that, "I had rather feared, as any Midwestern woman might, the coldness of an Eastern city. Rather I found Washington replete with the hospitality that is supposed to belong to the South. . . . I found the Senate women only too glad to talk of household matters and family questions, as they would in any place in the world."

The wife of the then junior senator from Missouri explained that everyone is away from home in Washington. Unquestionably she still regards herself as away from home when she is in the capital, or any place else except Independence.

During Truman's first years as senator, they rented a furnished apartment in Washington for six months a year, and spent the other six months in Independence. As Margaret grew older the constant changing of schools came to be a problem, and the Trumans took a year-round apartment of five rooms in the suburbs.

They furnished it with their own things, and stayed there for the duration of Margaret's school term, returning to the home town for summer, at Christmas, and sometimes at Easter. They were still living in this small apartment when President Roosevelt died, Harry Truman was plummeted into the White House, and the Secret Service swooped down on Bess and Margaret. Bess was still taking care of the apartment and doing all the cooking with no help except Margaret's. Except that after dinner at night Harry usually dried the dishes for her.

Harry Truman, unlike many of his Presidential predecessors, has no extra income. With Margaret in private school and the defunct haberdashery debts to pay off, they could not afford a servant in Washington while he was senator, nor while he was Vice-President. His salary was raised when he was promoted to President, but Mrs. Truman must manage carefully to live within it and fulfill the obligations of her position.

President Roosevelt is said to have spent $2,000 a month out of his personal fortune for household expenses while he was President.

One of the first things Mrs. Truman did when she moved into the White House was to cut the household staff almost in half. There are two sets of food lockers in the White House kitchen —one for government entertaining, one

EATING — IN OR OUT

WITH CHARLOTTE ADAMS

TONY VENTI

Veal Chops Parmigiana from Marnel's Restaurant, New York City

MARNEL'S RESTAURANT at 131 East Forty-seventh Street in New York City is a place where top-notch food standards never let down and prices never rose beyond reason during the war. It's a medium-sized and comfortable place, run by Martha and Mario, a wonderful pair of friends. Mario's rotundity speaks for his love of good food and his ability to cook. Martha is a businesswoman who runs things with a firm and efficient hand. Often one must wait for a table at Marnel's, but even if you've known Martha for years you will get a table only when your turn comes, and not before. She is the fairest "maître de" I've ever known.

Lunch is $1.50 and includes three courses, always with a choice of six or more entrees of fish, meat, poultry or eggs. Dinner varies in accordance with the entree chosen from $2.25 to $2.75. I am particularly fond of the rich and delicious Veal Chops Parmigiana, the recipe for which is below.

VEAL CHOPS PARMIGIANA: 4 veal chops from the rack, 1 egg, 1 cup bread crumbs, 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 2 cups milk, ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese, ½ pound Munster cheese. Pound chops to flatten well. Beat egg. Dip chops in egg and then in bread crumbs. Fry in butter until brown and cooked through (15-20 minutes). Melt butter, blend in flour. Add milk and stir until smooth and thickened. Add cheese and blend thoroughly. Place chops in ovenproof dish and pour sauce over. Lay on each chop 3 narrow, thick strips of Munster. Place under broiler about 5 inches from flame and broil until all is brown and Munster melted.

If you wish to receive this Veal Chops Parmigiana recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 3, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

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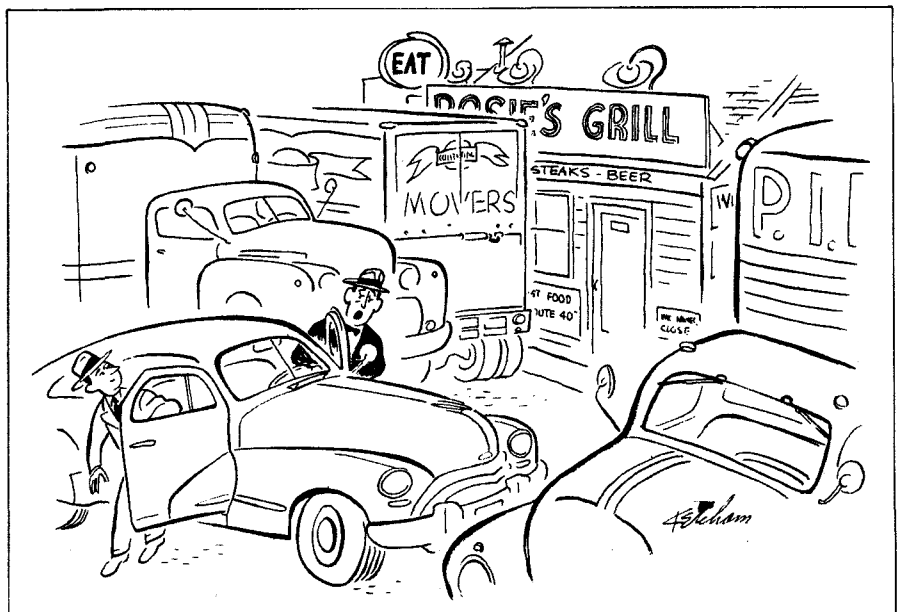

"When you see trucks, you can be sure the waitress is good-looking"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

for Truman personal use and entertaining. Mrs. Truman keeps an eagle eye on expenses—she has to. She splurged to bring her bridge club to Washington in April, 1946 (their food came out of the personal lockers). But she confines her private entertaining to old friends from Missouri, close friends from her senatorial days and relatives; with luncheons and an occasional dance for Margaret's friends.

In addition to running the White House, entertaining officially and privately, looking after Harry, Margaret, and her mother, Mrs. Truman, for all her attempts to appear the demure housewife, takes an active interest in her husband's career. He has frequently said that he consults her about everything, and reads all of his speeches to her before he makes them. She takes care of much of his personal mail and finds time to write all of her own personal letters in longhand. She writes to Independence friends regularly, and thoughtfully sends notes and gifts when there is illness or trouble back home.

Criticized for Clerical Job

When Harry was senator, Bess served him officially as his clerk at $4,500 a year. When he became Vice-President this was made public and she and Harry received a lot of criticism. But no less fierce a political opponent of Harry's than arch-Republican Roy Roberts, managing editor of the Kansas City Star, jumps to their defense on this score. "She earned every penny of it," he asserts.

Colleagues of Senator Truman, who knew how much clerical work she did then, declare that she never observed union rules. She was at work early and late. Associates on the Presidential campaign train in the recent election attest that she was a member of the small advisory circle with whom the President reviewed the events of the preceding day and discussed plans for the next.

She was helpful in another way during the campaign. "The crowds looked at her and they looked at Margaret, after the President introduced them as 'The Boss' and 'The Boss that bosses her,' and as they cheered, you could almost hear what they were thinking," a campaign train man says. "They were thinking: What a nice family—just like the folks next door. It probably had a lot to do with Harry's election!"

If it is humanly possible, Bess Truman is going to remain the unassuming, inconspicuous average wife of the family next door. She manages it rather well in Independence, where she still shops in the grocery in which the mayor is a partner; still climbs the linoleum-covered stairs to the unpretentious little shop of the hairdresser she's been going to for 20 years, still plays cards with her bridge club, twice a month, still does nice little things for the neighbors.

A couple of months after Harry became President, Mrs. Truman, Mrs. Wallace and Margaret returned to Independence to spend the summer. They traveled in a special railroad car with bulletproof glass three inches thick, and were assiduously guarded by the Secret Service.

Except for a brief stay, Harry was busy that summer in Washington, at Potsdam, and with the United Nations in California. After his departure from Independence, Mrs. Truman called in the Secret Service men who remained behind. It's all right for you to follow the President around, she told them—he's public property, in a way. But I am not. I don't want you following me into the ten-cent store and the movies, and hanging around my friends' houses when I go calling. In effect, she said: Lay off! Thereafter they made themselves as scarce as possible. She comes and goes with relative ease in her old home town, sometimes driving her own car, sometimes driven by Margaret, sometimes afoot on the same kinds of errands she always did.

In the goldfish bowl that is the White House—and the Blair House, currently occupied by the first family during repairs to the White House—it is more difficult for Mrs. Truman to evade the spotlight. She makes the headlines inadvertently, now and then, merely by being herself. When she resumed her Spanish lessons, for instance, the classes were held in the White House, due to the exigencies of her new position. And when offered cocktails at a party, she asked if she might have some tea, instead, please.

Mrs. Truman succeeds remarkably well in avoiding the limelight at the capital, however, and has even won the grudging admiration of many Washington newspaperwomen. They've had several opportunities to meet her socially and learn that, as her close friends maintained in the very beginning, she *is* friendly, warm and loyal. And they can't help but respect the energy and determination with which she has stubbornly thwarted their attempts to pry her out of Harry's shadow.

If Mrs. Truman had shrewdly picked the course of action likeliest to distinguish herself from Mrs. Roosevelt, she could not have chosen better. Unwittingly, by simply persisting in being herself, she has established herself as a strongly individual personality in her own right.

BICYCLE QUIZ no. 3

How would you play them?

1 With this GIN RUMMY hand, a good early discard is...

Not the 8. Would reduce opponent's odd cards by 16 if it hits. 5 is better and might induce a low discard from opponent to give you an immediate knock.

2 In 4-handed "pass-on" HEARTS, you should pass the...

It's safer to pass the spade Queen. Also, pass him the diamond Queen and 9 of clubs to prevent voids for discarding his spade Queen.

3 Whatever game you play, men who play cards agree...

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"I told Mommie-
THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE ALKA-SELTZER
OH, WHY DOES MY COLD MAKE ME FEEL SO MISERABLE ON DADDY'S BIRTHDAY?
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE SOME ALKA-SELTZER? IT ALWAYS MAKES DADDY FEEL BETTER
COME ON, ALKA-SELTZER! LET'S SEE IF YOU MAKE ME FEEL ANY BETTER
She drank the glass of sparkling Alka-Seltzer and . . .
She mixed another glass of Alka-Seltzer and used it as a gargle to ease her sore throat.
THANK YOU, HONEY, FOR THIS WONDERFUL BIRTHDAY DINNER!
YOU SHOULD THANK ALKA-SELTZER!
WHEN MOMMIE SAID HER COLD MADE HER FEEL MISERABLE, I TOLD HER TO TRY ALKA-SELTZER
Alka-Seltzer
AT ALL DRUG STORES U S AND CANADA

DARKNESS IS DANGER

Continued from page 11

probably where the bumper struck. There's a wide red streak at the point of contact, and the bones are cleanly cracked so that the lower shins angle sharply forward. The blow was so brutal that the skin on the back of the calf is split and pulled like the skin on a scalded tomato.

In cases where the car not only knocks its man down but drags him some distance, the whole skin of the thigh may be pulled down from the crotch like a ghastly opera-length stocking that has come adrift.

But it was the skull fracture that killed this fellow. The human skull is a structurally sound dome of tough bone; but it can't take too much. What happened here is about what would happen if you hit a coconut shell with a pile driver. The skin of the scalp is all that is holding the back of the head together. The skull itself is just fragments—triangles the size of a half dollar, irregular dime-size bits —that could be fitted together like a horrible jigsaw puzzle. The brain within, normally clean grayish pink and grayish blue, is dabbled with lipstick-red from small hemorrhages.

A single crack could have been just as lethal. But this poor fellow was in a terrific hit-and-run smashup that brought blood from his right ear, broke his jaw and knocked out most of his teeth.

"You're in luck, son," says the examining doctor to you. "This case shows three or four different ways to get it."

A Grim Object Lesson

The blood in the dead man's windpipe, for instance, sucked in by his few dying gasps, could alone have suffocated him and killed him. Clear across the room you can see that the whole right side of his chest is stove in. Maybe the radiator grille took him in the right side or perhaps he was thrown in the air and landed on that side. Several ribs are broken in two places—they punctured and collapsed the right lung; a punctured lung can kill, but it doesn't always do it.

No, the heart is not ruptured. But here in the liver is a great, jagged, bloody tear, making it look as though a giant had kicked him in the abdomen. Internal hemorrhage from such ruptured organs can cause death easily.

This man could have died if his spleen, kidneys, bladder or intestines had been ruptured when squeezed against his ribs, spine or pelvis. All those organs may cause death, if ruptured. The afore-mentioned bones and the big belly muscles protect internal organs pretty well, else most boxers and football players would die in action.

Not even Jack Dempsey in the pink of condition could have taken what happened to this fellow.

Some motor-accident victims die without a mark on them. Skull fractures or the rupture of a single organ can kill. But victims of hit-and-run drivers are often found with tire-tread marks across their bellies or the design of radiator grilles stamped, with a curiously insulting effect, in a pattern of bruises on their backs. A run-over accident may cut a victim practically in two, bursting the abdomen and spilling the internal organs out in a crushed and confused mass.

An alarming fact is that it doesn't take high speeds to accomplish such results. The powerful momentum of even a slowly moving car is impossible to understand—until you see what it does to human bodies.

Football trainers dread frozen ground. The pedestrian struck by a car often has to encounter an equally hard pavement or road—and without the protection of helmet and pads. Then, too, even at town speeds, the car that hits the pedestrian is often moving faster than a flying tackle. It may weigh from 12 to 15 times as much as a big football player in full war clothes. And the part that hits you is not a heavily padded shoulder backed by mere flesh and blood, but a bar of steel as hard as science can make it.

Whether thrown in the air or off to the side or just picked up and slammed down, the pedestrian's body was never made to take any such impacts. The wonder is that he isn't always killed, instead of only now and again. The odds of his surviving, though, go significantly down, down, as he gets older.

Physical consequences are much the same when a pedestrian is clipped on a dark country highway, or a driver, unable to see because of poor lighting, smashes into another driver and gets a steering column in his insides. But they are no worse than what the doctor showed me in the way of strictly city-speed pedestrian accidents.

Now here is an unusual thing—a traffic-safety problem with a simple answer. The bulk of traffic killings stem back to individual foolishnesses and negligence that can be cured only by complete re-education of the fools concerned—which is obviously impossible in most cases.

Education and enforcement—which, with engineering, make up the three E's of the traffic-safety movement—may never get massive results in teaching pedestrians to use common sense or drivers to reduce speeds to match driving conditions. But it does seem to be solidly and constructively true that intelligent use of lighting actually can cut down the number of after-dark killings by enabling the community to make the foolish or unlucky pedestrian visible in time.

That, unhappily, is not true of rural highways, except under very specialized circumstances. Highways are a chronic headache. Campaigns to make rural pedestrians carry lights or wear light-colored clothes and walk on the left facing traffic and off the pavement, do not get far enough. Headlights must be extremely powerful on country roads, yet the consequent glare is blinding and extremely dangerous to drivers and pedestrians both.

The "passing beam" is a great help—although far too few drivers have the intelligence and manners to use it properly.

The most recent contribution to the antiglare effort is the Polaroid headlight, which is more costly than other lights but which in time may prove to be a great lifesaver.

More Overhead Light Needed

To light all arterial roads adequately would obviously be an economic absurdity. But in cities, and on certain special sections of through highways, the night-traffic accident problem is often easy to solve. The answer is more overhead light in the right places. This has proved highly efficient in reducing night accidents. It not only lets the driver see the pedestrian but effectively reduces the residual glare from low-beam headlights for driver meeting driver.

Naturally the lighting job must co-ordinate with the traffic-engineer's other tools. A city that splashes new street lighting around without expert planning gets little but misplaced civic pride for its money.

To illustrate the engineering angle, here is another case: A young doctor had finished a difficult obstetrics case in an unfamiliar part of a certain town. It was growing dark and snow was beginning to fall. He asked a youth how best to get back downtown to his hospital, where the pathologist was waiting for him. The lad said, "Turn right up the viaduct a good ways beyond the street light at the corner." He did not tell the doctor that, just a little farther beyond that light, the street dead-ended into the river, unmarked except for an unlighted, flimsy barrier.

Suddenly, as the doctor drove along, black nothing absorbed his headlights. The car smashed through something and

WE'RE ALL POTENTIAL KILLERS

If you drive an automobile, never forget your car's power to maim and kill. Never forget the vitally important first five life-savers below. And do your community a favor by calling the attention of your city fathers to the last three suggestions.

What You Can Do

1. During the twilight hours and after dark, cut your speed at least 10 miles an hour—more, if the weather is bad.
2. Use that passing-beam. If the other fellow doesn't, keep your temper and don't use your high-beam on him in retaliation. Merely flick your lights to get his attention.
3. Don't take long trips at night for no other reason than that traffic is lighter. Traffic or no traffic, night is the most dangerous time because your vision is at its worst and you are least alert.
4. Keep your windshield, headlights and taillights clean.
5. Keep your eyes peeled and *always* watch what you are doing.

What Cities Can Do

1. Require and enforce lower night speeds and the use of the passing-beam within city limits.
2. Crack down on drunks, whether they are driving or walking.
3. Pay willingly for improved lighting, and insist on intelligent planning for it. If help is needed, ask the co-operation of the National Safety Council at 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Don't embark on a lighting program that has not been co-ordinated with other safety measures by competent engineers.

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"Now do something typical"

pitched insanely forward into deep water. Baffled by the completeness of his disappearance, the police assumed that gangsters had kidnaped him to care for a wounded pal. Not until 27 hours later could they report to his frantic young wife that they had found him—trapped and drowned at the bottom of an icy, oily sewage-poisoned stream.

The light the doctor passed was an old-time twinkle-lamp placed too far away from the street to be of much use. The barrier was inconspicuous. If the whole area had been lighted to standard specifications, nothing of the sort would have happened. Or, if the amount of traffic thereabouts did not warrant elaborate lighting, a strong barrier, zebra-striped and with big red reflectors, might have sufficed. Or, if the city had wanted to make sure, a floodlight, making barrier and reflectors stand out like a stage set, would have made sense.

What did not make sense was that nothing was done. A few months later another car went off the same place.

Close to 10,000 lives, says a recent authoritative study in a paper published by the Illuminating Engineering Society, could be saved annually by minimum safety lighting tailored to suit conditions. That is about a third of our annual traffic deaths today. Cut it in half to discount professional enthusiasm—though it is a very careful estimate—and we still have 5,000 lives that could be saved. Yet not a single American city has street lighting completely up to the standards approved by the American Standards Association. Most are very far from them. In many districts the lighting of streets is below the minimum recommended for alleys. In some, gas lamps still exist.

That is not altogether the cities' fault. Prewar plans for improved lighting were stymied by wartime unavailability of new equipment. Now, as lamps and wiring become more available, $62,000,000 is being spent by major cities, such as New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Kansas City, on modern safety lighting.

The cost of such equipment is up at least 50 per cent. But the cost of electricity is still at prewar levels and, in any case, the investment would still pay off like a daily double.

As postwar traffic built up past normal in Detroit, a city notable for lighting enterprise, killings began to show up on a certain four-mile stretch of suburban connecting artery that turns into the main road to Toledo.

In 1945 and 1946 ten were killed, two by day, eight by night. New-style incandescent lights of almost double the previous power were installed in more than double the previous number to produce pavement light of close to recommended standard. Since then no night death has occurred on that stretch of street. The only death occurred in daytime.

That story could be more or less paralleled in Hartford, Spokane, Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, where enterprise and engineering have put light where it was worst needed. Early in the depression of the '30s Detroit clinched the point in reverse by the misguided economy measure of reducing the use of electric current for street lighting. With fewer foot-candles of light falling on Detroit pavements, the number of killings shot upward and accidents cost the community more—*in money*—than the saving on the city's electrical bill.

Dangers of Going-Home Hour

Though the changed character of wartime traffic confused the picture, experts think they can see similar results in traffic accidents in Eastern cities during wartime blackouts and brownouts. Certainly anybody can get the point of the long-known fact that the going-home-from-work time of day produces many more traffic deaths in winter, when it comes during twilight or darkness, than in summer, when it comes during daylight.

Not that anybody wants artificial daylight all over town. In July, the sun gives up to 10,000 lumens—a lumen being a foot-candle of light per square foot of surface—and is 400 times brighter than the brightest practical lighting for night baseball.

The street-lighting expert sets his sights modestly at perhaps a fraction above one lumen for arterial streets with heavy traffic and many pedestrians—say about five times brighter than moonlight. With fewer pedestrians one lumen will do. Where cars and pedestrians both are fewer, three quarters of a lumen is all right.

Anything above about 1.25 lumen is mostly swank. It may be good advertising for a shopping center; but some engineers regard the White Way sort of lighting (two or three lumens strong) as a waste of current that should be saving lives and money in neglected danger spots.

For instance, there are several marginal zones at the edge of all towns where rural highways become urban arteries.

Approaching such areas after dark, many motorists are too slow to reduce cruising speeds; and, unless the lighting is excellent, they are likely not to see pe-

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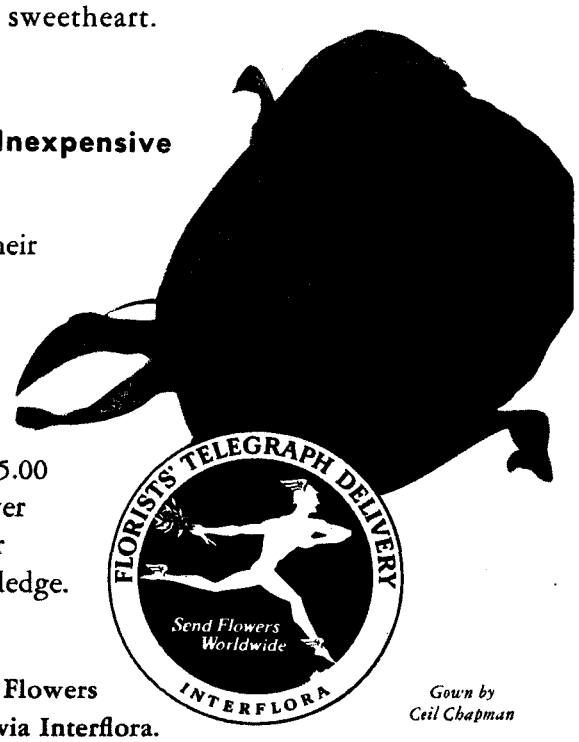

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destrians in time to slow down. The lighting of such danger spots is of tremendous importance to every community in the country. The experts speak of "uniform pavement brightness." By that they mean brightness in which the light strikes the pavement—and an area extending 20 feet beyond the property line—so that the street is uniformly illuminated from end to end. Such lighting enables drivers to pick up cars and pedestrians far ahead by silhouette-seeing—picking them out against the lighted surface of the street or highway. Here the lighting must be at least half a lumen.

Some engineers take this factor so seriously that they work out ways of lightening the light-absorbing surface of blacktop paving which, to possess pavement brightness, must have 50 per cent more overhead light. Some mix whitening substances into the asphalt before laying. Others coat the upper surface of the pavement with ground-up shell or crushed granite or granulated slag from steel mills—anything that will reflect light better.

The kind of lighting which should be used to produce uniform pavement brightness depends on circumstances. Sodium vapor lamps—those big yellow Buck Rogers jobs—give fine light but are unpopular among merchants whose show windows are within range. (Their yellow glow can make a display of delicate-colored lingerie look like a collection of dusty cobwebs.)

Sodium vapor is admirably adapted, however, for attention-calling lighting at traffic circles and dangerous intersections where the motorist needs both increased visibility and a warning to look sharp for a special hazard ahead of him.

Mercury vapor lamps, particularly under higher pressures, probably have a future. So do fluorescents, especially in the deep South, where the climate eliminates their tendency to grow dim in cold weather unless they are expensively jacketed. Nobody has yet found a remedy for their being tempting targets for kids with rocks at hand.

But, by and large, the most advanced type of ordinary incandescent lamps are still the most effective. Combined with trickily engineered globes that, by both reflection and refraction, throw a maximum of lumens per kilowatt just where they are needed, they are helping to save many lives.

Detroit figures that such installations for residential districts, with overhead wiring and cedar poles, cost around $225 per light. Kansas City installs new, safety-promoting lighting for $47.53 per 1000 lumens. Such equipment delivers an annual 49,000,000 lumens for $626,000; whereas the preceding dim system delivered only 11,500,000 lumens for $552,000. That is real economy—not the cockeyed kind that, in one huge American city, cut the street-lighting down during the depression and never did get around to restoring it.

R. E. Simpson, a consulting engineer, checking the economics of the matter in Hartford, Connecticut, recently came up with some striking figures to prove the essential thrift of safety lighting: Ten years ago Hartford, relighting thirty-five miles of streets for greater safety, increased operating costs about 12 cents per head of population.

The accidents on those streets have dropped so sharply that now savings on medical care, repairs, lost wages and such amount to 56 cents per head of population. ". . . the expenditure of one cent per *month* per capita," says the Simpson report, "brought about a saving of over $97,000 per year in reduced cost of night property damage and injury accidents."

At that rate you would think civic-minded bodies all over would come galloping up with whoops of "How long has this been going on?" There are few signs of any such interest. The initial cost of well-engineered lighting seems to the householder-taxpayer to bulk much larger than any future indirect savings.

Gradual replacement, instead of sweeping reform, is about all that most city lighting authorities can hope for.

In the meantime, of course, cities thus dead on their feet about safety lighting will be contributing to the deaths of large numbers of hapless citizens—many of whom could, probably, be accused of gross negligence. To quote an owlish traffic engineer, who was considering the case of a jaywalking pedestrian suddenly struck dead on a street with horse-and-buggy lighting:

"Sure, he was showing bad judgment. But isn't the death sentence a rather severe penalty?"

CREATIVE IN CALIFORNIA

Continued from page 17

Needless to say, she left with him, and I rowed home alone. . . .

For several days after that, I called Eunice at her hotel and asked her to have dinner with me, but she was busy every time. And to make things worse, I was pretty sure she was busy with my collaborator, because Fosworth was in better spirits every day. He went whistling around our office like an oriole.

"Ah, love!" he kept repeating as he threw darts at the target on the wall. We had an interesting collaboration: He threw darts and I worked on the screen play. I suppose it was a logical enough arrangement, since he was better at darts than I was, and I was better at writing movies than he was.

A WEEK after the party I got a call to report to the boss's office. When I entered I saw J. K. L. McFadden sitting in the swivel chair behind the desk. He was a short, bald man who felt he should smoke cigars but hated the taste. The result was that he just lighted them but never put them in his mouth.

"You gotta write faster!" he said to me. "I've had my ear on the floor and I found out MacIntosh is doing the same kind of picture!"

"It'll be done in a week," I lied. This was all part of a weekly ritual with McFadden. He had not "just found out" that the MacIntosh studios were doing the same kind of picture; he had known all along. As a matter of fact, the other studio had had the idea first. This was McFadden's way of operating. He always found out what the other studios were going to do and then did it first. His personal rival was Harry MacIntosh. To show his contempt for this man, McFadden stole as many ideas from him as he could.

"You'll have to write faster," the boss went on. "I've got a brother who wants your job."

"It'll get finished," I said knowing he wouldn't give his brother my job because he had already given his brother somebody else's job. Oh, I knew McFadden like a book. In fact one year when he fired me, I had written a novel about him that nobody wanted to publish. My Ear on the Floor it was called.

"You're getting dreamy-eyed," the boss went on. "You in love?"

"Not a chance," I said, knowing that if what I felt was love I might as well get over it.

"We've got to finish before MacIntosh!" he repeated. "Imagine him stealing an idea from us!"

"That would be a novelty," I said under my breath before I left.

I walked across the lot thinking only of Eunice and how strange life was. You meet a beautiful girl, you like her, then she goes for some other guy just because he's written a novel. It was silly, anybody could write a novel. It was just a matter of—wait a minute! *I* had written a novel! The book about McFadden! It had been six years ago and no publisher wanted it, but at least I had written it. Perhaps if Eunice knew this, she'd feel differently toward me.

It was worth a try. I would let her think I had just finished it. I could show her I wasn't only a screen writer, you *could* be creative in California.

I phoned Eunice.

"Hello?"

"This is Lem."

"Who?"

"Lem Harrington."

"Oh."

"I want you to read something."

"Comic books?"

"Don't be clever—it's a novel."

"What are you doing with it—find it?"

"No, I wrote it," I said a little angrily.

"You?"

"No, Somerset Maugham."

"Well, thanks for letting me know he has a new book, I'll—"

"Look, Miss Smart, this is a novel I wrote and I want you to read it."

"Oh, well, I'm really very busy now and—"

"Oh, don't be such an Eastern snob!" I shouted.

"I'm not a snob!" she shouted back.

"Well, then, read the novel!"

"All right, I will!"

"Good!" I said, and then quietly: "How about dinner tonight?"

"No!" she said.

I should have kept on shouting. "Then a drink?"

"All right," she said reluctantly. "In the bar of the hotel at six."

"At six."

"And, Mr. Harrington—"

"Yes?"

"You better really have written a novel."

WHEN I joined Eunice in the bar, she said, "Well, well, if it isn't the James Joyce of Beverly Hills!"

"You're beginning to sound like Fosworth," I replied. "And you've got more of an Eastern accent than when you arrived."

"That isn't very nice."

"You haven't been very nice to me," I replied.

"I'm sorry, it's this town."

"It's not the town."

"What is it then?" she asked.

"It's you."

"Me?"

"Sure, you think everybody in Hollywood is some kind of monster."

"It isn't that. I just don't think people can be very creative in this kind of atmosphere. Writers particularly."

"Well, maybe you're right," I grinned as I handed her the manuscript of my novel, "but I hope you're wrong."

"You wrote this in Hollywood?" she asked.

"That's right, and if it's bad it's because I'm not such a hot writer and it wouldn't be any better if I'd written it in Greenwich Village or under a tree in Central Park."

"Now you're just hating the East."

"No, I just don't think where you are makes that much difference. You people in New York forget that everything written back there isn't exactly War and Peace. Look at Fosworth's novel—it's a miserable historical novel."

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"But he wrote it to make money."

"That's why I write movies," I grinned. "And if the movie isn't better than Fosworth's book, I'll eat Betty Grable."

She laughed.

"Or at least my hat."

"It's too lush out here," Eunice replied; "too much money, too much sun, too many swimming pools."

"You mean this would have been a better novel if I were cold and hungry when I wrote it?"

"I'll read it and see."

"Good," I replied, my heart sinking because I didn't really believe it was a good book; nobody had liked it six years ago. She would read it and all my fine words about being creative in California would mean nothing. She would give me the novel back with that cold smile and it would all be over.

"You know, you're right in a way," she said suddenly. "I have been pretty snobbish."

"Oh, not really."

"Yes, I have," she insisted. "I liked you at first and then when I found out you were a screen writer, I—well, I was pretty snobbish."

She turned to look at me. "I'm sorry," she said and her voice was warm the way it had been that first evening and her eyes, those wonderful blue eyes, were asking forgiveness.

I tried to find some shred of hope in the novel, something about it for her to like. I had thought it a powerful exposé of McFadden when I had written it, but no publisher had thought so. Too many Hollywood novels that year already, they told me.

"I hope it's good," she smiled.

She promised to call me as soon as she finished it, so I was pretty nervous the next morning in the office. I shouted at Fosworth for making so much noise with his darts, so he sat down and played solitaire. I had the feeling something horrible was going to happen to me. Maybe she wouldn't phone, maybe the manuscript would come back in an envelope in the mail, and I'd never see her again.

The phone rang. I leaped for it. It was for Fosworth, his mother was calling from Toledo. He talked to her for what seemed the greater part of the twentieth century and then finally hung up.

It was later that afternoon that Eunice called.

"Lem?"

"Speaking."

"How are you?"

"Fine, how are you?"

"Fine. Look," she said, "will you have dinner with me tonight?"

"Sure," I said, bewildered. "Where?"

"Why don't you come here about seven?"

"All right."

It wasn't until she had hung up that I realized she hadn't mentioned the novel. And then I recalled how nice her voice had been and knew the answer. She had read it and didn't like it but was too nice to tell me over the phone. She would tell me at dinner right after dessert so I wouldn't lose my appetite. It was nice of her to be so kind, but maybe it would have been simpler to be brutal.

I MET Eunice in the dining room. She looked at me with those soft blue eyes.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello, Lem," she replied softly.

The soup was waiting for us so I began to eat. She looked at me strangely and then ate her soup too.

When she was finished she said, "You knew it was wonderful, didn't you?"

"How could I? I've never eaten here before."

"Not the soup, the novel."

"What?"

"It's a fine book."

"You're kidding!"

"No, I'm not—I was completely amazed!"

"Oh, no!"

"It's awfully good, Lem."

I was speechless. Never had I expected that she would like it. The most I had let myself hope was that it would be a way to get to see her.

"Somerset Maugham really wrote it," I grinned. "I just do his typing."

"You know, you were right," Eunice said while we were having coffee.

"About what?"

"It isn't the place," she continued, her eyes smiling at me, "it's the person."

After dinner we went for a drive along the ocean just as we had that first evening.

"Have you anybody particular you want to publish the book, Lem?" Eunice asked.

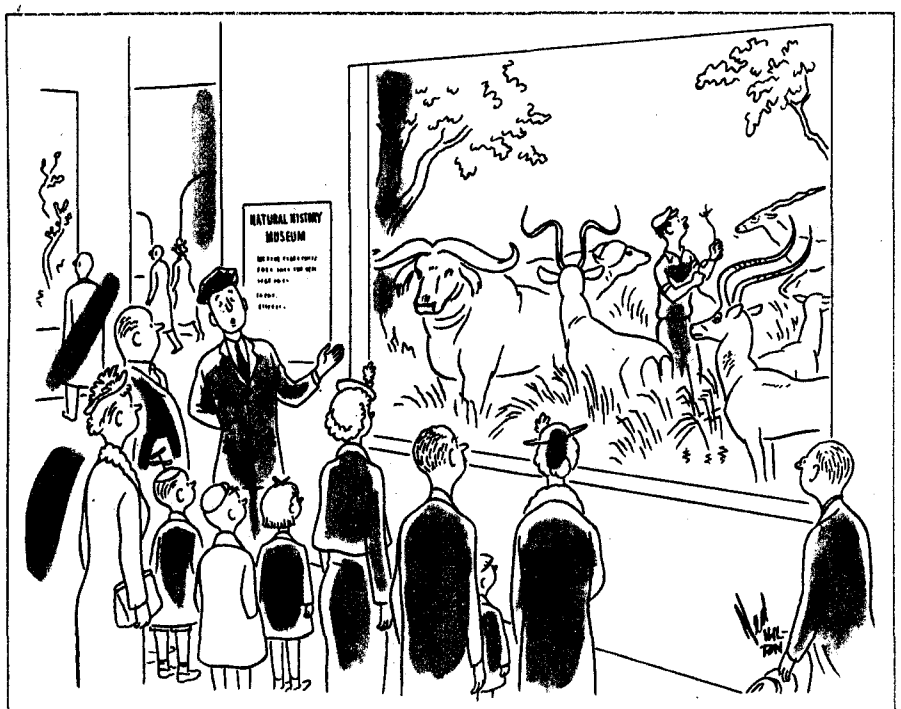
"No," I replied, feeling a little guilty about the fact that it had already been rejected by the publishers, but still completely elated that she liked the book.

"Good. I've already sent it to my father."

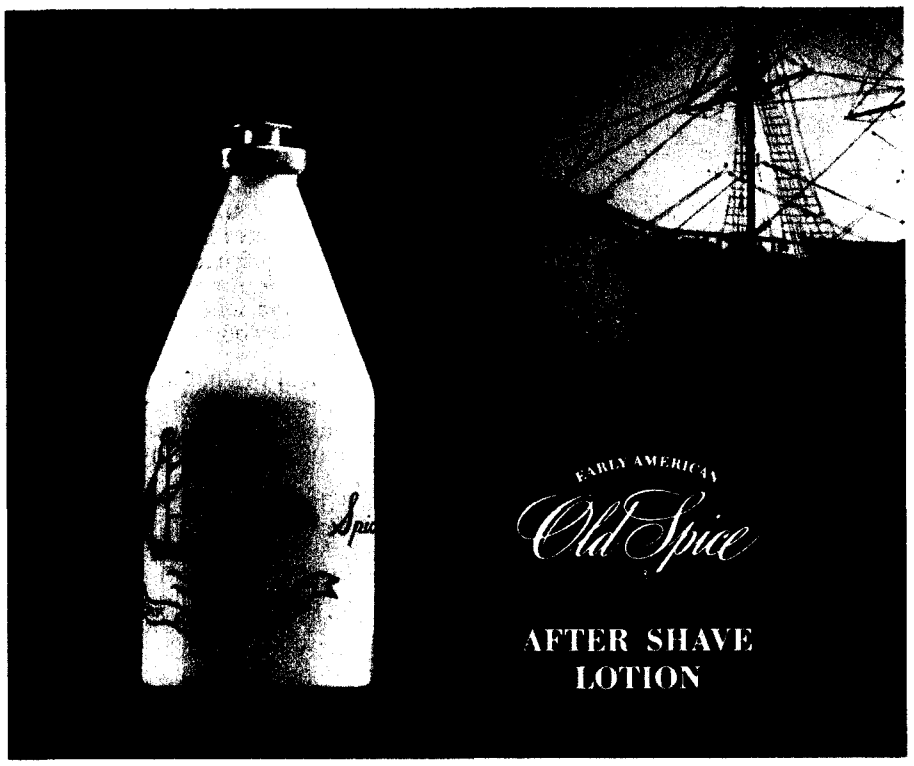
"Your father?"

"He's a publisher. Conrad Sibley."

I suddenly remembered the name. He was a new publisher, he hadn't seen the



"This group includes the water buck, the black buck, the African buffalo and a Mr. Jensen, who is doing something to the lights"



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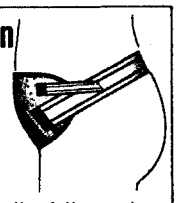

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book six years ago because he hadn't been in business then.

"I'm sort of a reader for him," she added.

I felt an odd sensation in my stomach. No wonder she was the literary type. Her father was a publisher. It hadn't occurred to me before that there was any possibility of the book being published. I just wanted her to like it so she would like me. If it did get published, McFadden would fire me without a moment's hesitation and see that I never worked in Hollywood again. It *couldn't* be published!

"I know he'll like it," she added. "It's such a fine exposé of Hollywood."

"But Eunice, there's still a lot of rewriting on the book. It's in pretty rough shape."

"You'll have to do it quickly," she said. "It takes a long time for a book to come out."

"How long?"

"At least six months."

I smiled to myself. Six months was a long time. A lot could happen, maybe the manuscript would accidentally be destroyed by fire and I'd have to rewrite it by memory. This could take years, since my memory was notoriously bad. The important thing was that now she liked me.

"Your eyes I noticed first," I said.

"I'm glad," she whispered.

"That I noticed your eyes first?"

"No, that you're not just a screen writer."

"Oh." . . .

The rest of that week I went whistling around the office like an oriole, and Harrison Fosworth looked more and more unhappy.

"Your dart game's off," I said.

"That's not all," he growled.

I sang my way through the last sequence of the screen play. If she'd liked me earlier, it might have turned out to be a musical.

EUNICE and I were together every evening and already she was asking me what my second novel was going to be about. "You," I said.

"But you don't know enough about me."

"I'll wait," I smiled.

One afternoon I stole away from the studio (Fosworth wanted to use the typewriter to write some letters) and Eunice and I went to the beach. It was fine to lie in the warm sun.

"You look very good in a bathing suit," I said. "I never can really be in love with anybody till I see them in a bathing suit."

"That's why people in California fall in love more often," she said.

"Why don't we get married?"

"This is where I came in."

"I forgot, you never marry men named Harrington."

"Well, maybe once in a while."

"Don't let it get to be a habit," I said taking her into my arms and kissing her. I was bashful about making verbal love to her. When you write that sort of stuff all day, you don't want to bring it home with you.

"We can go away someplace and you can work on your second novel," she said some time later.

"We can't afford it."

"We can when you sell the movie rights to your novel."

"But that's so far off," I said, recalling that there was still the problem of keeping the novel from being published.

"The publication date doesn't matter. We should sell it this week."

"How can we?" I replied with sudden fear.

"It doesn't have to be published. I sent typed copies to all the studios."

I felt like the atom bomb had gone off in my stomach. "You didn't send one to McFadden!"

"Of course. Shouldn't I?"

"Oh, sure," I added wearily. "It was a stroke of genius."

"You aren't worried because the book is tough on Hollywood, are you, darling? You aren't afraid of your job?"

"Who? Me? Afraid of my job? Of course not!" My voice was a little higher than usual. "It's just that the book needs revision, that's all, lots and lots of revision."

"They'll never know the difference and we might as well get a quick movie sale."

IN MY mind I saw McFadden's face as he read the novel and I began thinking of the other places in the world where a screen writer could find a job, and after that I tried to think of other skills I had. I didn't have any.

And then Harrison Fosworth's grinning face was leaning over me. Even at the beach he wore that blue suit.

"McFadden wants to see you right away," he said.

"What about?"

"Something you wrote."

"Oh."

"Do we have to go back, Lem?" Eunice asked.

"You stay with Fosworth," I answered. "I'll see you at dinner."

As I left they began talking about New York.

"Remember that little French restaurant on Fifty-sixth Street?" he was saying, and I thought to myself that if all the little French restaurants he could remember were laid end to end I still wouldn't have a job. Maybe I could write menus in one of those restaurants. . . .

I stood in front of McFadden's office wondering what I should say. If he had read the novel, as he surely had, he would undoubtedly fire me. The only chance was that if I said the book wouldn't be published he might not fire me. Otherwise, I was through.

And if I did agree not to publish the book, I could kiss Eunice good-by because she'd say I sold out and would have nothing to do with me. But what kind of a husband could I be without a job?

The choice was murder either way. Finally I tossed a quarter. Heads I keep my girl, tails I keep my job. The coin went spinning into the air, came down to hit the back of my hand, bounce off and roll down a sewer. It looked like I was going to lose everything, including my quarter.

Well, maybe he hadn't read the novel. But when I saw his face I knew he had.

"Sit down, Harrington," he said.

I had never before been asked to sit down.

"You wrote this novel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you tell me you were writing it?"

"Well, you see, I—that is—I—" Why didn't he fire me and get it over with?

"What you say about the producer in your book shouldn't be said about a cocker spaniel," he went on. "But I'm glad you did it!" he added, with sudden enthusiasm.

"What?"

"It's about time somebody exposed that cheap crook!"

"But—"

"I can't wait till MacIntosh reads it himself!"

And then I understood. He thought the book was about MacIntosh!

"We'll make a movie out of it!" McFadden went on. "Drop everything and start the screen play!"

"Oh, yes, sir!" I shouted with joy. "I'll start it right now!"

"And don't be slow!" he shouted as I left his office. "As soon as MacIntosh finds out we're doing it, he'll want to do it himself!"

THAT was some time ago. My novel has since been published and was well received. It was generally admitted to be the best book on Hollywood since the last book on Hollywood.

Mr. Harrison Fosworth when last seen had given up his blue suit and was wearing a jacket with no lapels, doeskin slacks, and a pair of sandals. He was also being whacked on the back by a red-headed starlet named Faye Kortis.

I'm working on my second novel on week ends now and writing movies the rest of the time. My wife, a girl from the East named Eunice, is enjoying California more and more. She says it's a great place to raise children. We now have twins. Like I said, you can be creative in California.

COLLIER'S "Billy brought some of his toys" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

dignified hotels for older persons where drinking, profanity and excessive noise, fighting, etc., would not be permitted at all?
GEORGE DURST, Jamaica, N. Y.

. . . The National Laugh Foundation is ready to accept grants. Please don't send used money. We prefer money with Lincoln on it—but we'll accept new bills with pictures of Jackson. Just to show we're Democratic. Don't wait, this offer will never again be made except during weeks that have a Tuesday in them.
GEORGE LEWIS, Director,
National Laugh Foundation, N. Y. C.

POST-HOLIDAY GREETINGS

DEAR SIRS: My husband and I have just read Christmas Lullaby, by James Francis Cooke (Dec. 25th). My humble thanks for the message it carried. We feel that if ever we had a worth-while Christmas present this was it. Your generosity is especially appreciated because in another issue you gave us John Rice's story, You Can Get Just So Much Justice. For *that* we thank you also. We are Negroes.
WILLA CARTER RANSOM, Washington, D. C.

WRIGHT YOU ARE!

DEAR SIRS: Applause and congratulations for your December 25th Aviation issue. If my memory is trustworthy, it was about 1907 that suddenly everybody's uncle and second-door neighbor were making a flying machine. Most of that crop of early birds fell into the classification either of kites, or model gliders. When real flying machines were brought to Squantum Peninsula in Boston Harbor for a great exhibition literally everybody had to attend.

I remember the light airiness of the plane; it seemed even when at rest, which was mostly the case, to be poised on the verge of flight. Mr. Brindle's painting catches that feeling exactly.

Flights were started with the aid of eight or ten strong men who held the machine stationary while the aviator raced the engine. When he was satisfied that it was putting out top power he nodded his head and the launching crew would give a united shove to start the machine on its run. There were daily bombing contests from a height of possibly a hundred feet. Mr. Claude Grahame-White threw balls of plaster of Paris from his Farman biplane, and it seems to me that Mr. Glen Curtis used oranges.
A. L. SMITH, Harrison, N. Y.

. . . Few of your facts are accurate. The first recorded flight in a power-driven machine was made in Bavaria, August 14, 1901, by a Gustavus Whitehead, who went a distance of a half mile. Most of the data about the laws of flight were set down about 1500 by a certain Leonardo. The finishing touches were added by a U. of Michigan physicist. The merit of the Wrights' is that they secured attention at an opportune time and place. C. SMITH, Riverside, Ill.

. . . My 10-year-old son, Melvin Keiser, asked me: "What kind of machine is No. 29, Dad?" Question No. 2: On your Wright Brothers cover which is Orville and which Wilbur? MELVIN'S DAD,
Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 29 is the page number. The gimmick is our artist's atom-powered Flying Dreamboat for moonhopping, or celestial joy-riding. The Wright with the mustache is not WILBUR.

SEEING I TO I

GENTLEMEN: Pertinent to the Short Short, Make Something Happen (Dec. 25th), when you permit an element of narcism to creep into your stuff—oh, brother!

I shall quote from the story: "The painting was beautiful. The hair was worn like mine. The eyes were clear and large and shaped like mine. And so with it all: nose, mouth, chin. A woman so lovely and sweet." *Pew!* GEORGE ABRAMSON, Milwaukee, Wis.

SOUSED OSTRICH

DEAR MR. LITTAUER: I've had several letters asking about or protesting the incident in The Eyes of the World, which described an ostrich drinking bath water as it ran out of a hole in the wall of a North African house.

The incident was based on an actual occurrence of Ben Lucien Burman, and his wife, Alice Caddy Burman. In Africa dur-

ing the war they had stopped at a village called Mao in the Lake Chad district and were put up at an old Arab fortress. Mrs. Burman needed a bath and was taken to a closed room where water was poured over her by an Arab girl, the water running out of an open hole at the floor. The commandant of the fortress kept several ostriches, and one of them did indeed come and drink the water as it ran from the spout, its eye in the hole scaring Alice.
RICHARD MEALAND, Fairfield, Conn.

HOT WAR!

SIRS: Why don't editors, commentators, and others quit using the phrase cold war?

It is full-out war waged by the Soviet Union with masterly skill and in strict accordance with the time-tried principle of: Economy of Force. We of the Atlantic Community are contained in Europe by the bloodless and relatively inexpensive process of feint, threat, and impudent interference with our comings and goings—this, on the great right flank of the Eurasian Land Mass. And while we peer all alert and bug-eyed at Berlin, the forces of Communism sweep south through Asia.

And like it or not, we of the West are taking what Stilwell called a hell of a licking.
JAMES E. EDMONDS, Maj. Gen. N.G.U.S.,
Milford, Ohio

. . . I Saw the Reds Taste Freedom by Col. Bishop (Dec. 25th), concerning his contacts with the Russians, was very interesting to me. I was shot down at Ploesti on July 15, 1944, and was a guest of the Rumanians in the Lazarul de Prizoniers No. 13.

Rumania may have surrendered to the Russians later but on the night of August 23d, Rumanian staff officers told us Rumania is now on the right side. They proved it by killing or capturing the German antiaircraft gun crews.

We saw the first Russians on Aug. 28th —mile after mile of them—in Dodge 6x6's. We also drank with them on our last night in Bucharest.

The colonel should have thumbed a ride in one of the 36 B-17s that ferried us back to Italy—hundreds of fighter escort—and no Russian antiaircraft guns when we left on September 1st.
JOHN J. GALVIN, Conway, Mass.

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I STOLE A MILLION

Continued from page 35

Before I left I stated to him that the newspapers would love to hear about the conniving of this insurance company. He asked me to return at one that afternoon as he would have to call a meeting.

I returned and he offered me $25,000. Here I went into my act with the finest elocution and he finally conceded his defeat. A double-indemnity check for $50,000 was drawn up for the widow and I took $5,000 for my cut. Later I realized I should have taken more as I had done this widow a very big favor, but I let it go.

As the years went by, my eyes troubled me and it seemed I found myself handicapped in reading X rays which I had to use in getting settlements with insurance companies.

I finally went to New Haven, Connecticut, on information given me and located an optometrist who was very instrumental in making special glasses for me. This was very fortunate as without this treatment I could have turned out to be an ordinary laborer.

This fake accident racket was a hobby to me as well as a lucrative livelihood and I felt just like a fellow who went to work with a lunch basket and no worries on his mind. My only fear was that I had too many people to work with me as I was involved with several floppers and a number of doctors and lawyers. I then observed about three years ago that someone must have fingered me as strange things began to happen.

I suspected for a long time that my phone was being tapped in my apartment in the Bronx and one day I called the telephone company and told them I heard funny noises. A man came and checked up and when he left he put his arm around me and said, "Now you can make all the calls you want."

I said, "Okay, Copper!"

(This man actually was from the telephone company and was not a detective, as Schiffer assumed.)

I could not figure out what had put them on my trail. I started thinking that maybe I was overworking the elbow and shoulder fracture angle by having my floppers fake too many accidents against a certain bus company in New York.

Adjusters "On the Take"

I had found this particular company to be very lax in its investigations, and I also liked this company as they were honest and were not looking to do anybody, like another bus line where the lawyers and adjusters were on the take themselves. In this other company the adjusters would not settle cases without going to court as the lawyers got more money for taking the cases to trial and would then kick back to the adjusters.

I was always on the alert and did not trust private phones. If an attorney called me at home with news of a settlement he would use this peculiar code: "Somebody called you today and wants you to call him at Circle 7-1598." The last four figures meant that this was the price we could get if we settled a case that was then pending. The cops took it all down but I doubt if they got any information this way.

(Detectives agree with Schiffer. Except for one conversation that betrayed Schiffer at the very end, his conversations were gibberish as far as the police were concerned and admittedly led them up one blind alley after another.)

Although I was making very good money it was necessary for me to live the life of an ordinary fellow as I could not afford to draw attention to myself. People thought I was a public adjuster and adjusters do not make much money. I paid $60 a month for my apartment, although I sometimes had as much as $20,000 in cash hidden in a book in a closet, and I drove an old 1937 car to be respectable. I also made it a habit to pawn my ring or watch every so often to put on a good front and make people think I was poor.

Several times I looked to go legitimate when I thought things were getting too hot, but I did not find any lucrative openings.

Early in the war I tried selling used cars but this was a bigger racket than the one I was already in. Also, about this time there was a new rule that salesmen for this company I was working for had to be bonded. As this required fingerprinting I did not wish to be exposed as a criminal since I had been in a number of reformatories as a kid for stealing and picking pockets and had done time in Atlanta for peddling dope.

I did not get any breaks as a kid as my father was a poor tailor on the East Side, and I quit school after the fourth grade. I escaped twice from reformatories, once by hitting a guard with a shovel who threatened to give me a beating with a bamboo stick.

Once I cased a house of prostitution in Sunnyside, Long Island, for some holdup men and two weeks later I received $4,000 for my share. However, I did not consort with them any longer as they were too tough to suit me and I did not like any business with guns in it.

At one time I met a fellow from the reformatory and he gave me a terrific proposition selling heroin and morphine, but I was arrested and sent to Atlanta. I never knew what a dope fiend was until I got to Atlanta as I always sold to another seller.

When I saw what this stuff did to them I hated myself for ever bothering with them. They would sweat and try to bite the bars on their cells. My cell mate said he did not bother with guys who sell dope and he made me take the top bunk. I later found out that this fellow had once made his daughter pregnant and killed the baby.

Scared of Man with Camera

Faking accidents was a much better racket than any of these other ones and I did not have any trouble for 12 or 13 years. About three years ago, however, as I was doing my shopping in some market in the Bronx, I observed a man with a movie camera taking my picture as I came out. This made me very nervous as I was now certain they knew who I was and what I was doing.

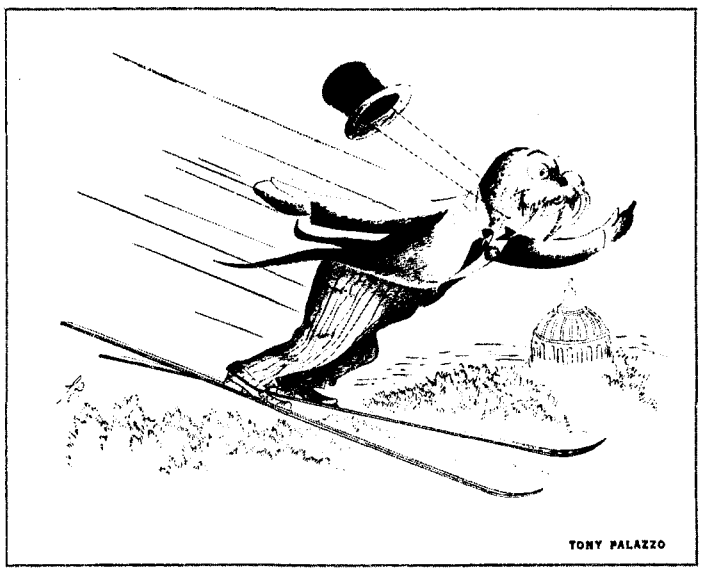
I did not know who this fellow was with the camera but as he hopped back into his automobile I jotted down the license number. That night I had no sleep in me just worrying about this particular incident.

The following morning I called police headquarters and gave them a fictitious badge number and supplied them with the plate number of this fellow's car. They gave me his name and I found out that he was a private detective. This annoyed me very much as I had thought he was a regular copper.

Eventually I found out that the people

SENATOR WALRUS:

on The Thrill of Skiing



Sport of a sort, I'm reliably told,
Is skiing;
Sport where the feet can get awfully cold
Is skiing;

Ask me: Am I unaware of its thrill?
Chary of taking a chance on a spill?
What am I doing on Capitol Hill
But skiing!

—AL GRAHAM

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COLLIER'S

"They were childhood sweethearts—did you ever hear anything so dull?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

on my trail were from the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, which investigates fraud for insurance companies. I do not know how they tumbled to my racket.

(The association first stumbled on Schiffer when he presented a claim against a car owner whose policy had been in effect only 17 days. At the time, the association suspected only simple collusion between the car owner and the "injured," who was one of Schiffer's floppers. Investigators did not realize at first that they had picked up the trail of a master swindler.

(A special agent for the association, then established definitely that it was Schiffer who was masterminding the accident racket. Following up a claim presented in the name of David C. Levy, the agent went to an auto-parts company where Levy supposedly had been employed. Schiffer had arranged with the owner to say that the non-existent Levy had quit because of an injury, but the association investigator pursued the lead and eventually found that a man named David Schiffer sometimes used the name of David C. Levy on business cards purporting to show that he was an insurance adjuster.

(For several months the association could not tell whether it had a mouse or a lion by the tail. Schiffer was so slippery that he successfully eluded half a dozen agents on his trail, including an ex-spy chaser from the O.S.S. Furthermore, the association was so baffled by Schiffer's antics at times that it questioned its own conclusions.

(Because of his frequent visits to the pawnshop, Schiffer unwittingly gave the impression that he was dealing in stolen watches, and there were times when the association wondered if it were on the trail of the right man. In November, 1945, the association turned the case over to the District Attorney, Frank S. Hogan, whose problem then was to trap Schiffer in a doctor's office with the "victim" of a phony accident.

(Lieutenant William Grafenecker, head of the District Attorney's detective squad, assigned detectives Julius Salke and George Doane exclusively to the case. Under Grafenecker's direction, Salke and Doane trailed Schiffer every day from the moment he left his house until he returned to go to bed at night.

(This went on for almost three years, but they were never able to catch the wily Schiffer staging an accident. Salke and Doane frequently complained that Schiffer invariably appeared to be on a furtive mission. On leaving his house, he carefully looked up and down the street and then walked rapidly away from the house. The two detectives could never tell whether he was going out to bilk an insurance company or buy a pound of butter.)

I began to notice that two detectives named Salke and Doane were tailing me. Once I thought I had slipped them for good when I did not see them following me in their car for several days, but then I discovered they were always in the car ahead of me and were tailing me from the front by watching me in their rearview mirror. I had never seen this particular pattern before.

There were times when I would observe Salke and Doane on the Bronx River Parkway and I knew where to duck and how to lose them, and I would see their car go shooting on ahead. I would then go to Brooklyn and lo and behold they were either in front of me or behind me. I learned after my arrest that they knew the pattern of my rounds and if they lost me one place they knew just where to pick me up again. The way they always turned up was uncanny.

Finis to a Crooked Career

I was finally arrested on Webster Avenue and Gun Hill Road in the Bronx as I was going on a shopping tour. I had just left my home and was cut off by an automobile bearing two men who flashed badges. One of these detectives was Salke. There was no fuss and I went right along and they took me down to the D.A.'s office.

I am still bewildered how the assistant D.A., Mr. Harold Mayer, knew so much about me and my pattern of operation. I do not know how they got such a line on me or how they trapped me in a doctor's office.

(Ironically, Dave Schiffer was caught through a case involving a settlement of only $140, the smallest in his 15 years of operation. He was trapped because he broke his iron-clad rule of never talking business over his home telephone. In this one fatal lapse, Schiffer made an appointment with a doctor for the examination of a flopper he identified as Daniel Cozzi.

(The detectives had at last trapped Schiffer. At the hour of the scheduled appointment they went to the doctor's office, posed as patients in the waiting room and overheard the doctor's and Schiffer's conversation. This was the proof the District Attorney needed.)

I pleaded guilty with four of my floppers who were also picked up by detectives. I think one of these floppers was a whistle-blower as during the questioning in the District Attorney's office I began to realize that somebody had been talking.

(Schiffer is right. One of the floppers sang. Confronted with the photostatic copies of several settlement checks that Schiffer had cashed, the flopper was outraged when he found that Schiffer had been chiseling him by paying him only $25 for flops that produced thousands of dollars for Schiffer.)

I tried to make a deal with the D.A. but they would not play ball. I finally made bail and went to live in Coney Island in seclusion until my sentencing as there were quite a number of people looking for me to approach me with money so that I would not mention their names. These were lawyers and doctors. I was smart enough to know that I could not afford to risk taking any money as I know what taking this kind of money means, so I did not contact anyone.

Several weeks ago I came up for sentencing. I was very surprised when the judge said I was an unregenerate thief as I had tried to go straight several times but did not have good fortune. The judge gave me four-to-eight in Sing Sing. This sentence is more than I anticipated but I am man enough to take it as all my life I lived with the adage that in playing with fire I will get burnt some day.

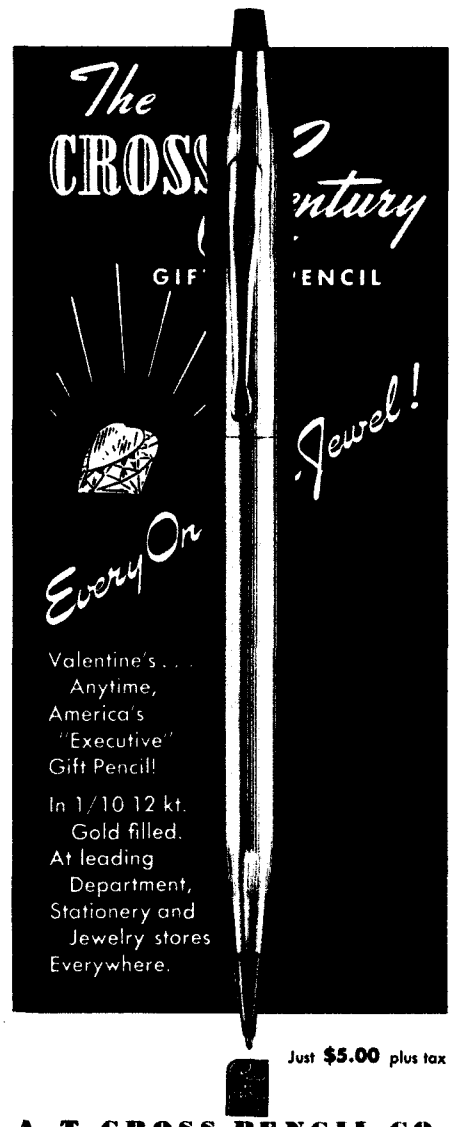
THE END

THE TAX SLEUTHS ARE AFTER YOU!

By HAROLD WOLFF

John Q. Taxpayer will know the fear of Uncle Sam if he defaults on his payments this year. If you have planned to "overlook" a few taxable items, first read about the blitzkrieg planned for March 15th—

In Collier's *next week*



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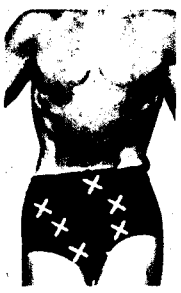

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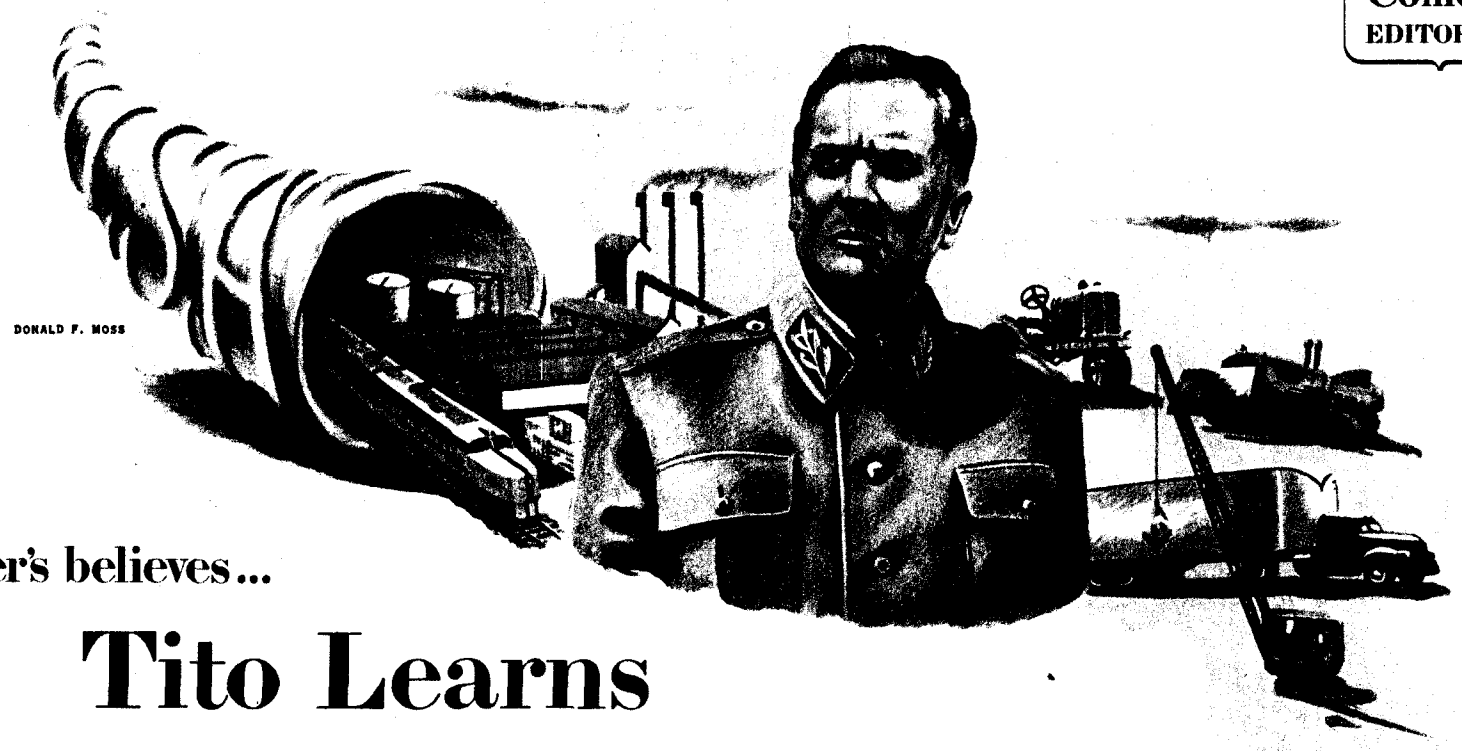

DONALD F. MOSS

Collier's believes...

Tito Learns the Hard Way

TITO, the Yugoslav dictator, seems to have learned one of the simple facts of life. He got it the hard way. But he got it. That is more than can be said for some Americans, much closer to the sources of information.

Tito has learned that Yugoslavia cannot get industrial machinery from Russia or from Russia's Communist satellites. So, Tito, the Yugoslav leader now on the outs with the Russian Communist party, is bargaining with Western Europe for supplies. Because Russia did not deliver, Tito seeks help where he thinks he can find it.

A great many people who know something of Yugoslavia are saying that Tito is no good. Some also say you can't trust a Communist, even a reformed Communist. Others say that Tito is merely a Trojan horse for the Communists and that we should do well to watch very carefully his future behavior.

We are not combating any of these suggestions at this moment. Everything evil said against Tito might be conceded. The simple fact is that neither Russia nor Russia's satellites delivered what Yugoslavia needed in the way of imports.

Maybe Russia could deliver. Maybe not. Tito said the Communists wanted to keep Yugoslavia a poor agricultural, nonindustrial state. So the Communists would not supply the industrial machinery, wanted by the Yugoslavs. That certainly is one way of looking at the matter. Tito doubtless has reason enough to impute the worst motives to his former friends in Moscow.

But another simpler and more obvious explanation is possible. It could be that neither Russia nor Russia's puppets, including Czechoslovakia, produce enough industrial machinery to spare any for Yugoslavia. It could be that the Communists are unable to produce or to deliver industrial machinery to friend or foe.

What we in the United States have great difficulty in believing is the tremendous advantage a free enterprise system has over any other scheme of production.

We know the arguments. We can repeat the words. We have apparently insurmountable handicaps, in believing the truth of what we say or the reality of what we do.

The plain record is that the free men of the world and nobody else are able to produce enough machinery to send important exports to any other people.

Sir Arthur Salter, the British economist, points out the record in the current Foreign Affairs when he says, "America has for many years been increasing her production and efficiency at a rate with which older manufacturing countries could not keep pace; and in both wars her capacity, unlike theirs, was increased, not impaired. After the first war, as after the second, she had a surplus which the rest of the world needed."

Such is the record. That is why we can have the Marshall Plan. That is why Yugoslavia is now looking westward for help. It does not matter what sort of character Tito may be. The blunt fact is that if he wants tools with which to develop Yugoslav resources he can only get those tools from the countries able to supply them.

It is fair to assume that our government will find out what Tito has to offer before concluding any bargains. It is likewise reasonable to suppose that Tito and his Yugoslavs have made a very careful estimate of what they might expect from Russia and Russia's satellites before reaching such a dangerous decision.

What is sure beyond any cavil, is that since 1917 the Russians have not exported machinery. On the contrary, Russians have imported machinery from the United States, from Germany, from Sweden, from France, from Great Britain and from other countries. It could be that Tito has come to recognize this number one fact of economic life.

The apparent resistance of Tito may be a stop signal to Russian imperialists. Tito may be the first one who is far enough away from Moscow to refuse to submit either to rule or ruin. Historically every world invader from Alexander on has somewhere reached the limit of his power to expand. Perhaps the inability of the Russians to produce what their allies want is marking the end of Russian pressure on other peoples.

Tito turns westward for machinery to build his new industrial order. That fact is more impressive than anything Tito could say for himself or that his enemies could say against him. Economic determinism seems to be working in Yugoslavia in ways not anticipated by the Marxians. . . .

W. L. C.

☆ ☆ ☆

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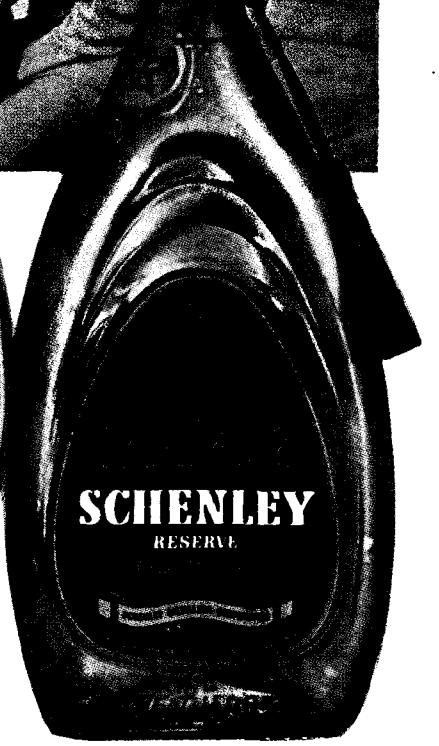

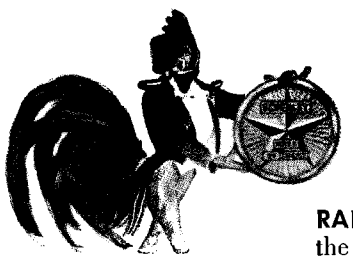

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